

2022

## On Flowering My Father's Grave

Trinity Herr

Western Oregon University, [trherr09@mail.wou.edu](mailto:trherr09@mail.wou.edu)

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.wou.edu/pure>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Herr, Trinity (2022) "On Flowering My Father's Grave," *PURE Insights*: Vol. 11, Article 6.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.wou.edu/pure/vol11/iss1/6>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Scholarship at Digital Commons@WOU. It has been accepted for inclusion in PURE Insights by an authorized editor of Digital Commons@WOU. For more information, please contact [digitalcommons@wou.edu](mailto:digitalcommons@wou.edu), [kundas@mail.wou.edu](mailto:kundas@mail.wou.edu), [bakersc@mail.wou.edu](mailto:bakersc@mail.wou.edu).

---

## On Flowering My Father's Grave

### Abstract

Poem entitled "On Flowering My Father's Grave"

First Prize winner of the Peter Sears Poetry Award 2022 at Western Oregon University

### Keywords

Poetry

## On Flowering My Father's Grave

Trinity Herr, Western Oregon University

Faculty Sponsor: **Dr. Henry Hughes**

*First Prize winner of the Peter Sears Poetry Award 2022, Western Oregon University.*

Keywords: Poem

Fred Meyers is selling  
fat columbines:  
*6 blooms for only 6.99!*  
Colorado blue,  
with yellow centers.

Back home, between  
creosote coated ties  
and used-to-be gravel,  
the red and gold variation  
tootles up curled  
with foxglove and scotch broom,  
blackberry fits and starts.

My sister tells me  
she's purchased buttercream  
yellow irises from  
a nursery to plant  
around our father's grave.

The purplish, wildborn  
variety, dug by my own  
hand from the riverbank  
have strangled  
his headstone. Plus,  
she says: the blooms  
are so petulantly small.

And the grocery store columbines  
are near the same  
color as my irises.  
The not-quite-nameable shade

of an unhealed bruise.

    The spurred, spidering flowers  
angular as a needle  
    in the arm of an almost dead man.  
And not near so remarkable  
    as the ones that grow wild.