

Little Rose

In autumn's final breath, I roamed
To ease the weight of thoughts I owned
A world of gray had veiled my sight
And hid the colors, soft and bright

But when I turned and cast my gaze
A crimson rose caught autumn's haze
Though shadowed leaves obscured her grace
Her spirit shone in nature's place

I longed to hold her, soft and near
To guard her from the winds austere
I severed stem and set her free
And held her warmth close unto me

Within my room, she found her place
A vase to cradle fragile grace
I watched her bloom beneath my care
And dreamed of whispers in the air

At night, I felt no longer lone
Her beauty claimed me as her own
My soul grew calm, my mind at peace
Her presence brought my grief release

Yet morning's light unveiled my dread
Her petals fallen, colors bled

The rose that bloomed with life so pure

Now lay as ash I could not cure

Her ruby hue had turned to black

Her fragile form began to crack

The truth, like thorns, tore through my chest

My love had robbed her of her rest

A tear rolled down my hollow face

I cradled her in last embrace

And gave her back to nature's shore

To harm her tender soul no more

For love that grips with desperate hand

Can steal what it cannot withstand

I cursed the knife that sealed her fate

A rose should bloom, untouched by hate