



Dandelions and dreams.

Johann Joubert

Dedication

To anyone and everyone who wondered if and where they
belong.

You *do* belong and you are fiercely loved.

I'm sure you did not know,

That anywhere a wish is made,

A Dandelion will grow.

Now, if you took this precious flower and

Closed your eyes and

Looked instead,

Looked with all your heart,

Peered at the thing that they call the 'pappus',

- that bit that floats on the wind -

You'll see a tiny shimmer,

A tiny, living part,

Right at the bottom,

It holds a seed,

(Or so the grownups say)

But most of the grownups you know today,

Were forced to see the world in a grownup way,

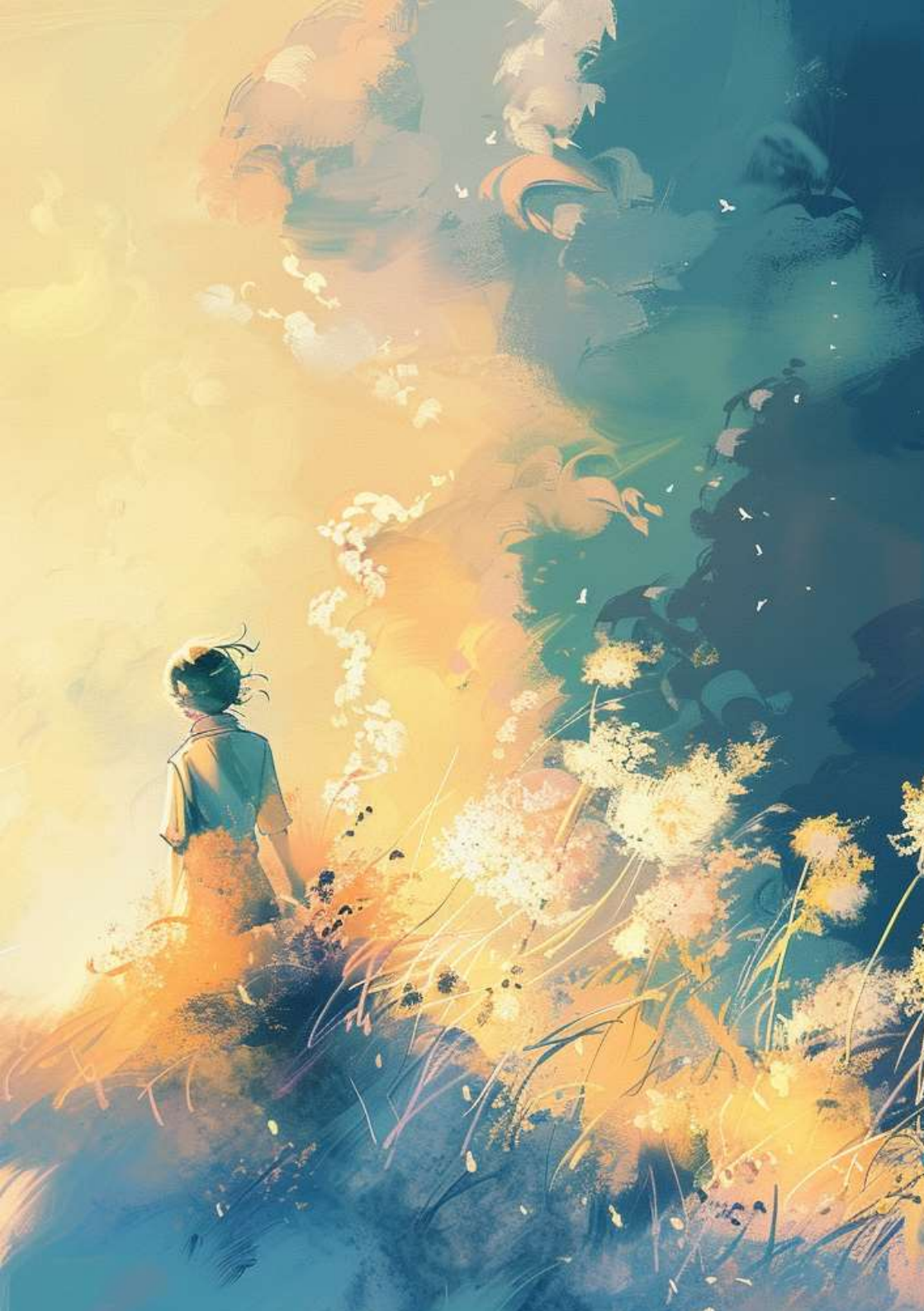
And when you don't want to see a thing,

Even something as grand as magic,

Or colour, or love, or wishes, or hope,

That thing will slowly slip away.





But we know better,

I know you do,

We look and believe, and

That,

That is what we call magic,

We see what we choose to believe...

But let's not bother with grownup things just yet,

Unless those grownups have special dreams,

For dreams and prayers are powerful things,

Stronger than wind or rain or storms,

Stronger than mountains or darkness or fear,

Stronger than oceans or dragons or suns...



