

## The Sunflowers

by Mary Oliver

Come with me  
into the field of sunflowers.  
Their faces are burnished disks,  
their dry spines  
creak like ship masts,  
their green leaves,  
so heavy and many,  
fill all day with the sticky

sugars of the sun.

Come with me  
to visit the sunflowers,  
they are shy

but want to be friends;  
they have wonderful stories  
of when they were young –  
the important weather,

the wandering crows.

Don't be afraid  
to ask them questions!  
Their bright faces,

which follow the sun,  
will listen, and all  
those rows of seeds –  
each one a new life!

hope for a deeper acquaintance;  
each of them, though it stands  
in a crowd of many,  
like a separate universe,

is lonely, the long work  
of turning their lives  
into a celebration  
is not easy. Come

and let us talk with those modest faces,  
the simple garments of leaves,  
the coarse roots in the earth  
so uprightly burning.

