

SUNFLOWERS



Ah! Sunflower

Ah! sunflower, weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the sun,
Seeking after that sweet golden clime
Where the traveller's journey is done;

Where the youth pined away with desire,
And the pale virgin shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves and aspire;
Where my sunflower wishes to go.

~William Blake

Eagle of flowers! I see thee stand,
And on the sun's noon-glory gaze:
With eye like his thy lids expand,
And fringe their disk with golden rays;
Though fix'd on earth, in darkness rooted there,
Light is thine element, thy dwelling air,
Thy prospect heaven.

So would mine eagle-soul descry,
Beyond the path where planets run,
The light of immortality,
The splendour of creation's sun;
Though sprung from earth, and hast'ning to the
tomb
In hope a flower of paradise to bloom,
I took to heaven.

~James Montgomery

