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To Uncolor A Rose

Ezana Assefa

Nova Southeastern University

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To uncolor the petals of a vibrant rose
Erasing its hues with a pen's stroke

Capturing the memories of its beauty in every line
As its fading elegance becomes trapped in time

Reminiscing on what was while fantasizing on what could potentially
Have been; the paradox of the present, an amalgamation of imagination and reality

Adding the colors to life according to the views desired
Leaving one to aspire to lay hold of that which inspired

In dire need to relieve effervescing emotions
Coloring the blossom with diligence and devotion

With passionate motions, this rose was given life
Vividly alluring, disgracing all others in sight

Yet it wasn't alive; though living, it died
As a widow that has lost their will to survive

For coloring alone leaves a heart to grow cold
As the desire to love but with no one to behold

Now, the illustrious flower has become a dreadful wilt
A demolished dream too shattered to be rebuilt

Left in solitude, uncolored, the most vibrant rose
Wishing, deep down, this sensation never arose.

In the midst of the process persists the repeating thought,
"She loves me not, she loves me not... might she? She loves me not..."