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David Schelhaas
Dordt College

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Maximillian Sunflowers

Dave Schelhaas

Alive with light, the prairie
sings, "Yellow, yellow, yellow,"
as it lures me with its siren song to drown
in yellow sunflowers that sway in gentle wind waves
like synchronized swimmers.
Each cluster does a circle dance,
each flower smiles her wide-toothed joyful smile,
so bright one loses sight
of the errant aster here and there,
the muted golden goldenrod.

Everywhere, everywhere dancing,
a million Maximillian Sunflowers,
some of them ten feet tall,
bend down to kiss me as I walk by.
I love them. We all do. Strangers
on the path stop to say their praise
but cannot find the words.

Nearby a strutting ring-necked pheasant,
Brown, blue, red and mottled rose,
his whole palette glistening,
croaks his dismay as if to say,
"I'm the really pretty one."
But we can only see the yellow
flowers of the sun.