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Anthology Preface

The theme of this anthology is friendship in face of communication difficulty. The “narrator” or main character of the anthology is a mute high school boy who is in love with flowers. He feels like he can connect with flowers because they are silent like him. He gets a job at a flower shop and meets a coworker who becomes his best friend in spite of the main character’s inability to speak to him. Unfortunately the friend gets irritated by the narrator and their friendship ends when the main character attacks his only friend. I wanted to write poetry about this because the idea interested me. I wanted to know how someone who was unable to speak communicated with others. I wanted to give him a voice through poetry and a friend to look up to. The combination between flowers and muteness was interesting to me as well. I wanted to combine them and see what kind of story would come out of it. In a way I let the narrator speak for himself.

This is my intro for my story. It's a sonnet setting the scene of the story. It tells the reader what the main character is and why he's doing what he's doing. I used a sonnet because it's longer and allowed me to tell a story more than if I used something like a haiku. I tried to bring a personality out in this since the main character is narrating to the audience.

My story starts when I began work at a florist store.

I know. It's uncommon for a boy, especially my age, to do,

But I don't have to interact with customers and all flowers I adore.

Plants speak with the loudest voices and they're lovely to view.

When language is meager and lacking, (and it's almost always lacking)

Folks hire flowers to speak words they can't voice on their own.

Every bloom and blossom is the master of extravagant talking.

It's in their nature from the moment they're grown.

I'm extremely envious because it's so easy for them.

Even so, I have empathy because I know they can see

They know me so well from their pedals to their stem

Every lily and carnation agrees

We have something severely in common,

They're mute like me.

This is a collection of haikus. The main character is reflecting on the flowers in the shop in them. He loves roses because they're very expressive and used often. A haiku is used because it's meant to reflect how the character is simply thinking about flower and enjoying their company rather than a long lengthy inner dialogue about them. Most people don't think that deep about flowers so the character doesn't.

Red geraniums

Small and passionate color

Burn in the window

I adore them but

The flower that burns brightest

is blooming roses

They communicate

Most important messages

Of gratitude and love

This is an acrostic poem that spells friend. It's about him reporting that he made a new friend. It's a big deal to him and it's written like he's telling someone about it.

For the first time, I'm lucky to report

Reality has smiled on me today.

I befriended somebody - a real friend.

(Even with my stubborn silence I despise)

No, he didn't even flinch at my debility

Discovering it, he smiled and laughed without spite

Something I've never experienced before

This is a long measure poem about the struggles the main character has with people. This was originally meant to be a short poem, but it evolved as I wrote it. He has a lot of struggles I guess. His new friend, referred only as "Sunflower", comes in and tries to cheer him up by talking to him the only way he can think of communicating.

You've never felt genuine silence

Until a modest "How are you?"

Sends you into hysteric panic.

Ignore them, smile, anything I'd do.

You have never felt the stinging scoffs

Their glaring eyes appraise your reply

You've never been priced by your words

In the way I've numerous times

You've never felt the pain I have known.

The hatred, fear, anxiety...

"He's different. Do not look at him."

The wrath of society.

I'm sorry.

I'm sorry.

I'm sorry.

It's me.

I'm the one who caused this scene.

I can't continue. Not like this.

Please. I just don't want to be seen.

“Are you okay? Just shake your head.”

I look up to that Sunflower
My head gestures once. Twice. Three times.

“It looks like something bad took place.”

“I’m sorry. Here, this is for you.”

A notebook is given to me.

“See. I’ll write here and we can talk.”

On the first page, He writes for me

"Actions speak louder than words

So speak."

This is a free verse poem about his new friend at work. He calls the friend "Sunflower" because he says it matches his personality. He imagines himself as a tiny, meek Goldenrod flower. He admires his friend. This poem served to express the character's feelings for his new coworker.

I've befriended a Sunflower

Sunny arms spread warm guidance

Their influence is loud and towering

Their earthy faces, happy

How I want to be a Sunflower

But stuck as a Golden Rod

Small in stature

Alone, I'm hardly worth looking at

But with a Sunflower

I might be worth the attention

This last one is the most important poem. It's about his friend getting upset with him over something trivial. They get in a one sided fight and the main character has had enough. He "uses his voice" like his friend told him to and attacks his friend by throwing a vase at him and destroying all the other vases by knocking them to the ground. This is a free verse poem because I want to have full flexibility with it. It was really hard for me to write poetry in the first place so writing it with rules made it even harder. That's why I got rid of them for my final poem.

First off-I did not initiate it

He was the one to aggress

It started as swelling irritability

Hot violence in words digressed

Turning to irrelevant subjects

The store breathed between us

Suffocating livid words exchanged

My eyes won't dare leave the ground

(Was I the one to blame?)

Words spat singe me to the core

Soaking every blow as a sponge

Silence has its way with me

Clenching fire between my teeth

(My thoughts are screaming flee)

Patience is gone

I discard my mind

A single line rings in my conscious

“Actions speak louder than words.”

So I spoke

I screeched and I wailed the only way I knew how
Knocking every vase off its stand within my reach
Striking him with the mass of my unspoken words

Shattering glass and shattering vases against our friendship

I would make that Sunflower wilt

I held the flower's vase and I heaved to his head

Now he would know

(What have I done.)

I attacked with such strength

(He never raised a hand to help himself.)

Trees whisper the tragedy

Stars in my vision deteriorate

Lilies turned their eyes from our scene

Collapsed on the floor

Noiseless sobs will not cease coming from my throat

I'm sorry