

untitled

by Natasha Whyte

I am a sunflower.
I turn my yellow
and black face,
bruised, to the sun,
hoping its light will
heal me.
With my eyes closed
I can see my stamen,
veins in my eyelids,
bulbous
where they intersect.
The sun feeds me
and I, grateful,
pour myself into
the air. I am
sweet;
I am a bowl
of candy, I live
on your tongue
and I suffocate under
your eyelids.

