

Black Rose

Forgive me,
My heart is pounding.
I can feel the pulse in my wrist,
My hands are tied.
Don't ask me this.
I'm a black rose here;
Among the living,
A symbol of the dead.
I'd ask you to free me,
But I know you can't oblige.
Your dream is all that's in me.
Without it,
The morgue is a hopeless waste of space.