

**Eve Kaczmarczyk**  
**The (Un)Lucky Clover**

I am nothing but a meager clover.  
Every day I pray the wind won't knock me over.  
I am a clover, green and growing.  
Please be careful with the rocks you are throwing!  
I am a clover, thin and short.  
My tiny stem offers all my support.  
I am a clover, delicate and fragile.  
I suppose you can say I'm not that agile.  
I am a clover that they say brings good luck.  
Well I'd say you'd have better luck with a duck!  
I am a clover, but I am not lucky.  
And if you try to eat me, I will taste yucky.  
I am a clover, but I don't want to be found.  
In fact, please leave me in the ground.  
In the ground where the green grass sways.  
I love to feel when the strong wind plays.  
Powerful. It blows and blows still yet I hide.  
I could really use more flowers by my side.  
I am a coward. Afraid of being found.  
Yes, there are tons of pretty flowers around.  
Let me be. Oh please leave me.  
Go look for something next to me!  
Spare me from your long, hard quest.  
I really don't like to be stressed!  
I am not lucky I swear.  
So please leave and take care!  
I just want to be left alone, and not have to worry.  
And I don't want to be taken in a hurry.  
This is my home, I like it here.  
Please don't let me disappear!  
Here, where the soil is moist and the sun always shines.

I would really hate to be confined.  
Here, where I see the flies and bees buzz by.  
I just want to look up at the bright blue sky.  
Here, where the clouds gaze down upon me.  
I hope from down here I can still bring you glee!  
I conceal myself in the green grass that towers over me.  
Praying I am not plucked free.  
I wait anchored in dirt every day.  
And still I have not been taken away.  
I thank you for letting me stay stuck.  
I promise you, I will not bring you luck.