## My Fruit Poetry • Evan Myers

Hungover sunflowers stoop outside my door Half eaten by the bugs. I am the same, bitter That I fell before Summer swallowed Us In yellow and carried The lucky ones away on its wings. There will be more of them. Yet I am the bad seed, Broken between the bottom Of the sole and the top of The cobblestone, crying For a crow to come and peck Me out of my misery Among the weeds. I wonder why I fell. Hell, maybe we're all bad seeds. But this is my fruit.