



Maximillian Sunflowers

David Schelhaas

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Maximillian Sunflowers

DAVID SCHELHAAS (64)

Alive with light, the prairie
sings, "Yellow, yellow, yellow,"
as it lures me with its siren song to drown
in yellow sunflowers that sway in gentle wind waves
like synchronized swimmers.
Each cluster does a circle dance,
each flower smiles her wide-toothed joyful smile,
so bright one loses sight
of the errant aster here and there,
the muted golden goldenrod.

Everywhere, everywhere dancing,
a million Maximillian Sunflowers,
some of them ten feet tall,
bend down to kiss me as I walk by.
I love them. We all do. Strangers
on the path stop to say their praise
but cannot find the words.

Nearby a strutting ring-necked pheasant,
blue, purple, red and mottled rose,
his whole palette glistening,
croaks his dismay as if to say,
"I'm the really pretty one."
But we can only see the yellow
flowers of the sun.



Arts in the Prairie took place on a warm October afternoon. The event married the beauty—and mystery—of the created world with art and music created by students. There were art activities for children in attendance, face-painting by theatre students, and a scavenger hunt for seeds from different plant species in the prairie.