

Wildflower

NOA

In a tenement near the Henry Hudson River
From my favorite spot on a rusting fire escape
I would look below.
And see Mario
Braving the ferocious dandelions

Mario, our fearless superintendent
Kept the garden green, despite the parkway smog
But the flowering weeds
Their fates decreed
Pulled, to keep his rosebush from dying

Then I would creep inside, curl up in my bed
Something strong was pulling at my head
Pulling at my heart

Wild flower, growing in all the wrong places
Wild flower, so lonely 'neath that lovely rose bush
Proper garden's nightmare, queen of opened fields
Tell me, who will love this wildflower
For exactly what she is?

Years passed by, we left that red brick building
Left Mario behind
For a brand new house
But my dark brown skin
On the white washed walls within
Stood out, so it'd get me up and cryin'

My growing pains had many rooms to fill, then
Mother never know
..Had a garden to keep clean
While there was NY grease
On her young flower from the Middle East
She was busy pulling dandelions

Then I would creep inside, curl up in my bed
Something strong was pulling at my head
Pulling at my heart

Wild flower, growing in all the wrong places
Wild flower, so lowly 'neath that lovely rosebush
Proper garden's nightmare, queen of opened fields
Tell me, who will love this wildflower
For exactly what she is?