

Dandelions

I see van Gogh's sunflowers,
Their faces like the sun,
Which is high, for it is noon.
They remind me of the countryside,
A field of flowers,
All facing the same way,
To catch the light.
I can hear birds chirping
In the background, a backdrop
To the bright day.
Out of the frame
The artist is at a table,
Chopping up lemons,
To make lemonade,
I feel thirsty.
I reach in and take a glass
Of the yellow liquid,
I take a sip,
Soothing my throat.