

The Rose

the black
gnarled
cliff of reality drifts
d
o
w
n
into the unknown
the precipice twists and turns and bends
d
o
w
n
into the darkness
the sea
and crashing
waves
of cold
sadness remain motionless as a dark
tempting picture
alas
one small ledge with rich brown soil
remains intact
in the otherwise
moving sea of breathtaking fury
and
and
and on this ledge
this minute rowboat in the midst of a tempest
rides a rose
a crimson teardrop in the midst of a frenzy
and this one
this one
red red
red red
rose weeps
she weeps for a partner
she cries out of loneliness
then the black and red sky is interrupted in its
serene madness
a blue raven breaks the monotony of the sky
screeching
and as the black pointed mouth opens to show its
war cry
like
that of an ancient Indian warrior
four four four four
seeds of grain
fall from the blood-lined mouth of the beast
with wings

the first dark seed began its fall d
own into the
endless darkne
ss screaming as it approached
an endless doom
the second brown
seed saw the edge of th
e crevasse and yearned to feel
its mysterious dark
solidi
ty but a gust of wind sent the seed
spiraling into
the black unknown
the third gray seed could feel
the stability of the
cliff wall but again
the harsh winds sent it swirling into
oblivion
the final seed, the final culprit, fell
bouncing
down the edge of
the cliff and hit a rocky edge
yet rather than falling
like its so-called brothers into the unknown
it was
caught
by the edge and it buried itself in the warm loving
soil
and from this moving ground, a blonde single
strand of grain prevailed
and the grain grew
and the rose showed the grain her beauty
and the grain, the infidel
was elated

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