

Maddie Ryan
Grade 5
Cabin Writers
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Rose

My pretty face lines the glazed porcelain plate.

And my body is tucked in the
handkerchief pocket of his tuxedo.
I am gathered in bunches
to symbolize love.

Her hands are soft on the scars
my thorns were plucked.

And ten I remain on my bush, to be loved for my
majestic beauty.

I am sublime.

In summer my beauty never
seems to end.

My discarded petals are made mementos.

My cheerful lemon-yellow center
is so beautiful.
My crisp, blinding petals inspire.