

Sunflowers

They say sunflowers turn their golden-curious faces
to follow the sun as it moves across the sky –
say we could do that too, if we really tried.
I'd like to believe them, but at this point,
I'm still learning to chase time like it's something worth having.

Time is for those who aren't quite familiar
with the idea of anything feeling familiar –
when everything is new and complete, none of it yours,
and this is exactly how things should be
because this is how things are.
When everything is because it could be
and everything that isn't might.

When I was little, before I thought I could distinguish thing from thing
and whole from space,
I collected question marks – hung them (crooked)
on the clouds (to match my baby teeth),
sat back,
was,
and waited for the sky to answer.

And the sky said, "Child,
seek to feel all the wonder in the world. Never think you've felt it all.
Forget what you know
and become the opening up.
Then forget that and become."

And I would run, barefoot and blossoming,
into the whole wide wild of the green-and-blue.
I used to run just to stop where I thought I wanted to be
after I started only looking down so I could watch my feet
to make sure I never tripped up,
like I forgot that the only place to be is here.

So here we are:
looking up.
Here we are.

Dani Cooke
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