

The Garbage Truck Trashed the Sunflower

It had just overtaken the fence, springing
colour over the grey-flecked cedar boards
that enclosed the small garden and yard.

I imagine its big head hit with a thwunk
on the lane of compacted gravel and dirt.
Of course, nobody heard it, and the chances

are nobody saw what were the pincer-like
hydraulic arms side-swiping the tall stalk
during the dust-up of high-pitched stops

and starts forking from bin to bin. I don't
blame the driver—there isn't much time
to collect all that garbage. What's the life

of one sunflower? Sure, I planted it there
and it grew heavy-headed until it leaned out
into the lane a little, but I didn't want to tie it

to the fence. Besides, a magnum opus of sun-
flower centres the yard like the tuba's high
note blasting the brightest yellow of the year.

Its six-foot stalk stands straight against gravity,
but its hunched neck bends as if it'll break
under the weight of its seedless head peering

onto sweet peas, salad blooms and the carrot
leaves that dance in the gentle breeze. For some
time now, carbon has questioned many things

green. Though the end is certain, the sun will
only shine through the spindles of red maple
that way this time. The fractured light will stay

on the gold band of petals like fire licks only
so long. If I look long enough, I feel happy,
even laugh. And the light has changed already.

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