

## Harvest

Today  
I bury my sunflowers  
and burn them  
to ash.  
I sow  
a new seed  
to  
reap  
a new harvest.  
The sunflowers  
attracted beings  
with thorns.  
I became  
frightened.  
Sent to help  
but  
constantly vibrating  
my soul.  
Now I look  
in my  
horizon  
and  
see Nightshade  
eclipsing  
the sun.  
Mystery.  
Fear.  
Beauty.  
As I step  
onto a new  
path,  
they'll blossom.  
Often mistaken  
for poison  
yet  
simply desirable.  
Let me  
veil you

with my  
sweet  
petals  
while you  
writhe in  
imagined  
pain.

~{A}