We, As Roses, Grow on Vines  
Alessandra Valdez

We, as roses, grow on vines  
Each leaf, every stem, to embrace one another  
To lift the petals, up to golden shine  
Drawing each blossom towards the sun  
Whose petals are yours are also mine  
As we reach for something more  
Than our lives in the garden  
To coil upwards, in an undulating line

We did not see the thorns.  
They prick and gouge at our vines  
The leaves we grew are torn.  
Knicks, gashes, score the vermillion  
Our petals droop but not to mourn.  
Blossoms shed and crimson falls  
Fading, rotting brown and crumpled  
A pile on the ground which once adorned.

One of us falls.  
We watch with twisted stems.  
Our green, our pride, our glory,  
Dragged downward, one by one.  
Our petals face the sky, clinging to the light.  
But it fades.  
As we all sink, down, down, down  
We catch one last glimpse of the sun  
Before it’s hidden by the shadows of our decay.  
We see where our stems connect,  
The root of our demise.  
After all, we, as roses, grow on vines.