

The First Bouquet

by Patricia Homeier

He saw the colors as he walked the road.
At first, he didn't know what they were, but
when he stooped he saw the

blue
violets,
the yellow
daisies,
the red,
deep-hearted roses.

He stood up, ready to go on. But his mind
pushed him back to the black earth.
Heavy, work-worn hands
threaded through stems and pulled
out some blue and yellow

and a smear of red.

Clumsily, he put the stems together. They rubbed
waxy greenness into his palms.
Then he began walking again; he
glanced down at his colors,
ready to present them.

