

MYTHOLOGY

In first grade,
Mrs. Horton asked
that we each place a seed
in the ground.

Each of us would see
our seedling sprout and grow.

As time went on,
the seeds made no progress—
a flat bed of dirt remained—
except for one:
the seed I alone had planted
had begun to sprout.

As more time passed,
the bed stayed flat,
all except mine,
which had grown
six feet high (as Mrs. Horton
carefully measured)
and blossomed
into a large, radiant sunflower.

This is a true story,
and I promise,
I am no mystic—
yet it stays with me,
radiating my vision
of the past.

And when my thinking machine
loses its steam—
as when I drift into dreams—
the memory creeps in
and whispers to me:

“You are a sunflower—
never forget.”