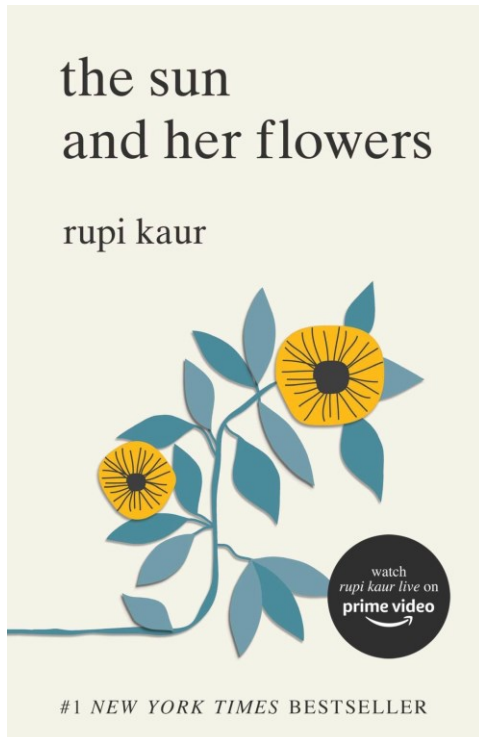


# THE SUN AND HER FLOWERS



## Book Summary:

A collection of short poems about women, love, and abuse.

## Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; sexual assault; sexual nudity; and abortion commentary.

*Adult*

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**4** / 5

**Not For Minors**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
6	<p>bees came for honey  flowers giggled as they  undressed themselves  for the taking  the sun smiled</p>
12	<p>yesterday  the rain tried to imitate my hands  by running down your body  I ripped the sky apart for allowing it  -jealousy</p>
34	<p>I change what I am wearing  five times before I see you  wondering which pair of jeans will make  my body more tempting to undress</p>
40	<p>do you still touch yourself to  thoughts of me  do you still imagine my naked naked  tiny tiny body  pressed into yours  do you still imagine the curve of my  spine and  how you wanted to rip it out of me  cause the way it dipped into my  perfectly rounded bottom  drove you crazy  baby  sugar baby  sweet baby  ever since we left  how many times did you pretend  it was my hand stroking you  how many times did you search for  me in your fantasies  and end up crying instead of coming  don't you lie to me</p>
58	<p>why  did you leave a door  hanging  open between my legs  were you lazy  did you forget  or did you purposely leave me unfinished  -conversations with god</p>
62	<p>while I hid at the back of some  upstairs closet of my mind as  someone broke the windows- you</p>

Page	Content
	<p>kicked the front door in- you  too everything  and then someone took me  -it was you.  Who dove into me with a fork and a  knife  eyes glinting with starvation  like you hadn't eaten in weeks  I was a hundred and ten pounds of  fresh meat  you skinned and gutted with your  fingers  like you were scraping the inside of a  cantaloupe clean  as I screamed for my mother  you nailed my wrists to the ground  turned my breasts into bruised fruit</p>
63	<p>every night my bedroom becomes a  psych ward  where panic attacks turn men  into doctors to keep me calm  every lover who touches me- feels  like you  their fingers- you  mouths- you  until they're not the ones  on top of me anymore- it's you  an I am so tired  of doing things your way  -it isn't working</p>
68	<p>at home that night  I filled the bathtub with scorching water  tossed in spearmint from the garden  two tablespoons of almond oil  some milk  some honey  a pinch of salt  rose petals from the neighbor's lawn  I soaked myself in the mixture  desperate to wash the dirty off  the first hour  I picked pine needles from my hair  counted them one two three  lined them up on their backs  the second hour  I wept</p>

