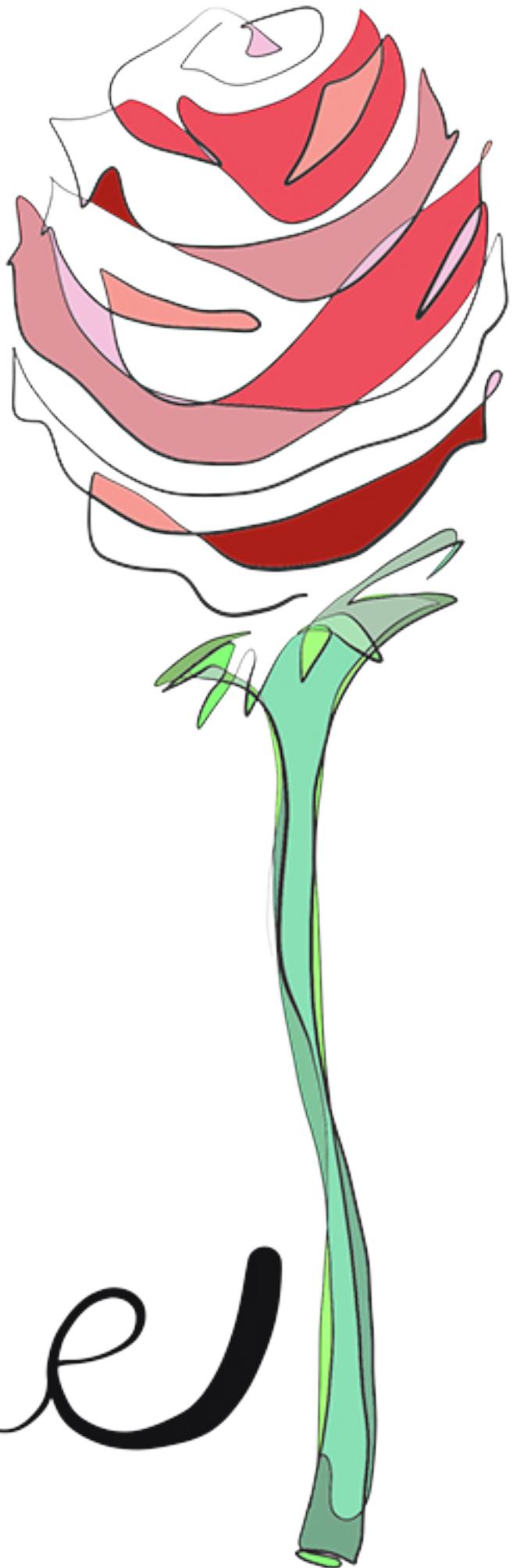


Once  
I saw  
A  
Rose

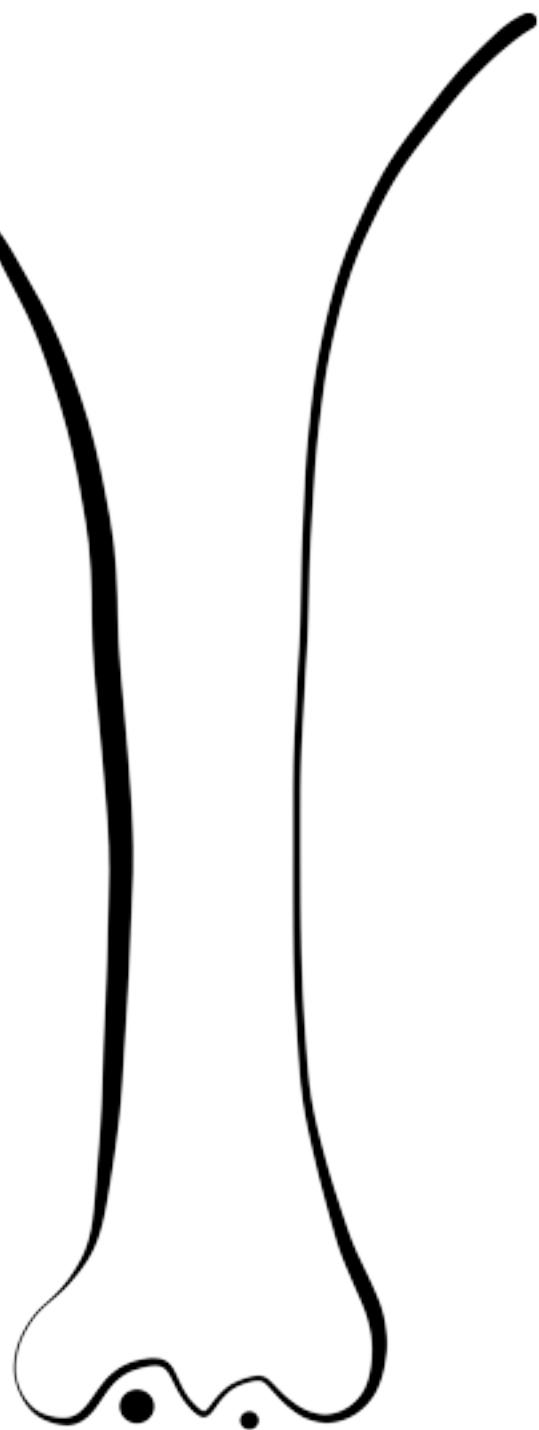




