

Diane Cluck, Petit Roses

Petite roses bend
To sniff at my ankles
Pink and red roses lining the path
The flagstone path that leads to nowhere
To nowhere decided for now

And the dog runs up
With a heart in its mouth
Deposited pulsing at my feet
Blood still ushering from it's valves
It shudders and gives up one last beat
Shudders and gives up one last beat

Oh, who am I to get this gift
The giver bounding off in retreat
The dog runs up with the heart in its mouth
And drops it bloody at my feet
Roses pester at my ankles
The heart lies bloody at my feet