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Teacup of Roses

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My mother told me not to pick flowers
from the gardens of strangers. I never did,
but I couldn't resist the needles of fir
trees—the sap and watery notes
of a forest in the neighborhood park,
where my mother caught me climbing up
to the sky and embracing the sticky trunk.
Today I bring my mother a teacup
of roses from a stranger's garden. She cries,
smiles—sleep, or something, in her eyes.
I sit by her on her bed
and watch the rise of her gone breasts.
I want her to see the flowers and recall
how she saw me once, needles, furs.

About the Poet

Christine Kannapel received an M.A. in Creative Writing from University College Cork and a B.A. in English from the University of Utah. She currently resides in Utah. Email: christinekannapel@gmail.com