Driving Past Dead Sunflowers in October

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Crippled and brown, as if burnt,
shriveled from weeks of thirst,
yet still they are as tall
as scarecrows, thin roots
staking the dirt with some unfeeble
strength, heads sagging
in a downward glance
as if to make sure they are still there,
the legumes that tie them to the earth,
gossamer umbilical threads yet to be cut.

Though I know this is how it is here,
this is how the harvest is done
(by killing the golden crop in late summer),
still I feel an internal companionship
with these entities as they wait,
solemnly, for the black gems
to slip from their mouths,
seeds tokens of another year gone,
one year closer to the inevitable turning
of the field to fallow.