

Sunflowers

Beyond sterile glass
they wilt, heads
bowed in silence;
goliaths that cast
exhausted vigils over
gardens greyed by
straw and mud.

Once brilliant bursts
now weep amber
onto cool shale,
haunted by dark
and brighter skies alike.

Yet clutched deep within
the spectacle nestle
a hundred tiny promises
of renewal - another
flower, another summer.

An assurance that life
spites lifelessness and
each breath succeeds
a pause, always
to begin again.