

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 46
Number 2 *Spring 2024*

Article 63

Spring 5-1-2024

Her Hands Should Never Pick a Flower

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Recommended Citation

Bishop, Bee (2024) "Her Hands Should Never Pick a Flower," *The Prairie Light Review*. Vol. 46: No. 2, Article 63.

Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol46/iss2/63>

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Her Hands Should Never Pick a Flower

Bee Bishop

How I wish she had laid me to rest
Like the moon at some ungodly hour
So this horror is dead and repressed

She will come when your life seems dull
But be warned, your garden she will mar
How I wish she had laid me to rest

Against the sun you'll fly free as a gull
But you must not fly farther than a virgin's bower
So this horror is dead and repressed

She will try to preserve you in tulle
As the end sounds in the bell tower
How I wish she had laid me to rest

Like ship against the raging sea with a broken hull
Her lips and hands will leave you hopeless and dour
So this horror is dead and repressed.

So keep it sealed in your skull
How her hands should never pick a flower
Oh, how I wish she had laid me to rest
So this horror is dead and repressed

Summer Delights Pendant

Karlette Murray
Jewelry



Maybe They Had a Reason

Susan Trestrail

I suppose it's possible.
Reasons are everywhere.
Flowing from river mouths
into oceans of rhetoric.
I hear them drop like
hailstones on concrete.
A thousand tiny grains
blown by windstorms
of happenings one by
one until we burst open.
We can take no more.

It's possible to justify
Turning away.
Closing an eye.
Refusing to speak.
I try to understand
why God loves some
and not others.
His reason.

I nailed metal flowers to a wall.
I made a garden in my sunless room.
You see, those reasons don't know
the inside of a barbed wire cage.
The rage of a rocky river.
The storms with no end.

For now, we cover their reasons
with rich soil, smoothed over
by calloused and dirty hands.
We feed and water until they grow
into something lush and lovely.
They will grow
into something
like hope.