

The Dance of the Sunflower

As still as a statue on a windy day
Nothing to distract nature's delicately crafted artwork
Strong as a pole standing tall, fearless, and brave
Providing beauty even when it's late
Always keeping the bees company
The delicacy of the sunflower is all they need
From its surface the sweet smell of summer arise
It's vibrant yellow and orange outskirts
The other flowers would despise
A glimpse of its petals like capturing the sun
Could put a smile on the face of just about anyone
The green stem emerged from the ground like a skyscraper
Looking down on all the creatures that surround
The chirping of the birds and the whistle of the wind
Starts the flower dancing from side to side waltzing from within
Nothing could depress the sunflower, not even rain
It will still dance and will never refrain
Will the movement stay swift even in the snow?
All who have seen it, would hate to see it go

Charred Desire

In the eye of a destructive tornado

Lies the sadness in her soul

The loss of trust within her

is what viciously tore.

Haunted thoughts surround her

Positivity burned to the core

Eyes withered from sorrow

Cheeks sunken with despair

Everything around her seems unfair

Her hopes a heap of ash

A funeral for her perished dreams

She mourns the bruise of tomorrow

All darkness with no light to beam.

She thinks nothing will get better

No one to help her through the storm.

Sunshine gone from her future, only rain left to pour