

The Beauty of Sagebrush

By Britt Sattler

A pest, a menace, just filling forgotten space
These are the qualities of sagebrush
Let's be honest that's all you see in me
I am nothing but a sore to your eye
Some say that I am a waste of this ground

These are the words you have used to define me
Never taking time to look at me
I am nothing but a blur as you pass by
My purpose seems short and my life a pointless motion of time
I began to believe you because you taught me that I have no beauty

But inside I know that I am sagebrush
Strong and true to the roots I have dug
I am bruised and battered from endless heat and wind
I grow past my afflictions and infirmities; endurance is the key
Reaching deeper until I find something sweeter

I continue to grow next to the sagebrush similar to me because they can truly accept me
I may seem harsh but that is due to the defensive natures I have to protect myself from you
With time my prickly side is uncovered when you truly see my summer blooms
These adornments add no value to me; I know I am vital to this ecosystem you see
I grow in the extremes, battling things you could only dream

I do not care what you think of me
A rose can not do with the water the earth supplies me
A tulip could not hold to the dirt that you see in front of me
I have dug deep and I will keep pushing
I am sagebrush and my beauty lies beyond what you dare to see

Remember this when you take the time to cast your eyes upon me
We must not forget to recognize other's beauty even when it differs
This is true of you too
You have beauty even when you are too scared to see
Do not let others or yourself define this exceptional quality of beauty that lies underneath