

RONDEAU OF HELIOTROPES

They turn to light as they emerge,
Compelled to make a sudden surge
From underneath last year's decay.
Their leaves unclench to face the day
Between anemones and spurge.

They track from east to west; from verge
Of dawn to edge of night they splurge
Their hues, tropism's grand display:
They turn to light.

When worship's done, each blossom's urge
Accomplished, photo cells all purged
Of green, unable to obey
Sun's will, each bacchanté
Begins to mold. Beyond this dirge
They turn to light.

--Glenna Holloway