

Sunflower Poetry



Poetry
Booklet

When the Sunflowers Bloom

Albert Bigelow Paine

I've been off on a journey; I jes' got home today;
I travelled east, an' north, an' south, an' every other way;
I seen a heap of country, an' cities on the boom,
But I want to be in Kansas when the

Sun-
Flowers
Bloom

You may talk about yer lilies, yer vi'lets and yer roses,
Yer asters, an yer jassymine an' all the other posies;
I'll allow they all air beauties an' full er sweet perfume,
But there's none of them a patch in' to the

Sun-
Flowers
Bloom

Oh, it's nice among the mount'ins, but I sorter felt shet in;
'T'ud be nice upon the seashore if it wasn't for the din;
While the prairies air so quiet, an' there's allers lots of room,
Oh, it's nicer still in Kansas when the

Sun-
Flowers
Bloom

When all the sky above is jest ez blue ez blue kin be;
An' the prairies air a wavin' like a yaller driftin' sea,
Oh, it's there my soul goes sailing an' my heart is on the boom
In the gold fields of Kansas when the

Sun
Flowers
Bloom

The Wild Sunflower

Albert Bigelow Paine

At early dawn, like soldiers in their places,
Rank upon rank the golden sunflowers stand;
Gazing toward the east with eager faces,
Waiting, until their god shall touch the land
To life and glory, longingly they wait,
Those voiceless watchers at the morning's gate.

Dawn's portals tremble silently apart;
Far to the east, across the dewy plain,
A glory kindles that in every heart
Finds answering warmth and kindles there again;
And rapture beams in every radiant face
Now softly glowing with supernal grace.

And all day long that silent worship lasts,
And as their god moves grandly down the west,
And every stem a lengthening shadow casts
Toward the east, ah, then they love him best,
And watch till every lingering ray is gone,
Then slowly turn to greet another dawn.

Ah! Sunflower!

William Blake

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!



Other Suggestions:

Sunflowers by Hilda Conkling

Sunflower by Dora Greenwell

Tom O'Bedlam Among the Sunflowers by Thomas James