

Writing 7-19-2006-4  
Revised 7-20-2006  
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## Tears of a Rose

There were three white roses,  
Puckering the sky.  
Like angels lost, their heads upturned;  
Gazing through the heights they once knew so well.  
You could hear them near crying, as the dew dripped down;  
One slow falling tear on the rightmost flower,  
Crawling down the flesh of its foremost petal.

It is the subtlest tears that burn as they fall  
Seeping through every last vein of the world;  
Suddenly they burst through the pipelines of faith,  
Shattering the glassworks of hope and strength.

The white rose is red; red as the hearts that cracked in the sky –  
From the loftiest heights to the muck of the ground.  
Footings torn up, by a torrent of tears,  
The roses are all but carried away.

But really, there were just  
Three white roses.

Then the hoof came down, and crushed the three roses;  
And the rain washed away the dew and the leaf.

It was cruel, cold; hardly as human:  
A contrast I thought  
I'd never admit.