

Someone Brought A Rose Below

By JessicaRae



Someone brought a rose below, its crimson petals bright,
And found a vase to rest it in, juxtaposing white.
There was a small discussion, of where it would be best
For if one set it in a single room, it left out all the rest.

Father frowned in slight dismay that the rose had come below,
For he knew that there would not be the light the rose would need to grow.
Its petals still rested in a cone of secret-keeping red,
He knew it would never open here, and soon would crumble, dead.

The awe of the little children, as they studied its every leaf,
Touched his heart as he listened to their joy and disbelief.
A rose was not often seen by them, as most would stay below,
And how a rose would open was something most still would never know.

Elizabeth set out to paint it, among her colors she matched its hue,
And Jamie determined to make a model out of paper, sticks, and glue.
William was also thus inspired to make rose water macarons,
And in his room, Mouse hammered a rose into a piece of tarnished bronze.

Both alone in the library then, Father and Vincent watched the rose.
“Tis a bittersweet sight,” Father sighed to no one, “But that’s how it often
goes.”
“We have so much potential,” Vincent sighed, “to change our troubled human
race.
And instead of love, we find ourselves inside resentment’s pretty vase.”

A picture bold it is, for sure, and catches viewer’s eye,
But it sits there in its bitterness, and there the rose will die.
How much better then to shine upon the rose sunbeams of love and care,
Only then will the rose open; love’s fragrance fills the air.