

## Winter Rose

Kathy Mar

I am the rose  
The rose  
I am the rose  
The rose with no flowers  
I am the rose  
The rose all thorns  
The mind he made  
The hand he touched  
The winter rose

I who was blind and did not know  
Who searched for sickness in the sane  
Who tried to placate not to heal  
Was taken sharply by his pain  
He who gave me vivid roses  
Grown inside his gentle mind  
In his torment he discloses  
Worlds I never wished to find

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I gave him lies for all his truth  
And sent him to his spirit's death  
And gave him hope when all was lost  
And stole the flower that took my breath  
He who gave a gift of flowers  
Rests in quiet darkness now  
Silent are his special powers  
Blank his once-expressive brow

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I was a coward in his cause  
His was the courage and the care  
He who was hopeless learned to trust  
I who could help him did not dare  
All I did was let him founder  
All-unknowing on the reef  
Gave him a lie to make it easy  
And stole his selfness like a thief

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I am an ashen desert land  
I am a barren thorny stem  
And as a coward cast my lot  
With all the cowards known as "them"  
All the cowards call me hero  
All the heroes have been stilled  
Still their vengeance sings the silence  
Points to hungers left unfilled

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