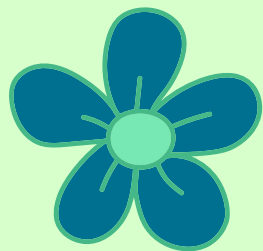


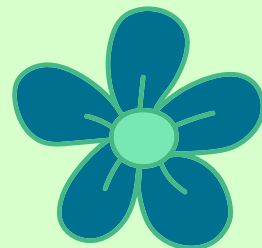
ISSUE #22

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Wildflower Post

Newsletter



TODAY'S WRITER

Dur

Dur is a 14-year-old poet from Iraq. She started writing poetry in the summer of 2024, feeling rather inspired by cinematic media and music. Her poetry includes themes of love, politics, and stories.

Blessed be

DUR

Blessed be the light that guided me to you

And blessed be our breaths that mingled between us
Every night I pray,

That blessed will be the ground beneath your feet

And the air that cradles you with its heat

And if God's love was a cheat,

You'd press your darling hand against my cheek

And that shimmering river of sorrow

Will overflow and leak

With your love

And blessed be that mystery

Of all that you did to me

a question

DUR

why do humans
have these feelings?
why do they
exist?

why do we
waste our birthday
candles
wishing
for “that feeling”
to stop?
new year’s
wishes
and eyelashes
that fall
from the force
of the tears

we have had
one blessing
from god
that differentiates us
from animals
which is our
tongues
the ones
we are unable

to use:
to explain
“that feeling”
yet
we are able
to use them
to ruin relationships
to declare wars
and to spread
sullied words

but never that feeling.

for me
it never is
stable.
sometimes
it’s a deep
wanting
and yearning
for out
and it hurts
my stomach
other times
it comes within evenings
and low lights
and it makes me feel nauseous
and at night
i won’t be able to
sleep
and i know
that it’s back

it never leaves
not really
it's just hiding
perhaps,
behind the laughs
and intimacy
of your friends
but those aren't
here anymore
they have gone
to find better
because they don't
like you
anymore
and you'll feel it
coming back
when you wake up
and the calves
of your legs
feel heavy
and your appetite
slowly
quietly
disappears
just like how
your friends
did

