

## The Beauty of a Black Rose

The sorrow of not having you around tomorrow,  
Is a burden for me that is just too hard to bear!  
You were the apple of my eye and the love of my life.  
There are no words to explain how much I cared.

Each night, my eyes cried tears with worry and a broken heart,  
Wondering where you are and saddened by us being a part.  
My dreams were only dreams of you. What am I to do?  
I just don't know what to say, as I am so confused.

In my heart and mind, it is that time of my life,  
When, I am supposed to be over you now!  
I have to leave your name in the past;  
As, a wound upon my heart;  
To begin a new life and have a new start!

Just so that you will know,  
That the memory of you will always be a scar upon my soul;  
Should I present you the words from this poem?  
Or, the gift of a single stemmed rose?

Please accept this gift of a simple poem of hurt and loss;  
So you may know, that you are nothing more, I suppose;  
Than the beauty and scent of a single stemmed black rose!

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