



Poem 3

Tough Like the Tansy

by Howard Paap, Poet Laureate of Bayfield, 2017-2018

To be like the tansy
That wild cousin of the aster
The yellow button flower
In the ditches, by the pasture.

Its species, vulgare
Meaning the raw and uncouth,
Undesired, a nuisance,
Like a painful wisdom tooth.

Invasive they say,
A stranger to our shore,
Eager to spread
So tough at its core.

Not advised to be picked
For the table's flower vase,
Lest it gain a foothold,
Wins purchase out of place.

Flaunting its strength
As we hurry on by.
Its indifference so strong,
Defiant, not shy.

No matter it says
That flower seekers ignore it,
The tansy will prevail
'cause others adore it.