



# THE MERCURY

THE STUDENT ART & LITERARY MAGAZINE OF GETTYSBURG COLLEGE

---

Year 2019

Article 23

---

5-22-2019

## Ghost Flowers

Lisa Maeyer

Gettysburg College, maeyli01@gettysburg.edu

Class of 2019

Follow this and additional works at: <https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury>

 Part of the [Art and Design Commons](#), and the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

**Share feedback about the accessibility of this item.**

---

Maeyer, Lisa (2019) "Ghost Flowers," *The Mercury*: Year 2019, Article 23.

Available at: <https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2019/iss1/23>

This open access poetry is brought to you by The Cupola: Scholarship at Gettysburg College. It has been accepted for inclusion by an authorized administrator of The Cupola. For more information, please contact [cupola@gettysburg.edu](mailto:cupola@gettysburg.edu).

---

# Ghost Flowers

**Author Bio**

Lisa Maeyer is a senior, majoring in English with a writing concentration and minoring in Philosophy, on the pre-law track.

# Ghost Flowers

LISA MAEYER

The branches of the weeping willow sweep  
 through the air above the liliated pond.  
 The water is chilled from the night's rain, but the morning sun  
 works to warm the incubator for coy fish and algae,  
 strives to dry the saturated ground.  
 From across the yard, I hear the leaves swishing in the wind,  
 like a painter's strokes on her blank canvas—  
 a fresh start to spring, the endless bounty of long-lost rays.  
 The leaves' green glides over the tree's muddy base.  
 It promises growth to the grass seeds I spread yesterday,  
 my inspiration rooted in blooming purple hyacinths neighboring  
 the rose tulips and yellow daffodils.  
 The lawn chair welcomed my weight when I sat to relax  
 in its embrace this morning, both I and the fabric exhausted  
 from the night's rain but thankful for the sun's comforting stares.  
 The sky has sprouted paper-white, weightless clouds  
 that pushed away the night's lightening.  
 The stars were absent amidst the bright banging,  
 for constellations are lightening are mortal enemies—  
 only one of them can shine at a time,  
 one of them is always more prominent in the sky,  
 like how the white flowers beside my tree always catch  
 my morning eyes before the rest of the gardened yard.

I watch the lingering storm clouds in the distance,  
 as they terrorize the next town over, but the willow calls me back  
 to my own yard, my own Earthly constellations:  
 my preschool Mother's Day painted pot,  
 my father's rake leaning against the tree,  
 the decorative rustic carriage wheel propped against the shed,  
 and the engraved slab planted to the right of the willow,  
 a memorial for my father's mother, a woman I never met,  
 but he says we would have seen brown eye to brown eye  
 and spoken the same language of sarcasm.  
 I smile at the piece of her left on Earth, a fragment of her memory.

I visited her cemetery in June, with a bouquet of Lily of the Valley.  
I thought it fitting: a flower that shared her first name,  
a gift from the girl who shares her last name.  
They grow to the left of the willow in my yard as they do  
every year, when their space in the ground is void of pooled water.  
I give Lillian the lilies from the valley  
in my backyard, though  
I miss the ghostly shining of their bright white.