

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 44
Number 2 *Spring 2022*

Article 67

Spring 5-1-2022

Dear Rose

Victoria Kruzel
College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr>

Recommended Citation

Kruzel, Victoria (2022) "Dear Rose," *The Prairie Light Review*. Vol. 44: No. 2, Article 67.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol44/iss2/67>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact orenick@cod.edu.

Dear Rose
Victoria Kruzel

Dear Rose,
your roots still live in my chest.
Waiting for the day the winter will thaw
is to live to see our Sun die.

You don't so much as stir as I water you;
Wanting you to grow so badly I've drowned you in the river of my
thoughts.
Sparkle for me, my Rose,
for the dew of the morning and the honey that drips from my eyes
are one in the same.

Let your perfume carry across the valley and ease my wary lungs.
Shut your eyes and lie with me, and I shall be your home.
Dance for me, my Rose,
for I shall place you upon my mouth and my hands upon your waist.

Bloom into my touch,
arch and sway in my wind;
Let your crimson petals flourish
and I shall dress you unto her altar.

Prick me with your thorns and watch me bleed Aphrodite's red reign.
Wilt for me, my Rose, for I wish to see you be reborn again each year,
every year.

Let us start anew, on land that is more bountiful than the next.
I promise this time I will not be remiss with snow coating our feet.

My Rose, you have lit a fire in me;
A warmth sunken deep encased in my veins,
until I live to see the world after our Sun dies.