

## **A Rose is a Rose is a Rose**

A romance by Sonia Ramos Rossi

I shall fill my lap with roses and I will pluck the petals from every one.

As far as my hand can reach, all around me there will be a carpet of red, smelling sweetly.

When you come to me you will walk on my petals, breach the perimeter of petioles. And I will see you smile to do so.

Touch me gently, for I am your gentle flower. Pick my petals one by one, and let them fall. But take your time. No rush.

Breathe deep, smell my scent, take it in. Such sweet perfume I am, it is true. Each petal you crush releases more fragrance, more of my essence. Do it.

Leave me naked before your gaze, green leaves all that I retain. And think how I was, when I had my petals.

Love me sweetly now for what I am, and have been. For both are the same, although different in time and in aspect. Not in feeling.

Because, a rose is still a rose, is still a rose, still a rose. Even when the winter has come and the iron earth has sucked all the sap, and the gardeners have been and done with their secators. A rose is still a rose, still a rose, although pruned back, ready to bloom again. So treat me kindly.

Touch me gently, for I will be the thorn that bleeds your hand if you don't.

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