

Wilderness House Literary Review 4/4

Kathy Lerner

Sunflowers

The sunflower heads are hanging low.
Taller than any of us, the weight
of their drying seed faces
has them leaning forward.
Each moves away from each other,
though all grow from the same green stem.

A Flock of Birds

flew up, startled
by your swishing hem.

To be that Tambourine,
shaking out that sweet music,
beating—
against that thigh.

And even death itself,
we would forgive.