

JENN MONROE

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Left Unchecked They Hold Fast

I was warned they would take over when I first noticed  
the flowers. My zeal for harvest stayed my hand. I thought  
those tendrils would go the way of all green things in winter,  
but when it was time to rake out leaf clutter, daffodils and tulips  
were ensnared, bent where they would be resilient, necks slit  
nearly clean through. Bare hands unwound reluctant thorns, ripped  
out their reach across the front lawn like paper from a notebook. But  
it needed to be dug out, sliced through to root. After, I took the wounded  
yellow blooms inside, placed them in a glass jar on the kitchen table.

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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Jenn Monroe is the author of *Something More Like Love* (Finishing Line Press 2012) and *In Anticipation of Grief* (Red Bird Chapbooks 2015). Her work has appeared in *Ethel*, *Killjoy*, *Literary Mama*, and elsewhere. She lives in New Hampshire and can be found online at [www.thepoetgirl.com](http://www.thepoetgirl.com).

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