

# 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?