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Ten Stone Roses

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TEN STONE ROSES

We waltzed my obliged field canopied by the nail-like rays of the sun
which gripped the edges of our world.

You held out your hands
and spread your fingers
like birds they scattered and dove.
The blood-flooded body screamed in agony
as your piercing fingers withdrew.
To the field dripped a slow sprinkle.

Ten

drops

fell

as ten holes burned.

From each hole sprouted a blood red rose
siblings to the sun.

Ten stone roses you handed me
chilled by the freeze of your hand.
one for the times we spent together
two for the times not
three for the kisses you sowed on my skin
four for the kisses rot

Ten stone roses you granted me
and now I lay them rest
on the grave of our love
handed me by the red red sun's bleeding chest.

Anna Junglas