**Wildflowers**

by the side of the highway they grow

purples, yellows, white like a virgin

these are them, we say

they came here long ago, from far away

we wish a them genocide

im-motile, insensible

they defy without reason

following their only worships

they rotate slowly through the day

and those that precede us

we say they belong

that we have trodden heavily

an old train

parked on a rusted siding

the weeds growing up between the wheels