

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 44
Number 2 *Spring 2022*

Article 86

Spring 5-1-2022

Sunflowers Always Look Toward the Sun

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Recommended Citation

Bishop, Bee (2022) "Sunflowers Always Look Toward the Sun," *The Prairie Light Review*. Vol. 44: No. 2, Article 86.

Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol44/iss2/86>

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Sunrise on the Lake, Jigna Maniar

Sunflowers Always Look Towards the Sun Bee Bishop

Springs are never warm. I think they're supposed to be, but according to the goosebumps on my legs as my dress fluttered in the wind, I was wrong. The night was stale and sour, but you smelled so sweet. Your rose perfume had faded greatly since you arrived, but out here on the balcony, I couldn't focus on anything else. My breaths were less oxygen and much more you. Your rose perfume, your scented lipstick, just... you. I felt like there was no one else in the world, just me and you, both of our dresses fluttering in the wind. My heart beat fluttered along with it; the rhythmic pounding of anxiety and love bursting in my eardrums was so loud I couldn't hear you speaking. Just saw your lips moving. Closer and closer, as I drowned in your perfume wondering if you were going to kiss me.

"Tell me a fun fact about flowers," you had asked me.

It was a very easy question. Say something cool about flowers; I should be able to do that, I do run a flower shop after all. But yet, I found myself unable to give you an answer, my heart beating in my throat, choking me. We stood on the balcony of my new apartment, the chilly night air dancing by. A halo of light, the gentle warm glow from the inside lights, bloomed

around your face, like the rays of the sun. That’s what you were— to me at least— the brilliant star in the daytime sky that made me feel all warm inside.

“Sunflowers always look at the sun,” I had responded.

Because they do. If you were the sun, then the whole world was a field of sunflowers, lost in the brilliance of you. And I stood among them, lost in the crowd of thousands, gazing longingly at you, hoping that I could wake up everyday to your rays and your gentle warmth. Many other sunflowers were taller or fuller or more vibrant than I was; many other sunflowers were broader and sturdier than me as well. A person on ground level wouldn’t be able to pick me out, much less a beaming, brilliant star like yourself.

But you smiled and still got closer and closer. Your lips reached my ears and whispered a sweet promise.

“Is that why I can’t take my eyes off of you?” And as you kissed me, I had to wonder if there was ever a chance that sunflowers looked at each other when they were missing the sun.



Wisdom Will Set You Free, Karlette Murray