

Tears of a Rose

Maria Dolores Salinas Benavente

Hard rain pounded.
Soft long strands are lost.
Fragile petals tear to the wet ground.
Stem and spine are weak together.

Clear round beads of water sit on your soft face.
They wait for the pressure to mount.
Without warning, silently, they burst.

One breaks its wall to join another.
Together they slide to follow a long stream.
Hear the swift, fast curves they make,
Carelessly moving and screaming as they drop.
Others mistakenly think it is soothing.
But it only drops off the edge.
Big drops splash and crash to the ground.

Once rosy and merry is now pale and weary.
A red vibrant rose no more is now dry, dark blood red.
We bend with the forces of the unexplained.

Sun does not fail us.
Liquid diamonds wink at the blue sky.
A young pink rose intoxicates the bee.
Honey is still sweet.