

# the sun and her flowers

by Rupi Kaur

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i am the first woman in my lineage with  
freedom of choice. to craft her future  
5 whichever way i choose. say what is on my  
mind when i want to. without the whip of  
the lash. there are hundreds of firsts i am  
thankful for. that my mother and her  
mother and her mother did not have the  
10 privilege of feeling. what an honor. to be  
the first woman in the family who gets to  
taste her desires. no wonder i am starving  
to fill up on this life. i have generations of  
bellies to eat for. the grandmothers must  
15 be howling with laughter. huddled around  
a mud stove in the afterlife. sipping on  
steaming glasses of milky masala chai.  
how wild it must be for them to see one of  
their own living so boldly.