



The Tears of the Rose

Roger Humes



The Tears of the Rose

Copyright 2003 - All Rights Reserved by Roger B. Humes - No reproduction
without express permission from the author

*where the ocean
meets the shore . . .*



I Was Convinced

i was convinced
no one could get in

when suddenly there you stood
handing me the keys to my heart

as you dimmed the lights
and closed the door behind you



The Rose

the candle of your soul is a light
across the bridge of hope
that spans the dark waters of my soul

and along the illuminated path
i find the blossom of a single red rose
whose roots i know are destined
to sink deep into my heart



Tesora Bella

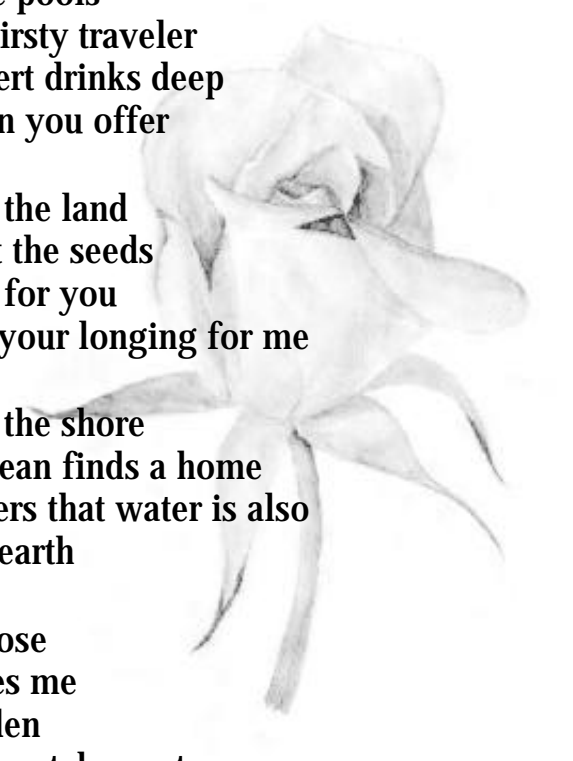
your eyes are pools
where this thirsty traveler
from the desert drinks deep
of the passion you offer

your lips are the land
where i plant the seeds
of my desire for you
that grow in your longing for me

your body is the shore
where the ocean finds a home
and remembers that water is also
a part of the earth

you are the rose
that captivates me
i am the garden
where you may take root

for you all my words
turn to dust at your feet



I Can Offer You No Solace

i can offer you no solace
merely a quiet voice
who will listen
with compassion
and longing

until the lingering night
breaks from your soul



The Rose Stands Alone

the rose stands alone
in a barren garden,
frost encased
on its petals

the rose stands alone
sleeping
turned inward
to fight the chill
of a too cruel world

one beam of sunlight
touches the frozen bloom
and watches as the ice crystals
slowly turn to tears



They Say You Lay Sleeping

they say you lay sleeping,
underneath the hill,
sword laid across your chest
above your beating heart
points toward the north star

(she sits alone within the castle
of her mind where the walls are as cool
as the chill of her sadness
while she watches the sunset fade
from crimson to the darkness
that she views as the sum of her days)

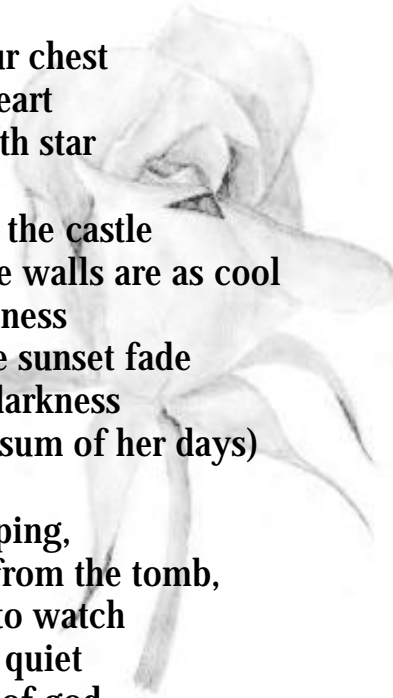
they say you lay sleeping,
the rock rolled back from the tomb,
the women gathered to watch
where your body lies quiet
mocked by the name of god

(she searches your body
to see if the wounds have healed
before she wanders onto the streets
to find if any remember the time
before your name slipped
from reality to legend and myth)

they say you lay sleeping
amidst the dust from where you came
and to where you now return,
the sword shattered like your promises,
the shroud imprinted for eternity
with the questions you left behind

