

A still life composition on a white, draped fabric background. In the center, a tall, slender vase holds a bouquet of light pink and white flowers. To its right, a yellow box with a silver handle is partially open, revealing books and more flowers. In front of the box, a small glass bowl contains pink and white flowers. To the left, a bunch of green, feathery foliage lies on the surface. Several lemons are scattered around the arrangement, including one in a small glass vase on the right. A small, light blue card with a floral illustration lies in the foreground. The text "The language of flowers" is written in a white, cursive script across the middle of the image.

*The language
of flowers*

KATHERINE SPROWLS
FLORAL PORTFOLIO 2024



ehi! I'm Katherine!



Living in the desert my whole life, I've always had a fascination with the fresh and colorful world of flowers. For me, flowers are akin to poetry - seemingly simple yet imbued with hidden secrets, offering a fleeting glimpse into the ephemeral beauty that surrounds us.

my goal is to transform moments into memories through the delicate language of flowers.







nor did I wonder at the lily's who do not

praise the deep Vermillion in the rose; they were

but sweet, but figures of delight, drawn

after you, you better at this summer set





more flowers I
noted, ~~but~~ yet I none
could see, but sweet
or color it had stolen
from thee.
Sonnet ninety - nine

shall I compare thee to
a summer's day?
thou art more lovely
and more temperate



rough winds do
shake the darling buds of May,
and Summer's lease
hath all too short a date.

sonnet eighteen

MAKING A COUPLEMENT OF PROUD COMPARE WITH SUN AND
MOON, WITH EARTH AND SEA'S RICH GEMS, WITH APRIL'S
FIRST-BORN FLOWERS, AND ALL THINGS RARE THAT HEA-
VEN'S AIR IN THIS HUGE RONDOURE HEMS. MAKING
A COUPLEMENT OF PROUD COMPARE WITH SUN AND MOON,
WITH EARTH AND SEA'S RICH GEMS, WITH APRIL'S FIRST-
BORN FLOWERS, AND ALL THINGS RARE THAT HEAVEN'S AIR
IN THIS HUGE RONDOURE HEMS. MAKING A COUPLEMENT
OF PROUD COMPARE, WITH SUN AND MOON, WITH
EARTH AND SEA'S RICH GEMS, WITH APRIL'S FIRST-
BORN FLOWERS, AND ALL THINGS RARE THAT
HEAVEN'S AIR IN THIS HUGE RONDOURE HEMS. MAKING A
COUPLEMENT OF PROUD COMPARE WITH SUN AND
WITH EARTH AND SEA'S RICH GEMS, WITH APRIL'S FIRST-
AND ALL THINGS RARE THAT HEAVEN'S AIR IN THIS HUGE
MAKING A COUPLEMENT OF PROUD COMPARE WITH SUN AND MOON,
RICH GEMS, WITH APRIL'S FIRST-BORN FLOWERS, AND
ALL THINGS RARE THAT HEAVEN'S AIR IN THIS HUGE
RONDOURE HEMS. MAKING A COUPLEMENT OF PROUD COMPARE
WITH SUN AND MOON, WITH EARTH AND SEA'S RICH GEMS,
FIRST BORN FLOWERS, AND HEAVEN'S AIR IN THIS HUGE
A COUPLEMENT OF PROUD COMPARE WITH SUN AND MOON,
WITH EARTH AND APRIL'S FIRST-BORN FLOWERS, THAT
HEAVEN'S AIR IN THIS HUGE RONDOURE HEMS. MAKING A
COUPLEMENT OF PROUD COMPARE WITH SUN AND MOON, WITH
EARTH AND SEA'S RICH GEMS, WITH APRIL'S FIRST-BORN
FLOWERS, AND ALL THINGS RARE THAT HEAVEN'S AIR IN
THIS HUGE RONDOURE HEMS. MAKING A COUPLEMENT OF
PROUD COMPARE WITH SUN AND MOON, WITH APRIL'S
FIRST-BORN FLOWERS, AND ALL THINGS RARE THAT HEA-
VEN'S AIR IN THIS HUGE RONDOURE HEMS. MAKING A COUP-
LEMENT OF PROUD COMPARE WITH SUN AND

sonnet twenty-one

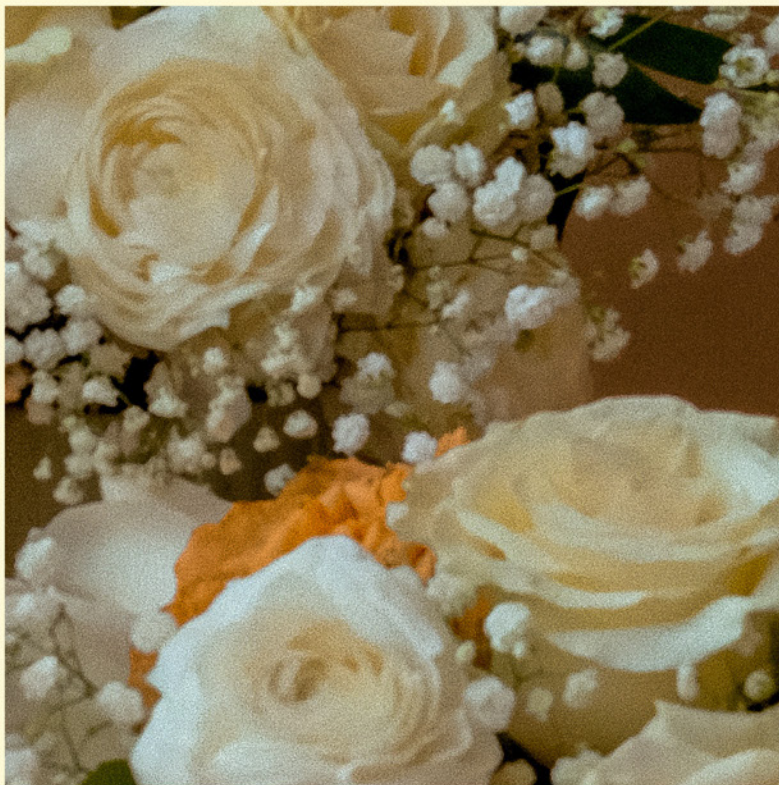
A bouquet of flowers is placed in the center of the page. It features a large, round white hydrangea flower, several white dahlia flowers, and a few yellow dahlia flowers. There are also some green leaves and small white filler flowers. The bouquet is held in a clear glass vase.



in all eternal time you have some part



x
x



O, how much
more to the
beauty
beautiful
seem





for that sweet
odor which doth
in it live.



sonnet fifty-four



BUT YOU LIKE NONE, NONE YOU,
FOR CONSTANT HEART.



sonnet fifty-three

HANG
ON
SUCH
THORNS,
AND
PLAY
AS
WANT
ONLY,
WHEN
SUMMER'S
BREATH
THEIR
MASKED
BUDS
DISCLOSE
S





sweet roses do not so; of their sweet deaths are
sweetest actors made. Sonnet fifty-four.



BUT THY ETERNAL ~~SUMMER~~ SUMMER
SHALL NOT FADE, NOR LOSE POSSESSION
OF ~~THAT~~ THAT FAIR* THOU OW'ST,



NOR SHALL
DEATH BRAG
THOU
WAND'REST
IN HIS
SHADE,
WHEN IN
ETERNAL
LINES
TO TIME
THOU GROW'ST.







when I consider everything that grows holds
in perfection but a little moment. Sonnet fifteen.



sincerely,
Katherine