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He Gave Me a Rose

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He Gave Me a Rose

Marti Bennett

He gave me a rose,
One sore, cut at its tips,
Drenched in the murkiest of ponds,
Half alive, completely engulfed by darkness,
I threw it away.

My next suitor gave me a tulip,
Sinking in a pool of gray,
Once alive with healthy wealth,
Let me put it out of its misery,
I threw it away.

Then he gave me a field,
Blood flowing from its feet to its head
Thriving, live and gorgeous,
Lacking the bitterness of death,
I kept it.

I am a rose,
I am cut at the end,
Give me a field,
And I will bloom again.

