



My Mother's Flowers

by Teri Spracklin

My mother's flowers
the surest sign of home
their delicate robust bodies springing up
through gravel or snow
in a thicket of perennials and weeds
or in the lawn under a walnut tree grown rogue
with age and experience
those she planted unfurling along the walls
and beds she cut from lifeless ground
and those she didn't
sprinkled across the yard
spread by happenstance
like kindness
like love.

At my desk
those flowers emerge
layer by layer
colour by colour
by stem and stamen
by leaf and by love
paper effigies of those
snapdragons in the gravel
of those crocuses in the lawn
of those roses grown wild
over a lifetime of summers
spent in the sun
an emblem of
my mother's love, her flowers
the surest sign of home.

Inspired by: [Build-A-Flower Stamps & Dies](#)

