

## Eleven Tall Roses

The musty scent  
Of floral perfume  
Lingers by the circular vase  
In the bedroom corner.  
There stand eleven tall roses,  
Each stiff from age,  
Their once-green stems  
Now resembling hay in August.  
Fragile backs slump gently  
In retired beauty and grace,  
Unmoving in the winds of change.  
There stand eleven tall roses,  
Each petal set in crisp mahogany,  
Unlike the cherry reds of yesterday.  
Their faintest song,  
Just barely heard,  
Still tells of the Romeo  
Now forgotten.