**Praise the Weed**

Yoni Hammer-Kossoy

with its spiky crown and sun-

stunted flowers sprouting fist first

under a telephone pole

for it drifted there as seed

when the street was put in

and lay on a dirt bed until winter’s seep

roused it with a kiss

(just a brush to the lips)

and look how it grows

ordinary ugly knowing nothing

of honks and traffic snarls

thriving on whatever water

sloshes from nearby storefronts

and where there is one

there are many

biding time as life does

for a split of asphalt

or paving stone elbowed aside by tree roots

ready to disprove the illusion of order

so important to city planners.

Hail the coming kingdom

flying banners of electric green—

whether coronation is this week or next century

its reign will last long after banks and bus stops

crumble to dust.