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### **A rose**

As a rose, as a flower, you rise  
between the cobblestones.  
At first, you are loved and desired,  
even by nature you are admired.  
But though you are marvelous, a wonder,  
your reign will not be for long,  
for there are always a man who loves being a monster.

As a rose; as a flower, you have been plucked,  
and been deceived by vultures.  
Only to be mocked  
while under the boots of monsters.  
Deprived of your innocence  
and your kindness,  
you can no longer feel your inner-self  
only madness.  
As an old napkin, you have been used to wipe  
the chins of beasts and their never-ending appetite.

I have always been weeping  
for the distasteful habits of men.  
Even seen a woman eaten  
whole by only a quick glance.  
But not have I ever witnessed  
a young woman be bereaved by her beauty,  
and her sweetness.  
Until now.

It is wrong in so many ways  
and I can only say  
that I feel some days  
almost ashamed of being a  
man.

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Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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