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## On a Whim

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## On a Whim

*Natalia Martinez*

Roses are nothing but flamboyant marigolds,  
A grass blade with enough pith to bloom,  
A seed striving for blinding beauty,  
A thorn envying its mother,  
A drop of power under your soles  
That makes you feel like you've stepped on the  
world.

False illusions compressed together in ten  
petals,  
Lives gone by and deaths acknowledged and  
forgotten  
Crowns of bastards and of jokers...  
Roses paint, with blood, the portrait.

What is left of the Bible women, of the Paris  
folk, of the masquerading liars?  
Traces of a breathing heart lie tired across my  
chest:  
The pieces of a life so fast forgotten.  
To hell with the masquerades and the carnivals;  
I dance on tombstones under the moonlight,  
My teeth shine like wolves',  
I'm a liar all over again.  
And no one knows.