

## *In the Garden*

### *Sunflower Sonnet*

A FRIENDLY giant stands in sun and rain —  
    A talking-point since gardeners began  
To sow the seed whose instant marvels can  
    Delight, amuse or else provoke disdain.

But finally, surprisingly, there's pain —  
    If not for friendly giant, then for man —  
When autumn ends its fleeting, freaking span.  
    I grew one once. I never shall again.

At summer's close, I find no trace of fun:  
    The compost calls a hapless, supine friend.  
The prospect finds me anguished and dismayed:  
    A gross beheading ritual has begun.  
Brown-eyed, mute appeal comes at the end.  
    I close my eyes and slowly raise my spade.

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