

## Sunflowers in August

I know the sunflowers in august  
This year are brighter than my eyes,  
Are as mellow as the children,  
With hearts of yellow eglantine.

They're earth-suns of flamed happiness,  
Living in a world I'd never known,  
And on that day, in the meadow  
It made sense to call it my home.

Varnished like the tall trunks of trees,  
Omnipotently on my mind,  
I spent my all my days with them,  
Softness stolen; it was never mine.

With jutting lemon teeth around,  
And smitten with a baby-soft glow,  
The sharp rays of afternoon sunshine,  
Their countenance my greatest foe.

The sunflowers in august,  
I realised on one rainy night,  
Are full of the mysteries, joy  
And illicit frivolities of life.