Page	Content
	<p>a howling escaped me            who knew girl could become beast            during the third hour            I found bits of him on bits of me            the sweat was not mine            the white between my legs            not mine            the bite marks            not mine            the smell            not mine            the blood            mine            the fourth hour I prayed</p>
72	<p>While I undress my lower half            I slide my pants and underwear off            lie down on the spa bed and wait            when she returns she positions my legs            like an open butterfly            soles of feet together            knees pointing in opposite directions            first the disinfectant wipe            then the cold jelly            how is school and what are you studying she asks            turns the laser on            places the head of the machine on my pubic            bone            and just like that it begins            the hair follicles around            my clitoris begin burning            with each zap            I wince            shivering with pain</p>
73	<p>The illustration on this page depicts a triangle of pubic hair and outline of upper thighs pressed together.  <i>See Figure 1.</i></p>
85	<p>parts of my body still ache            from the first time they were touched</p> <p>The illustration on this page depicts a faceless young woman lying on her back. She is nude. Her right breast is exposed. There are hands covering the area where her mouth would be; her shoulder; her left breast; her pubic area; and her right knee.  <i>See Figure 2.</i></p>
86	<p>but I am still standing one foot across            from his hooked fingers</p>

Page	Content
	<p>and when he charges to feast on my half moons I bite into his forearm and decide I hate this body I must have done something terrible to deserve it when I go home I tell my mother the men outside are starving she tells me I must not dress with my breasts hanging said the boys will get hungry if they see fruit says I should sit with my legs closed like a woman oughta or the men will get angry and fight</p>
88	<p>I will not subject myself to their ideology cause slut shaming is rape culture virgin praising is rape culture</p>
94	<p>somewhere along the way I lost the self-love and became my greatest enemy I thought I'd seen the devil before in the uncles who touched us as children the mobs that burned our city to the ground but I'd never seen someone as hungry for my flesh as I was I peeled my skin off just to feel awake wore it inside out sprinkled it with salt to punish myself turmoil clotted my nerves my blood curdled I even tried to bury myself alive but the dirt recoiled you have already rotted it said there is nothing left for me to do -self-hate</p>
100	<p>I want to honeymoon myself if I am the longest relationship of my life isn't it time to nurture intimacy and love with the person I lie in bed with each night -acceptance</p>

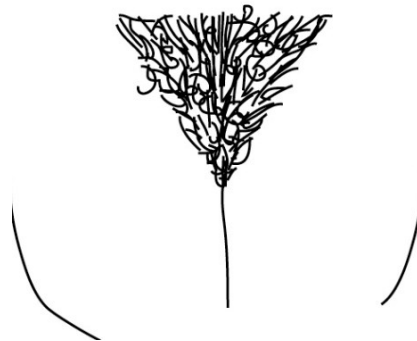
Page	Content
	<p>The illustration on this page depicts an outline drawing of a woman lying back. She is nude with her breasts exposed. Her knees are spread out and her right hand is angled into her pubic region with her middle finger pressing in further than the other fingers.</p> <p><i>See Figure 3.</i></p>
121	<p>bomb brought entire cities down to their knees today  refugees boarded boats knowing  their feet may never touch land again  police shot people dead for the color of their skin</p>
124	<p>3. go with him  when he enters your body and goes to that place  sex is not dirty  4. no matter how many times his family brings it up  do not have the abortion just because I'm a girl  lock the relatives out and swallow the key  he will not hate you</p>
135	<p>1790  he takes the newborn girl from his wife  carries her to the neighboring room  cradles her head with his left hand  and gently snaps her neck with his right</p> <p>1890  a wet towel to wrap her in  grains of rice and  sand in the nose  a mother shares the trick with her daughter-in-law  I had to do it she says  as did my mother  and her mother before her  ...1998  oceans away in a toronto basement  a doctor performs an illegal abortion  on an indian woman who already has a daughter  on is burden enough she says</p>
147	<p>how do I welcome in kindness  when I have only practiced  spreading my legs for the terrifying  what am I to do with you  if my idea of love is violence  but you are sweet  if your concept of passion is eye contact  but mine is rage  how can I call this intimacy  if I crave sharp edges  but your edges aren't even edges  they are soft landings</p>