(she waits by the gate,
her heart rendered to tatters,
her soul useless to anyone,
her emotions a scared deer
lost in the lamp before the hunter)

this is the legacy you have left her



The Sad Rains Always Come In Late Spring

the sad rains always come in late spring
tears that fall and curl gently down
the faces of those tucked deep in pain

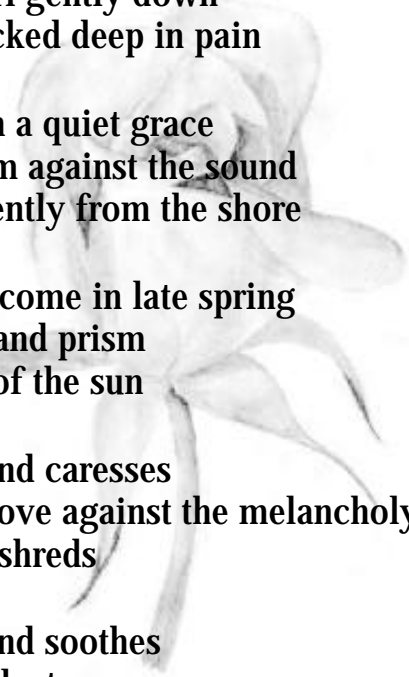
lonely drops move in a quiet grace
while the roses bloom against the sound
of the sea ebbing silently from the shore

the sad rains always come in late spring
droplets that glisten and prism
beneath the lapping of the sun

its warmth extends and caresses
gentle fingers that move against the melancholy
that rips the heart to shreds

its warmth extends and soothes
the lonely who have lost more
than could ever be forgotten

beneath the whispers of thunder
that always ride the wind with the clouds
when the sad rains come in late spring



Uccella Bella

1. This Bird Upon The Wing

this bird upon the wing
flies through my window
with a song from her heart

this bird upon the wing
hovers in my thoughts
along a breeze of passion

she knows no cage
but comes freely
to offer me the pleasure
of our moments together

this bird upon the wing
glides through the heavens
within the joy of my soul



2. Wounded Bird

wounded bird come to my room
tell me of the sorrow you voice to no other

wounded bird come to my room
allow me the chance to kiss away your tears

wounded bird come to my room
bring to me your life and i shall embrace it

wounded bird come to my room
where perhaps if i tell you often

you will believe how beautiful you are

3. From My Open Window

from my open window
i trace the memory
of the bird who has flown
on a broken wing

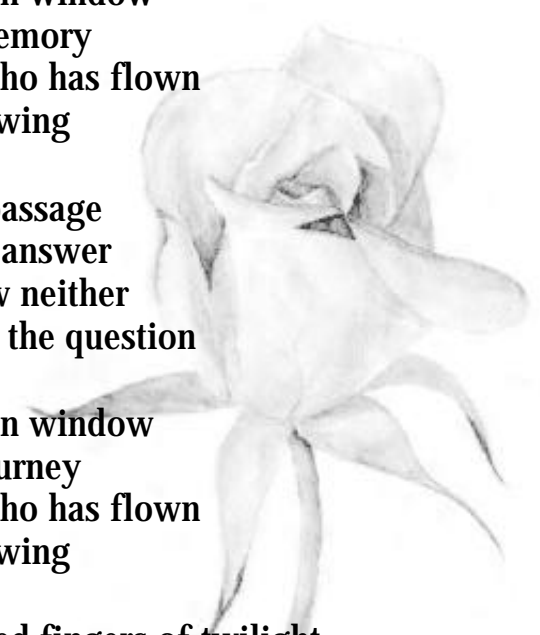
she seeks a passage
she seeks an answer
where i know neither
the route nor the question

from my open window
i trace the journey
of the bird who has flown
on a broken wing

i watch the red fingers of twilight
that replace the golden glow of the afternoon
i watch the blue fingers of night
that slowly ebb the strength of the dusk

i watch where the silhouette
of a broken wing has flown
from my open window

and all that remains is the echo
of where she once stood



There Is No Lyric

In the end, I am always alone. - Wadih Sa'adeh

**this is no lyric left to my heart
no song to my soul
no scent of the rose
to bring a quiet smile to my lips**

**all that remains is
the slow shuffle of my feet
through the remainder of my days
until i meet the final blackness of eternity**