For there

- with dreams and prayer -

There begins our story,

And in that dream,

Oh, precious child,

There, resides the glory.

Above the clouds,

If you can believe,

Another world exists,

A world of faeries and giants and fields,

Massive fields of Dandelions;



For every flower that grows down here,

Another flower, waaaay up there, will appear,

Some people dream of little things,

This or that,

A ball or a dress or a hat,

And those dreams, or those wishes, well,

As you can tell,

Sometimes they happen and sometimes they don't,

But that is another story,

Those dreams of tiny, little things.



This story,

This dream,

It's all about you,

And how you were once a flower,

A wish and a prayer,

I know it sounds crazy,

Trust me,

Believe it,

It's true.



Dreams don't grow in bellies,
And prayers don't go unheard,
And once there was a mother,
A lovely mother-to-be,
That sat in the garden, her back to a tree,
And spoke to a little bird,
"I wish," she whispered, with all of her heart,
"I wish for a child to call my own,
I wish that they will be awesome,
That they will feel cherished and loved, for
When I meet them,
They will know, that
Even now, I love them so."



And in that moment,

The sunlight broke through the clouds,

And in the world above our own,

A Dandelion seed was sown,

And the faeries danced as they watched it grow,

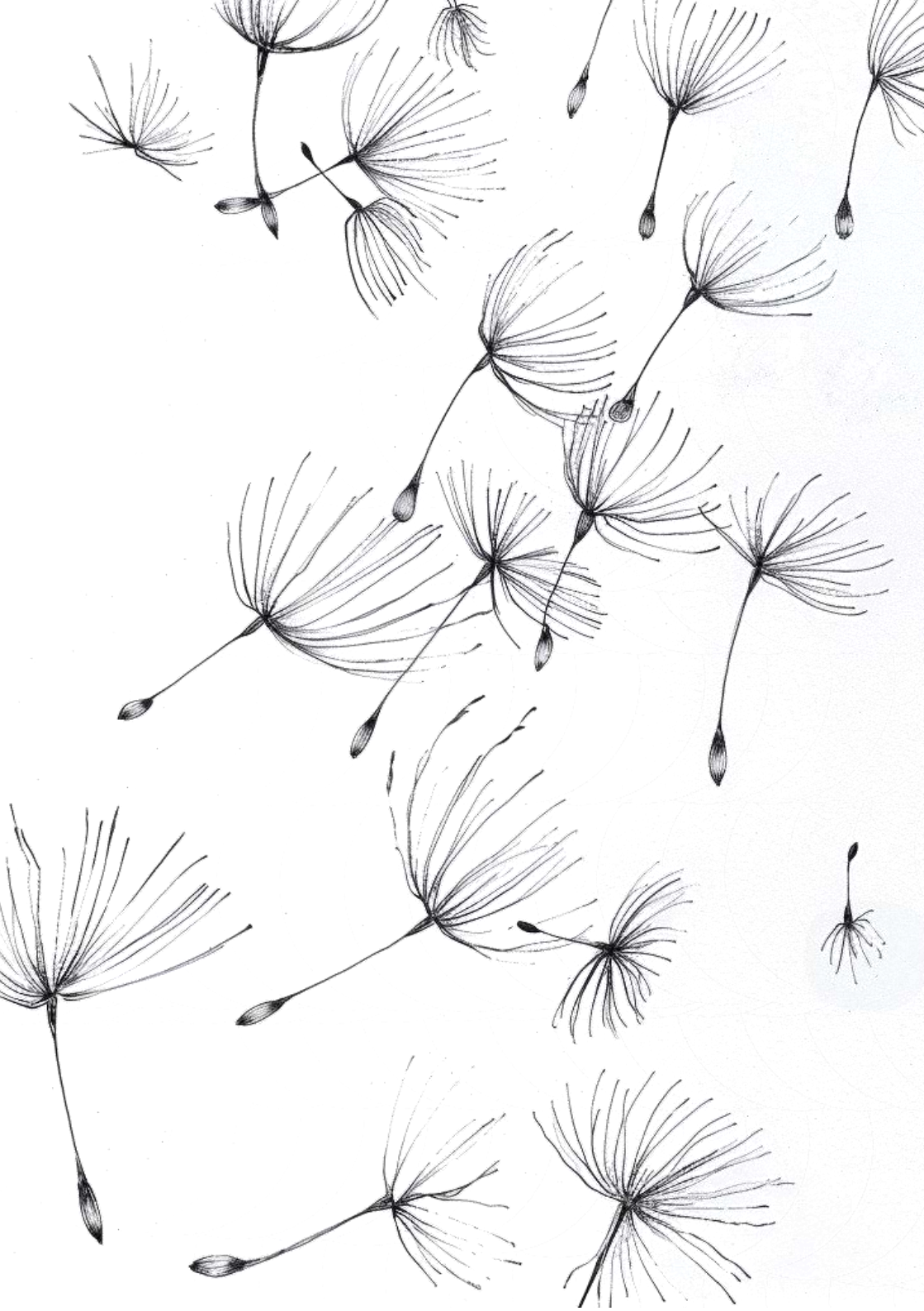
And the giants stomped with delight,

For this was not a little thing,

This was a delicate, precious prayer,

For even in the darkest night,

You could see this flower glow.



