



SUNFLOWERS

the sunflowers have died
flattened by the cool chill
of misty gray November
this is a field of ephemeral
beauty—those fleeting hours
we once walked hand in hand
chasing after sunlight after
shadows invaded

I walk alone—lonely breaths
in bitter wind, wind-burnt
cheeks and a heaviness I cannot
shake: a walk that never ends

— Erin Jamieson