

The Sunflowers

Come with me
into the field of sunflowers.
Their faces are burnished disks,
their dry spines

creak like ship masts,
their green leaves,
so heavy and many,
fill all day with the sticky

sugars of the sun.
Come with me
to visit the sunflowers,
they are shy

but want to be friends;
they have wonderful stories
of when they were young –
the important weather,

the wandering crows.
Don't be afraid
to ask them questions!
Their bright faces,

which follow the sun,
will listen, and all
those rows of seeds –
each one a new life!

hope for a deeper acquaintance;
each of them, though it stands
in a crowd of many,
like a separate universe,

is lonely, the long work
of turning their lives
into a celebration
is not easy. Come

and let us talk with those modest faces,
the simple garments of leaves,
the coarse roots in the earth
so uprightly burning.

Mary Oliver ¹

Storytelling in small groups or personal reflection. One by one, each person shares their answer to the first prompt below. Then go to the next prompt and so forth. A person can pass.

1) Share about a time what you saw and heard as you walked in nature talked to you. Say more.

¹ [“The Sunflowers” by Mary Oliver – Words for the Year](#) (accessed September 10, 2024).

- 2) Tell about a time in your life you were with shy people who wanted to be friends. What stories did they share with you that touched your heart?**
- 3) Share about seeing yourself as a sunflower growing in the field surrounded by thousands of other sunflowers as far as your eye can see.**
- 4) What is your “hope for a deeper acquaintance” as you stand “in a crowd of many, like a separate universe”?**



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<https://lifesjourney.us/storytelling-in-small-groups-menu/>

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