

Red Rose

By Leila Macdonald

WHY do your leaves uncurl invisibly ?
Is it mere pride ?
When I behold your petals,
They lie immovably against your breast ;
Or opened wide,
Your shield thrown wide.
But none may watch the unveiling of your pride.

Why do you die so soon, so certainly ?
Death is disgrace ;
You should stay dying half your life ;
Your drooping face
Gives you when dying your divinest face.
But death's pale colours are your sole disgrace.

