

## Perennial

It was the season for making the sunflowers say they were sorry.  
For sweat stains and scherzos celebrating slow suicide  
in the most blissful, listless way.

It was swollen, swollen happiness,  
sleep bought by percussive lullabies  
and taut projector screens in yards down the street  
held high by makeshift counterweights.

It was a summer wasted  
waiting and searching the train station  
for a trail of sandwich crumbs left behind.

It was one night in the garden  
slashing stems with a kitchen knife.  
Now, without their blooms, the stalks stand straight.