

## Blue Rose

Lizz Wright

Blue as the crying sky  
With no thorn, no thistle  
Only an open face  
Staring at the waking world

Maybe she's just a morning glory  
Lost in a tangle of vine  
Maybe she's just a morning glory  
lost in a tangle of vine

Her arms stretch wide  
To receive life  
And her roots go deep into the black earth  
Wild strength and she blooms

Maybe she's just a morning glory  
Lost in a tangle of vine  
Maybe she's just a morning glory  
Lost in a tangle a vine

She blooms while the people sleep  
Only the travelers see her  
To those who rise with the noonday sun  
She is a closed mystery

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