

Blue Rose

Lizz Wright

Blue as the crying sky
With no thorn, no thistle
Only an open face
Staring at the waking world

Maybe she's just a morning glory
Lost in a tangle of vine
Maybe she's just a morning glory
lost in a tangle of vine

Her arms stretch wide
To receive life
And her roots go deep into the black earth
Wild strength and she blooms

Maybe she's just a morning glory
Lost in a tangle of vine
Maybe she's just a morning glory
Lost in a tangle a vine

She blooms while the people sleep
Only the travelers see her
To those who rise with the noonday sun
She is a closed mystery

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