

## **Per aspera ad astra**

We were lost in the plains,  
beautiful and ordinary,  
Sunflowers in the fields,  
seeds of fallen stars,  
standing tall and deeply  
rooted in this land.

I've admired how our flowers shine,  
grasping towards the sky,  
beyond the prairie grass, anchored  
down-to-earth; mimicking  
the sun.

When a gardener plants a seed  
of Helianthus, they are  
performing magic, raising  
stars out of the dust where  
buzzing planets circle,  
half red moons set;  
and swarming comets  
float in orange comas.

I've always felt that  
late at night, in the bed of a truck,  
in a Kansas field; we were  
at the center of this universe.

...and I was exactly where I should be,  
amongst the flowers; not below.

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