

## Black Rose

by J. Christopher Rahe

I journey through my dreams  
to the gallows of love  
dangling from a rope  
in a land without hope  
I see in the hangman's glove  
a black rose  
This ebony flower  
seems to hold some power  
I stand transfixed  
staring at this dark wonder  
I see the cause of my pain  
I hear the roaring of thunder  
and feel the teardrop rain  
Sentenced to death  
by this botanical tyrant  
black as coal  
That ravaged my heart  
and destroyed my soul  
and yet...  
As God only knows  
whatever its color  
it's still a rose  
I journey back from my dream  
Years older and much wiser  
In my hand  
is that beautiful rose  
turned crimson once again