

POEM

At the sidewalk temple of the sunflowers
pause, o man, endeavoring ever after achievement;
pause, I say, and behold! Be humbled!
Here rising before you is a constellation on plant stems,
a petaled dawn of sun after sun breaking forth,
emblazoned orbs shining light and beauty soft to eye,
emanating the glory creation can achieve.
Bask in the sunflowershine, and marvel
at these jeweled faces ringed in fire.
For here, out from this plot of cast away dirt
rise stalks to consummate, completely
in meticulous explosions of bright colored boldness,
pure zealous yellow,
smiling their imitation of celestial brother above.
Through day-following-day dedication,
these shooting stars streak toward sky
drawing earth, breathing air, drinking water, absorbing fire,
letting life receive the treasury of the world
and so to gather, transform and fuse them all
into a corona of splendid candor
adorning the holy blessedness of self.
Sunflowers! You are the true alchemists,
turning the base elements into gold.
Reign proudly over your kingdom,
let the bees attend thee,
man duff his crown before thee.
For in imitation of the One above
who shines thee life,
you let the sweet sap of creation
rise up and radiate as your glory own.

Michael Hoonhout