I once saw a rose  
that didn't quite look  
like a rose

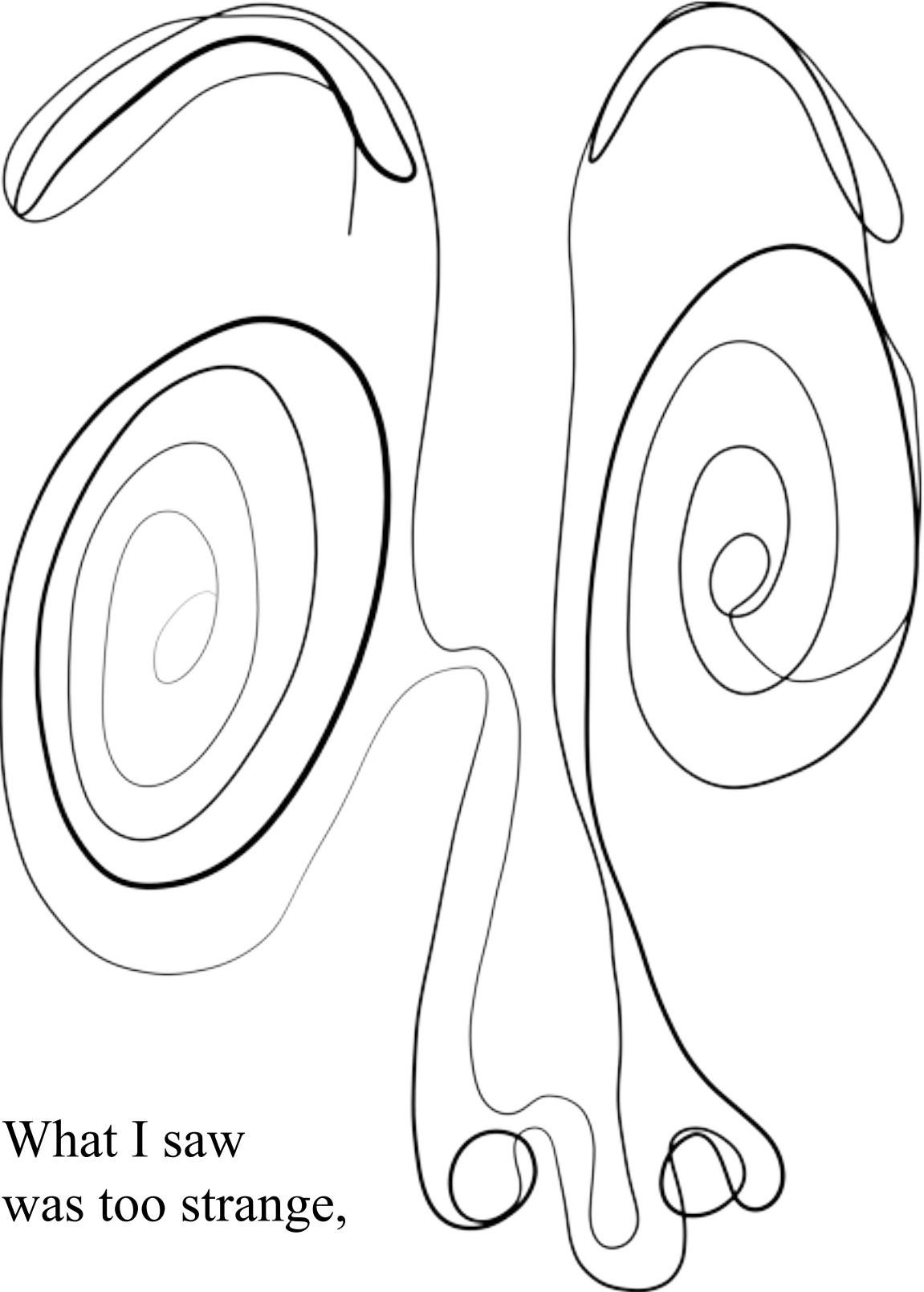
In fact,  
it had two ears.

