

# Lisa Loeb, Furious Rose

"it's not really poetry but it's pretty," he said.  
as he raises his voice, she lowers her head.  
"it make my heart heavy, you're lonely, i think.  
oh rose, your're sad i suppose."

"Look in her bed and she's bound to be sleeping.  
she's lying there dead - no, she's breathing."

furious rose, with your opiate eyes.  
your languorous hum, that tone of surprise.  
i've heard energy in adversity.  
your smile: the soul of witchery.  
you're not running away,  
you're not running - are you?

lyrically longing, she's tearing the words from the page.  
she's fearfully seething.  
"bring me your blessings, a prayer, or a new pen.  
- you don't know what i need."

"look in my bed and i'm bound to be sleeping,  
i'm lying there dead, but i'm breathing.

and i'm barely balancing as it is,  
and i don't want to drown in my dreams.  
bring me wild plums and agrimony  
- i bet you don't even no what that means."

furious rose, with your opiate eyes.  
and your languorous hum, that tone of surprise.  
i've heard the energy in adversity.  
your smile: the soul of witchery.  
you're not running away,  
you're not running - are you?

gingerly peering, over his shoulder, removed herself from the room.  
she's terribly freezing, she always knows when to go.