

## **Rose**

*Savannah Pierce*

What's your favorite flower, you ask me one day.  
I think for a moment, a rose, I say.  
Soon you're on my doorstep with them laying in your arms.  
It's difficult for me to resist your charm.

Once you leave, I put them in a vase.  
The roses you've given have already lightened my place.  
All the days since you came have passed me by.  
My roses are all about to die.

A week later I see you crossing the street.  
You come up and ask, where do you want to eat?  
I point to where the rose bushes sit dead.  
Okay, you answer, kissing me on the top of my head.

There's only one rose left, and you pick it for me.  
Its thorn has cut you and I ask to see.  
So, you show me your hand and I kiss your cut.  
What is this heaviness sitting in my gut?

You stare down at me, a smile on your face,  
then reach for my arm, and our hands are laced.  
For once I feel more beautiful than a rose,  
and in that moment, I knew whatever you say, goes.