

the sun and her flowers

rupi kaur



also by rupi kaur
milk and honey

the sun and her flowers

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Andrew McMeel

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to my makers
kamaljit kaur and suchet singh
i am. because of you.
i hope you look at us
and think
your sacrifices were worth it

to my stunning sisters and brother
prabhdeep kaur
kirandeep kaur
saaheb singh
we are in this together

you define love.

contents

wilting

falling

rooting

rising

blooming



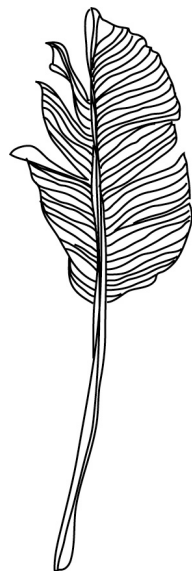
bees came for honey
flowers giggled as they
undressed themselves
for the taking
the sun smiled

- the second birth

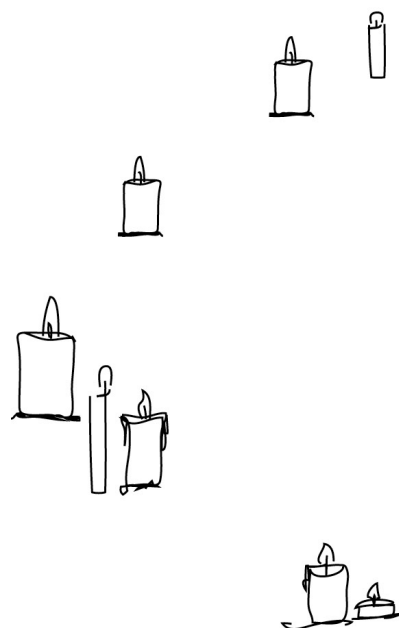


wilting

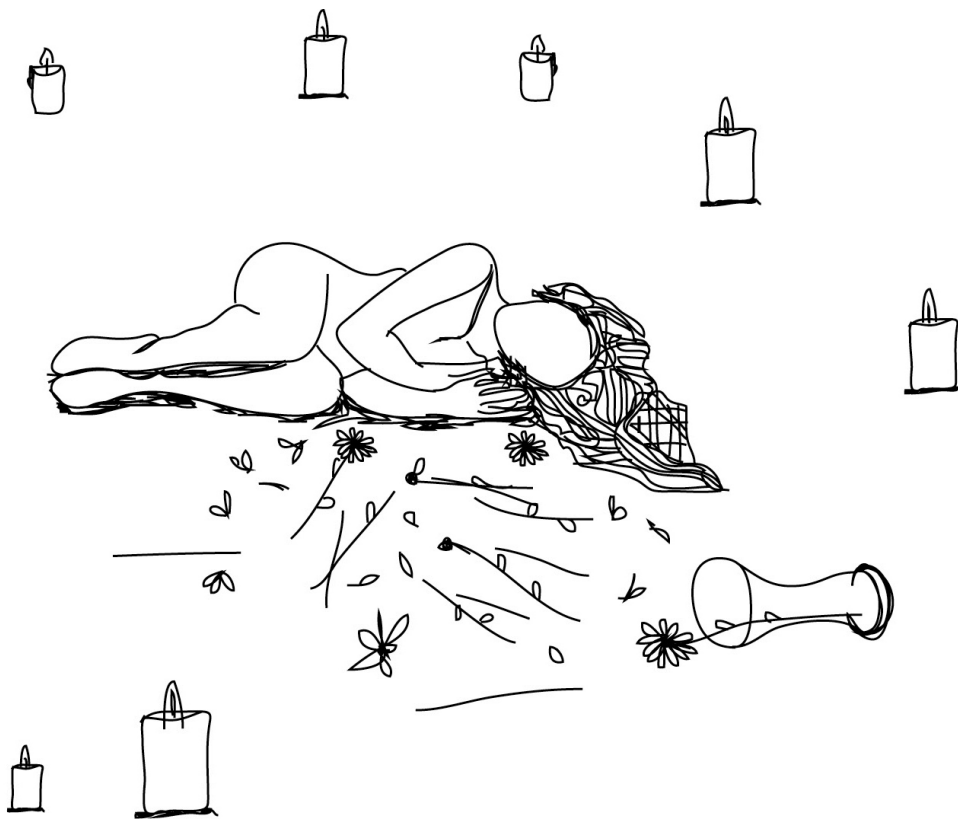
on the last day of love
my heart cracked inside my body



i spent the entire night
casting spells to bring you back



i reached for the last bouquet of flowers
you gave me
now wilting in their vase
one
by
one
i popped their heads off
and ate them



i stuffed a towel at the foot of every door
leave i told the air
i have no use for you
i drew every curtain in the house
go i told the light
no one is coming in
and no one is going out

