

## A BLUE ROSE

The sky  
is a blue rose,  
and her  
tears tramp down  
her mountainsides  
like drifting snow.  
The  
Cold  
invigorates me.  
My blood flows  
too.  
My loved one's tears  
rendezvous  
with my blood  
and meld  
into the river  
to the  
South.  
Its currents  
are her petals.  
Her blue is  
more intense  
than the heat of  
the red light of the  
Life-giving  
Sun.  
Or the yellow.  
Or the white  
Of Life itself.  
A  
Blue  
Rose.  
Imagine it.  
See it.



A  
Blue  
Rose.