“A January Dandelion” (George Marion McClellan, 1910)

All Nashville is a-chill! And everywhere,
As wind-swept sands upon the deserts 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 once the heart-blooms by love's fervid breath
Is 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.