

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 44
Number 2 *Spring 2022*

Article 85

Spring 5-1-2022

Sunrise on the Lake

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Recommended Citation

Maniar, Jigna (2022) "Sunrise on the Lake," *The Prairie Light Review*. Vol. 44: No. 2, Article 85.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol44/iss2/85>

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Sunrise on the Lake, Jigna Maniar

Sunflowers Always Look Towards the Sun **Bee Bishop**

Springs are never warm. I think they're supposed to be, but according to the goosebumps on my legs as my dress fluttered in the wind, I was wrong. The night was stale and sour, but you smelled so sweet. Your rose perfume had faded greatly since you arrived, but out here on the balcony, I couldn't focus on anything else. My breaths were less oxygen and much more you. Your rose perfume, your scented lipstick, just... you. I felt like there was no one else in the world, just me and you, both of our dresses fluttering in the wind. My heart beat fluttered along with it; the rhythmic pounding of anxiety and love bursting in my eardrums was so loud I couldn't hear you speaking. Just saw your lips moving. Closer and closer, as I drowned in your perfume wondering if you were going to kiss me.

"Tell me a fun fact about flowers," you had asked me.

It was a very easy question. Say something cool about flowers; I should be able to do that, I do run a flower shop after all. But yet, I found myself unable to give you an answer, my heart beating in my throat, choking me. We stood on the balcony of my new apartment, the chilly night air dancing by. A halo of light, the gentle warm glow from the inside lights, bloomed