Page	Content
155	<p>           he makes sure to look right at me            as he places his electric fingers on my skin            how does that feel he asks            commanding my attention            responding is out of the question            I quiver with anticipation            excited and terrified for what's to come            he smiles            knows this is what satisfaction looks like            I am a switchboard            he is the circuits            my hips move with his- rhythmic            my voice isn't my own when I moan- it is music            like fingers on a violin string            he sparks enough electricity within me to power a city            when we finish I look right at him and tell him            that was magic         </p>
161	<p>           you place your lips on mine. When our faces are buzzing with the ecstasy of kissin            you say tell me that isn't right.         </p>
168	<p>           there is no place            I end and you begin            when your body            is in my body            we are one person            -sex         </p> <p>The line drawings on this page depict a couple in various sexual positions.</p>
172	<p>           The illustration on this page depicts a woman with her head between another            woman's thighs. The woman's mouth is on the other woman's pelvic area with            the pubic hair shown.  <i>See Figure 4.</i> </p>
178	<p>           it was as though            someone had slid ice cubes down the back of my shirt            -orgasm         </p>
188	<p>           when the first woman spread her legs to let the first man in            what did he see            when she led him down the hallway toward the sacred room            what sat waiting            what shook him so deeply that all confidence shattered            from then on            the first ma            watched the first woman            every night and day            built a cage to keep her in            so she could sin no more            he set fire to her books         </p>

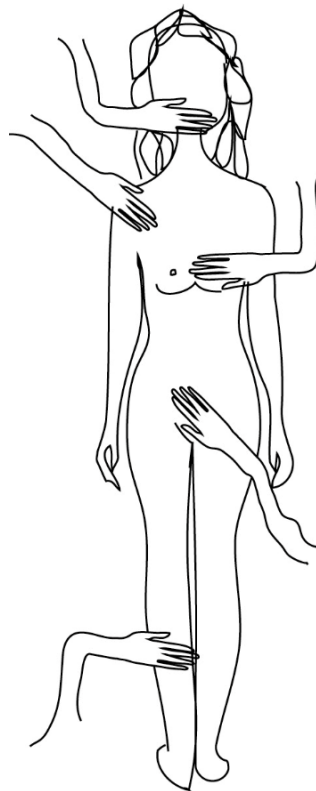
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	<p>called her witch  and shouted whore  until the evening came  when his tired eyes betrayed him  the first woman noticed it  as he unwillingly fell asleep  the quiet humming  the drumming  a knocking between her legs  a doorbell  a voice  a pulse  asking her to open up  off her hand went running  down the hall  toward the sacred room  she found god  the magician's wand  the snake's tongue  sitting inside her smiling  -when the first woman drew magic with her fingers</p>
197	vagina- so much darker than the rest of you cause it is trying to hide a gold mine
210	<p>she is not a porn category  or the type you look for  on a Friday night  she is not needy or easy or weak  -daddy issues is not a punch line</p>
212	<p>you want to keep the blood and the milk hidden  as if the womb and breast  never fed you</p> <p>The line drawing on this page depicts a nude woman with her breasts and pubic areas exposed. There are liquid droplets falling from her nipples and pubic area.</p>
226	<p>The line drawing on this page depicts a large woman sitting in the background. She is nude with her legs spread and knees bent upward. Her breasts are exposed. There is a path coming out from her pubic area. On the path are a crawling baby; a walking baby; a young girl walking with books stacked on her head; and a woman standing with her arms up in a "victory" pose.</p>



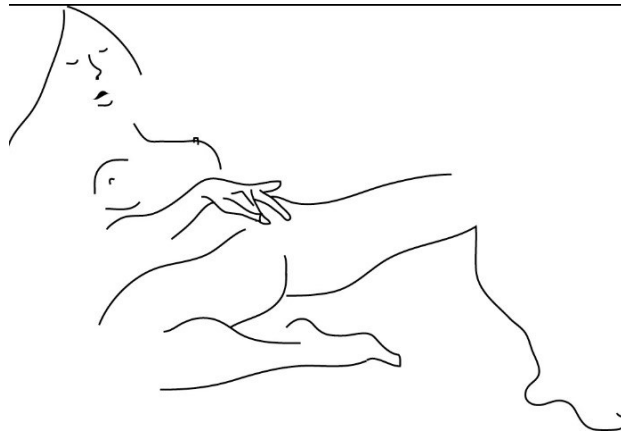
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*Figure 1*



*Figure 2*



*Figure 3*



*Figure 4*