



I buried myself in a field of sunflowers;
drawn to their beauty. I gave into madness.
I dug my grave and laid down in it.
I didn't cry. I just prayed. I begged the universe
to send healing waves; I begged for rebirth.
I begged for growth. I fell asleep there
in the hot sun with the cool breeze.
In my dreams, the sunflowers sang;
"you are worthy of everything."

ReBecca DeFazio