

October 2021

Distance and Petunias

Autumn Brendle
Gettysburg College

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

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

Commons
[Share feedback about the accessibility of this item.](#)
Network

Logo

Recommended Citation

Brendle, Autumn () "Distance and Petunias," *The Mercury*: Year 2021, Article 46.
Available at: <https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2021/iss1/46>

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.

Distance and Petunias

Author Bio

Autumn is a senior studio art and psychology double major at Gettysburg College. She enjoys drawing, painting, sculpting, and (occasionally!) writing. After she graduates from Gettysburg College she will continue her studies in art therapy, and eventually become a certified art therapist and counselor. She is also interested in potentially creating and publishing a comic book series or children's books on the side.

Distance and Petunias

AUTUMN BRENDLE

After eight hours of work, having earned
Less than eighty dollars for the day
I talk with you on the phone.

Having worked hard as well,
You fight your fatigue
To keep me company in the evening.

Full time work bars us from seeing each other
In person, as does the distance.
So in our separate cells we make our daily call.

You tell me about the opportunities
In your field of interest
That will bring you closer to me.

You lived on a farm when we met,
And someday to a farm you wish to return.
I'd like to be with you on that day.

Many artists live on farms.
I picture the quiet, peaceful company of plants
While I paint and you pick weeds.

We build plans for the future.
Together. Free in our ambitions.
Yet first we must complete our work.

When spring first began
The petunias you bought me fought
To support one bloom at a time.

Soon not a single petal remained.
All that was left to do was wait
Until circumstances allowed more blooms to grow.

And so I continued the chore of watering,
Checking the soil, pruning the leaves,
Letting it soak in the sunlight.

As spring grew warmer
My petunias continued to grow
And showed promising buds.

Soon in summer my blooms
Returned tenfold! And though my work
Continues, the petunias are now so lovely.

And while our work will never fully end,
The time will come for us
When our love is in full bloom.