

A Dream of Sunflowers

For years she dreams
this particular road,
some half-remembered route,
the stop sign with no one to warn,
the black blaze of tarmac—
sunflowers growing everywhere.
Sunflowers instead of houses.
Sunflowers rising
from the windshields
of junkyard cars
and the skulls of struck animals.
Sunflowers so blatantly golden
a child could've ignited them
with a crayon.
Sunflowers without limit,
and the road ahead
straight as a needle
stitched through barren land.
It goes on like this,
she keeps walking,
hands in pockets
disclose no trembling,
because she sees
sunflowers are breakable
spines, some lean forward
like sunstroke victims,
some lie shattered on the ground.
Somewhere they must end,
just beyond perhaps,
at the edge of a body
of water she cannot yet see,
or a small house posted
near the cemetery
where town begins.