

Sunflower

By Glenn Currier

Look at the sunflower
one day standing tall
proclaiming its might
while during the night
darkness enters its stalk
and at dawn, drooping and sad,
it has no light or cheer to add.

Van Gogh felt its moods
change with the path of its star
knew it had much more
to reveal to passers by
and with his artist eye
he stopped to soak in its being and dwell,
painting no fewer canvases than twelve.

I wish zealots of a quest would pause -
like Van Gogh - to consider their cause
from a different angle under the sun,
dwell there unafraid to be outdone,
and for a while refuse to be pulled apart
but gently enter the Other's heart.

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