

FROM THE DESK OF

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The Winter Rose

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The rose wrestles with the wind,
As the winter-savor air surrounds the
plain. /

The hollow oak hums a lullaby,
While the loud footsteps of Frost echo
in the plain. /

The king skims around the brave rose.
/

With one quick move of the hand, /
The rose quickly trembles,

/ And scarlet petals leak down the
white carpet,
/ As it soaks the blood,
The rose already fell into eternal sleep.