

» SPRINGTIME ODE

A weed stalker wins poetic laurels

A *Prairie Home Companion*, the radio variety show hosted by Garrison Keillor, invited listeners to submit their poems about spring for its Spring Lyric Contest. Here is the winner, announced on the show March 31.

Spring Onions

By Jack Dillard, Charlotte, N.C.

A wild spring onion first
appeared
last Tuesday in my lawn.
I cranked up my weed-
whacker.
With one whack it was gone.

With no small satisfaction,
I then surveyed the yard.
To get it so immaculate,
I'd worked both long and hard.

The next day it was back
again,
that wild and wispy weed.
I admired its persistence

and reluctance to concede.

But I refused to be outdone
by a pesky bulb with shoots.
I bent down and I yanked it out
with care to get its roots.

Before I could dispose of it,
the weed had grown right
back.
That's it, I said, I've had
enough.
I went on the attack.

I dug a hole where it had been,
two feet deep, three wide.
Then I doused the dirt and
grounds
with a potent herbicide.

It sprang up in another spot
so I got out the tiller.
I chased it all around the yard,
a serial weed-killer.

In the end I lost the fight.
Defeat was absolute.
The lawn that once was mani-
cured
looked like war-torn Beirut.

I realized then I couldn't win.
No use to rant and rave,
and when I die, I'll fertilize
spring onions on my grave.

*Want to read more of the poems
about spring? Visit [prairiehome.
publicradio.org](http://prairiehome.
publicradio.org) and scroll down
to "Spring Lyric Contest."*