

Taylor University

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English Student Projects

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Flowers

Emily Grace Hartman

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Flowers

I remember flowers,
flowers everywhere.
Flowers of all colors and kinds,
insects fluttering ethereally around them.
It all slowly came into picture,
where I could see the intricate veins and designs of
the flowers all around me.
These flowers were the most beautiful things that
I had ever seen or ever will see in my life.
Nothing else mattered in that moment.
Nothing else could compare to the rolling hills of
the colors and beams of flowers in the distance.
I could stay here for days, never flinching once,
completely mesmerized by the dancing flowers.
Forever.
The sky blended in with the never-
ending ness of the angelic flowers.
The sky was just as beautiful as the flowers,
the billions of colors in the sky and on the ground
made me so happy that I shed a tear.
No.
The tear wasn't from the holes in my body,
and I wasn't crying because of the crimson that
Lay all around me and countless others.
"I get to die in the most beautiful place in any world."
I painfully whispered.
And slowly, but painlessly, everything turned white.

Emily Hartman