

# A January Dandelion

By George Marion McClellan

All Nashville is a chill. And everywhere  
Like desert sand, when the winds blow,  
There is each moment sifted through the air,  
A powdered blast of January snow.  
O! thoughtless Dandelion, to be misled  
By a few warm days to leave thy natural bed,  
Was folly growth and blooming over soon.  
And yet, thou blasted yellow-coated gem,  
Full many a heart has but a common boon  
With thee, now freezing on thy slender stem.  
When the heart has bloomed by the touch of love's warm breath  
Then left and chilling snow is sifted in,  
It still may beat but there is blast and death  
To all that blooming life that might have been.

Source: African-American Poetry of the Nineteenth Century: An Anthology (University of Illinois Press, 1992)