

A Sunflower's Journey

Poised against the backdrop of an ever-shifting sky, an infantile sunflower began its journey as a tentative seedling, brittle yet determined. Early June witnessed its precarious dance, leaves unfurling like questions into the warming air. By July, its stem had fortified into a living column, defiant against transient storms that bent but never broke its vertical ambition. Then it bloomed. Bright. Unstoppable. As midsummer heat intensified, the coronet of yellow petals erupted—a silent explosion of accumulated potential.

At dawn, its dew-laden face tilted expectantly eastward, petals splayed like rays of captured sunshine. It stood sentinel at midday, straight-backed as it casted a diminishing shadow that betrayed time's relentless advance. Evening transmuted the bloom, no longer dominant but humble in silhouette. Still, the sunflower faithfully tracing the sun's descent with soundless determination.

Slowly. Steadily. The sunflower grew and grew. Each day's revolution brought subtle changes—a deeper gold at the core, a more pronounced curve to stem and leaf—paralleling the imperceptible shifts in the garden's ecosystem. August fetched petite transformations: once-vibrant petals now whispered rather than shouted their presence, their edges crisping into delicate manuscripts of time's passage.

By September, the once-attentive face had bowed into dignified tranquillity, its focus shifted from celestial interest to earthward consideration. In its final days, the heavy seed-laden head became both memorial to Summer's abundance and promise of future cycles—a perfect circularity achieved through apparent ending.

So that sunflower – that very sunflower – had passed away. Right on the spot where it was first nurtured. This journey reminds us that, like the humble sunflower, we too must follow our light.