

Winter Rose

Kathy Mar

I am the rose
The rose
I am the rose
The rose with no flowers
I am the rose
The rose all thorns
The mind he made
The hand he touched
The winter rose

I who was blind and did not know
Who searched for sickness in the sane
Who tried to placate not to heal
Was taken sharply by his pain
He who gave me vivid roses
Grown inside his gentle mind
In his torment he discloses
Worlds I never wished to find

I am the rose
The rose
I am the rose
The rose with no flowers
I am the rose
The rose all thorns
The mind he made
The hand he touched
The winter rose

I gave him lies for all his truth
And sent him to his spirit's death
And gave him hope when all was lost
And stole the flower that took my breath
He who gave a gift of flowers
Rests in quiet darkness now
Silent are his special powers
Blank his once-expressive brow

I am the rose
The rose
I am the rose
The rose with no flowers
I am the rose
The rose all thorns
The mind he made
The hand he touched
The winter rose

I was a coward in his cause
His was the courage and the care
He who was hopeless learned to trust
I who could help him did not dare
All I did was let him founder
All-unknowing on the reef
Gave him a lie to make it easy
And stole his selfness like a thief

I am the rose
The rose
I am the rose
The rose with no flowers
I am the rose
The rose all thorns
The mind he made
The hand he touched
The winter rose

I am an ashen desert land
I am a barren thorny stem
And as a coward cast my lot
With all the cowards known as "them"
All the cowards call me hero
All the heroes have been stilled
Still their vengeance sings the silence
Points to hungers left unfilled

I am the rose
The rose
I am the rose
The rose with no flowers
I am the rose
The rose all thorns
The mind he made
The hand he touched
The winter rose