

## THE CLOCK FLOWER

As far as the rest of the universe is concerned,  
Maybe we're like the feather-fluff of the clock flower,

The ghostly snow-sphere of the dying dandelion  
That the child holds up in wide-eyed wonder,

Which the mother says to blow on to tell the time  
By how many breath-blows it takes before the airy seed

All flies away, leaving her child clutching a bare stem.  
And where our humanness might go, who knows?

And when it lands – takes root – what grows?

**Adrian Rice**