

SUNFLOWER ●

Alison Hicks

The bloom becomes too heavy
after a season of moving toward the sun,
the face turns down, trains on the earth
from which nourishment no longer rises.
By the time the birds have lightened the burden,
the neck, dry with bending,
touches the pavement.
Presses its ear to the place it grew away from,
to the scuttle of creatures below that sleep in its roots.