

98

**SCOTT
GAST**

SUNFLOWER SEEDS

Sitting with a handful of sunflower seeds
I surveyed their prospects, down

Amongst the burgeoning spring grasses
Summer-hot in their haste, or

Settled gently in the carob sides of
Ant-mulch'd hills, even

Plunged face first through the waiting dark
Composed soil of the garden.

Should they return to their namesake,
And outgrow their progenitor

Risking being cast out as a trickle,
Or maybe resown into light beyond our planets,

To roam and root in the glowing dust of dying stars
Or the embryo of collapsed gravitational matters.

Every year I plant a multitude of these seeds
Above moving tectonics but below the mist,
Hidden away from human eyes,
Their wombs becoming the feet of the living.