- cemetery

you left
and i wanted you still
yet i deserved someone
who was willing to stay



i spend days in bed debilitated by loss
i attempt to cry you back
but the water is done
and still you have not returned
i pinch my belly till it bleeds
have lost count of the days
sun becomes moon and
moon becomes sun and
i become ghost
a dozen different thoughts
tear through me each second
you must be on your way
perhaps it's best if you're not
i am okay
no
i am angry
yes
i hate you
maybe
i can't move on
i will
i forgive you
i want to rip my hair out
over and over and over again
till my mind exhausts itself into a silence

yesterday
the rain tried to imitate my hands
by running down your body
i ripped the sky apart for allowing it

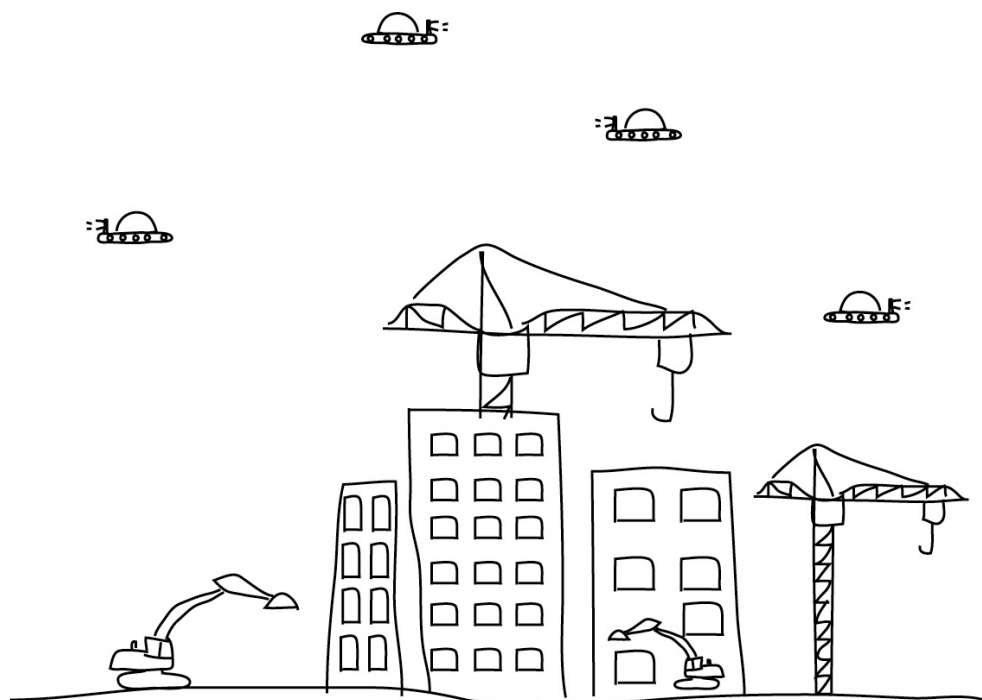
- jealousy



in order to fall asleep
i have to imagine your body
crooked behind mine
spoon ladled into spoon
till i can hear your breath
i have to recite your name
till you answer and
we have a conversation
only then
can my mind
drift off to sleep

- pretend

it isn't what we left behind
that breaks me
it's what we could've built
had we stayed



i can still see our construction hats lying
exactly where we left them
pylons unsure of what to guard
bulldozers gazing out for our return
the planks of wood stiff in their boxes
yearning to be nailed up
but neither of us goes back
to tell them it is over
in time
the bricks will grow tired of waiting and crumble
the cranes will droop their necks in sorrow
the shovels will rust
do you think flowers will grow here
when you and i are off
building something new
with someone else

- the construction site of our future

i live for that first second in the morning
when i am still half-conscious
i hear the hummingbirds outside
flirting with the flowers
i hear the flowers giggling
and the bees growing jealous
when i turn over to wake you
it starts all over again
the panting
the wailing
the shock
of realizing
that you've left

- the first mornings without you

