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Flowers for the Living

Nora Pluth

Western Michigan University, nora.e.pluth@wmich.edu

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NORA PLUTH

Flowers for the Living

Fresh white flowers
Cut clean from the back garden
Lilies, orchids, roses

I was six when my grandma died
My tears a crude imitation of my brother's
Not understanding but praying
 Or looking at her somehow more perfect face
Even in death a beauty.

We desire to bloom from death
Bring flowers to funerals.
Wait for spring during winter
Bouquets to salvage a floundering romance

We are orchids and roses, lilies and irises to those we never knew
Flowers for the dead
In memoriam of the people we can't remember

Always an afterthought
Always a reaction
Always a memory

But I bring flowers for the living
Flowers in anticipation
Flowers for the future

Instead of blooming from the ruins of death
We bloom into precious life
Hopeful life

I bring flowers for the living not in fear of death
But in the vibrancy of creation
And the gesture of friendship

I react to life the way others react to death
With sadness and shock
And with joy, with gratitude
Flowers not in spite of death
But because of life

Nora E
Pluth