

3rd

**Dandelions in the Wind**

They called them weeds—those golden crowns,  
That sprouted wild in fields and towns,  
But oh, how bright they dared to be,  
A sunlit spark of wild and free.

With every breath, a wish would fly,  
Carried gently through the sky,  
Soft parachutes in silent flight,  
Chasing whispers, chasing light.

Though storms may bend and shadows fall,  
And silence echo through it all,  
Still hope is sewn on fragile threads—  
A seed, a dream, where courage treads.

For every gust that shakes the day,  
There's wind enough to drift away—  
To find new soil, to start again,  
To bloom in places we've not been.

So when the world feels cold or thin,  
Just think of dandelions in the wind.  
They rise, they roam, they never fear—  
And better days are drawing near.