We were lost in the plains,
beautiful and ordinary,
Sunflowers in the fields,
seeds of fallen stars,
standing tall and deeply
rooted in this land.

I've admired how our flowers shine,
grasping towards the sky,
beyond the prairie grass, anchored
down-to-earth; mimicking
the sun.

When a gardener plants a seed
of Helianthus, they are
performing magic, raising
stars out of the dust where
buzzing planets circle,
half red moons set;
and swarming comets
float in orange comas.

I've always felt that
late at night, in the bed of a truck,
in a Kansas field; we were
at the center of this universe.

...and I was exactly where I should be,
amongst the flowers; not below.

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