And then one day,

The heavens stirred and a

Wind swept over the field.

In nothing more than a quiet pop,

The pappus took to the air,

Now was the perfect time,

For a wonderful, glorious Dandelion,

Grown to perfection,

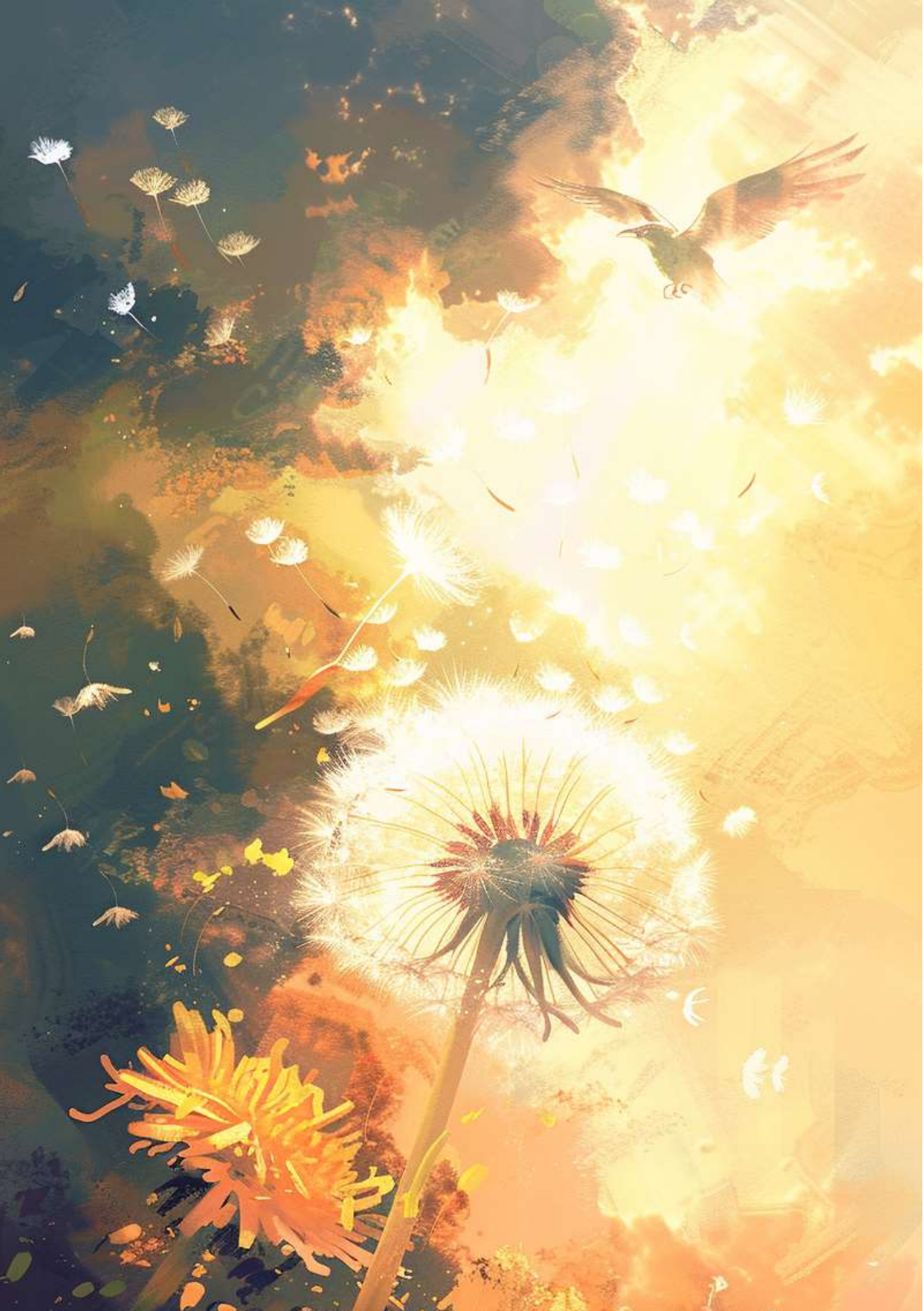
Maybe a little worn and bruised, for

Having survived many seasons,

To find their home below,

There in the heart that made the wish,

That whispered a silent prayer.



As the pappus floated through the sky,

Questions stirred inside,

Questions that, if given a home,

Would find a place to stay and hide,

But who understands all the questions,

The how, the who and the why?

No one does, not really,

Certainly not I,

And maybe that's okay,

To throw the doubts and fears away,

For when a prayer is answered,

A pappus finds a home,



And you, my child,

Are deeply loved, and

If you find a quiet place way up on a mountain,

And listen with an open heart,

You'll hear them yet:

The faeries and the giants,

Cheering you on in their musical language,

Their precious pappus that

Found a home to grow.