

Red Rose

Her lush petals perked and perfect

I didn't water her

There were no vases lost in the clouds with me

The flying time just wasn't free

I left her beside my window

Where sunlight tugged life from her leaves

Until she drooped with sorrow

And I sunk to my knees

To offer her life, offer her love

But the dying rose would not be appeased

Out of spite, I think

So I hung her

To salvage the last of her glow

Above my curtains, in the fading sunlight

She will gracefully grow old