

THE OLD FLORIST

Jess Pruitt

Mesa Community College

First Place, Poetry

The chocolate earth danced and writhed with worms and potato bugs.
Stiffened hands were tilling, like an oily ditch-witch, he cuts deep ravines,
Uprooting the plague of weeds that threatened to infect the whole garden.
Sun born rays bake his octogenarian frame, but he is unaffected;
The bouquet of life needs him; they are the nobler calling,
Water, freed from its rubber sheath, flows and slices the darkened soil.
A soft smile drips upon his lips...
He is the master of this Eden, the reaper two fold—
He is the creator, sustainer, and like the lily's stem within his hand—
He holds life and death, squeezed, between his grip.