

# MA SŒUR DES TOURESOLS: Le Jardin de Monet À Vétheuil, Claude Monet, 1881

*Emma Sterling*

A child skips straight through the sun  
And sips June days like lemonade  
Beneath the yellow nodding heads  
That sprawl their dappled shadows wide  
The leaves fan out in earnest  
Always growing, ever curious  
And burst and blossom in the light  
Much like their newfound human friend  
Far gone are cottage comforts  
Traded for the garden's transience  
I'm there if you know where to look  
I haunt the stairs a world away  
When I say "don't forget me,"  
What I really mean is "don't grow up  
And roam so far that I misplace  
Your bobbing head among the blooms  
Don't let the summer pale me  
Into somber sun-bleached memory  
And usher in the winter wind  
To whisper icy cold farewells  
How strange to find my outlook  
Now obstructed by these slanting stems  
Their browning heads encroaching  
As they wilt their colors clean away  
How strange to dally on the path  
While you go frolicking ahead

How strange to be my sister's keeper  
Separated garden-wide  
How strange to see this woman  
Sprouting from the seedling I once knew  
The you I loved when you were still  
No bigger than a gleaming pearl."