

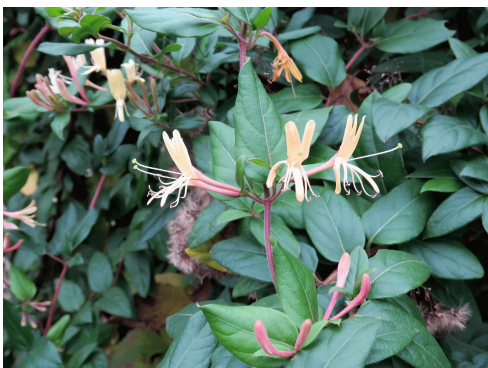
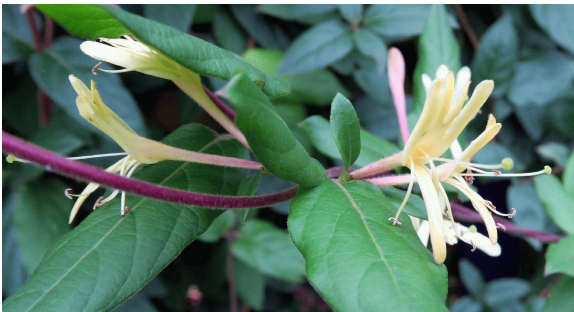
# HONEYSUCKLE

## The Honeysuckle

I plucked a honeysuckle where  
The hedge on high is quick with thorn,  
And climbing for the prize, was torn,  
And fouled my feet in quag-water;  
And by the thorns and by the wind  
The blossom that I took was thinn'd,  
And yet I found it sweet and fair.

Thence to a richer growth I came,  
Where, nursed in mellow intercourse,  
The honeysuckles sprang by scores,  
Not harried like my single stem,  
All virgin lamps of scent and dew.  
So from my hand that first I threw,  
Yet plucked not any more of them.

~Dante Gabriel Rossetti



## Honeysuckle

It sprang up wild along the chain link fence—thick,  
with glorious white  
and yellow summer blooms, and green tips that we  
pinched and pulled for one

perfect drop of gold honey. But Dad hated  
it—hated its lack  
of rows and containment, its disorder. Each  
year, he dug, bulldozed,

and set fire to those determined vines. But each  
year, they just grew back  
stronger. Maybe that's why I felt the urge to  
plant it that one day  
in May, when cancer stepped onto my front porch  
and rang the doorbell,

loose matches spilling out of its ugly fists.

~Karla K. Morton