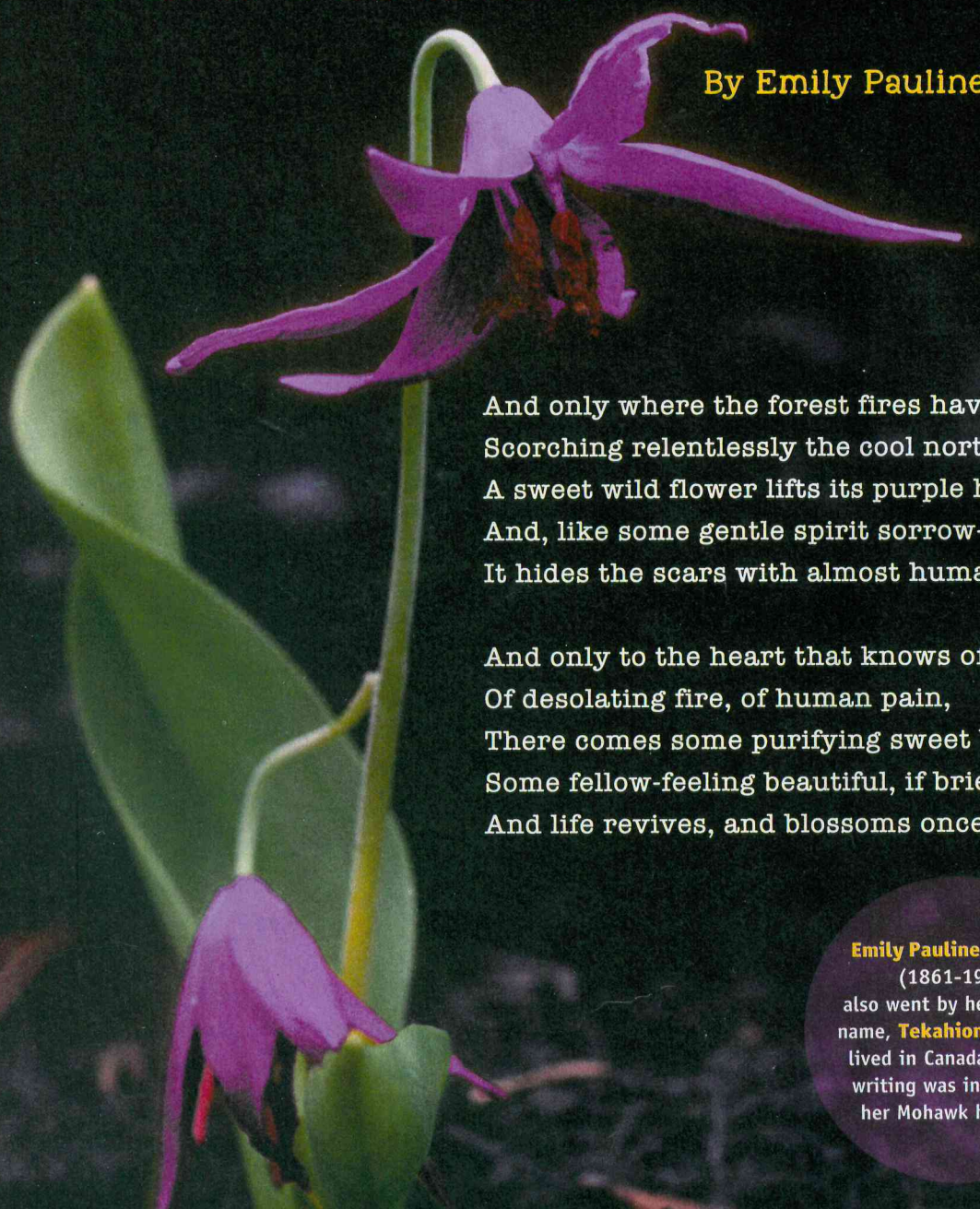


Fire-Flowers

By Emily Pauline Johnson



And only where the forest fires have sped,
Scorching relentlessly the cool north lands,
A sweet wild flower lifts its purple head,
And, like some gentle spirit sorrow-fed,
It hides the scars with almost human hands.

And only to the heart that knows of grief,
Of desolating fire, of human pain,
There comes some purifying sweet belief,
Some fellow-feeling beautiful, if brief.
And life revives, and blossoms once again.

Emily Pauline Johnson
(1861-1913)

also went by her Mohawk name, **Tekahionwake**. She lived in Canada, and her writing was inspired by her Mohawk heritage.

WRITING CONTEST

On one level, this poem is about forest fires—the destruction they cause and the recovery of the forest afterward. What else is this poem about? Explain, using details from the poem to support your answer. Send it to **Fire-Flowers Contest**. Five winners will get a \$25 Visa gift card.

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