

UC Merced

The Vernal Pool

Title

Roses

Permalink

<https://escholarship.org/uc/item/8g3842mq>

Journal

The Vernal Pool, 4(2)

Author

Flores, Alejandra

Publication Date

2018

DOI

10.5070/V342038766

Copyright Information

Copyright 2018 by the author(s). This work is made available under the terms of a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivatives License, available at <https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc-nd/4.0/>

Peer reviewed|Undergraduate

Roses

By Alejandra Flores (co-written with Charles Conklin III)

Forest stalks of green—
rim-rod back,

stand tall
though your value stems

from inevitable death;
cut down, encased

in elegant glass tombs.
Guard your fragile frame,

curve out in short, yet sharp,
feisty talons. Coat your body

in intimidation. Protect that
velvety paper-thin skin.

So coy!
A single touch,

an averted caress,
and you bleed me,

springing forth ruby droplets
like dew,

a sacrilegious parody

of your splendor.

Denying me a closer inspection
of that preening open face,

haughty in your conversations
with the sun. Proud and vibrant,

even now, weathering slow withering,
accompanying those decomposing, by the dozen;

rotting together to mesh somewhere
in-between the soft dirt. Or delicately disfigured

in pieces, red flakes floating peacefully like
halos hovering in holy water.

Incarnation of love, vibrant red,
like Snow White's crimson apple lipstick

or deeper,
like blessed wine,

like loss. Fighting the frost,
wilting against winter force,

yet reviving time and again, stronger,
extending your reach, resilient symbol of beauty.