

## One Rose

WHY?

A man should die gaunt  
And not bloated and overdone  
There should be new words hidden  
In the shadows on his face  
And like a wine glass in the perfect pitch, he breaks

We're being dumped into order out of buckets of sea salt  
What was the first condiment?

But always one rose grows though a littered lot of gravel  
Or we're struck dumb and doomed when it doesn't

Flowers are how plants laugh  
And not by joke or to ridicule  
I never saw my parents  
Try to make a thing like me

In time in the bathroom mirror  
I learn to accept my body

I got jumped into living by a coven of midwives  
Under a dracula-caped eclipse  
Like cutting through watermelon meat with a wire  
You shoot sick from the hip and never miss

All the things inside me I assume  
Are doing what they need to be doing

And always one rose grows though a littered lot of gravel  
Or we're struck dumb and doomed when it doesn't  
Always one rose grows though a littered lot of gravel  
Or we're struck dumb and doomed when it doesn't

Looks like a sky for shoeing horses under  
Looks like a sky for shoeing horses under  
Looks like a sky for shoeing horses under  
Looks like a sky for something