Yes,  
two ears and a nose...



I took another look,

In fact,  
I took a look or two...

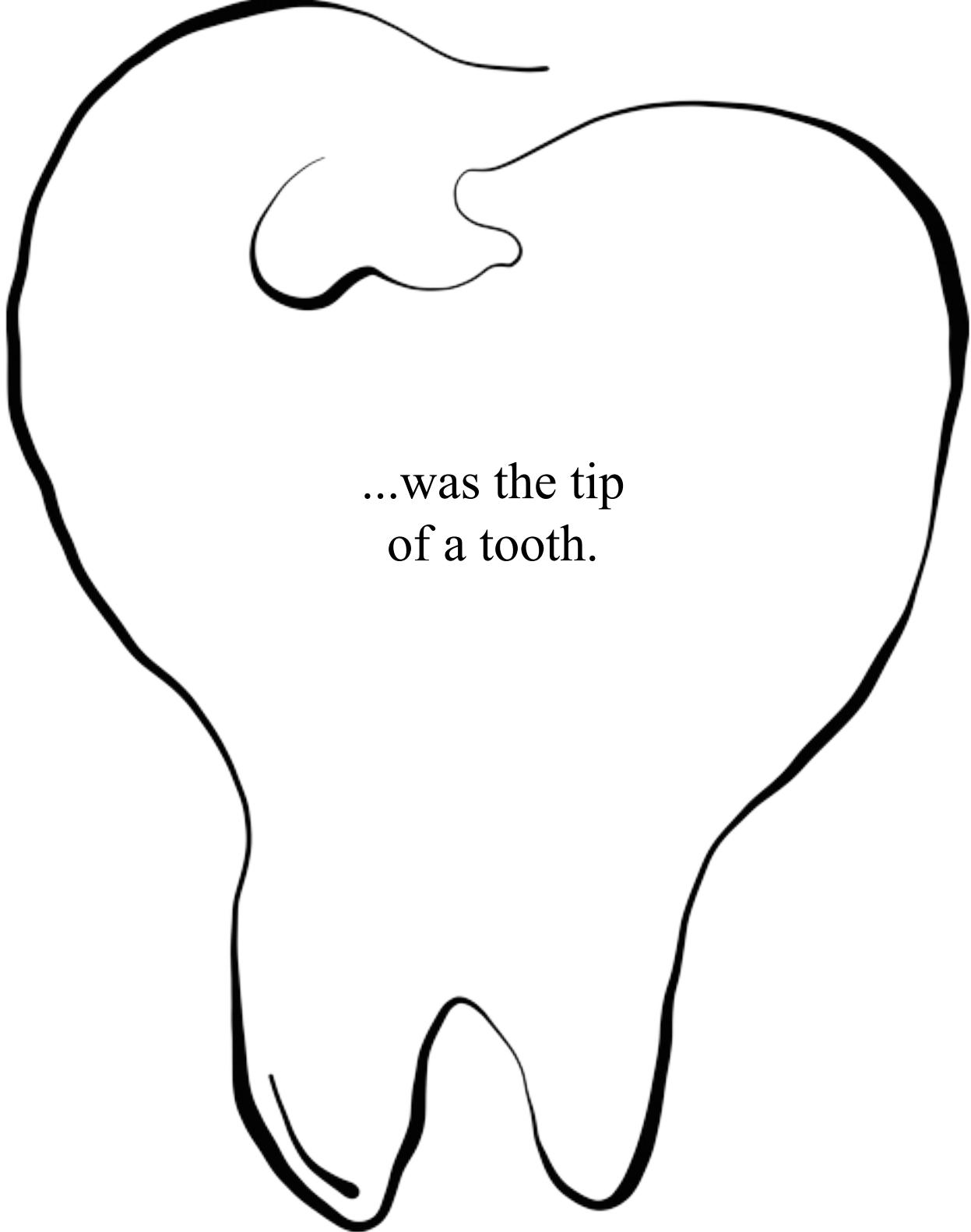


What I saw  
was too strange,

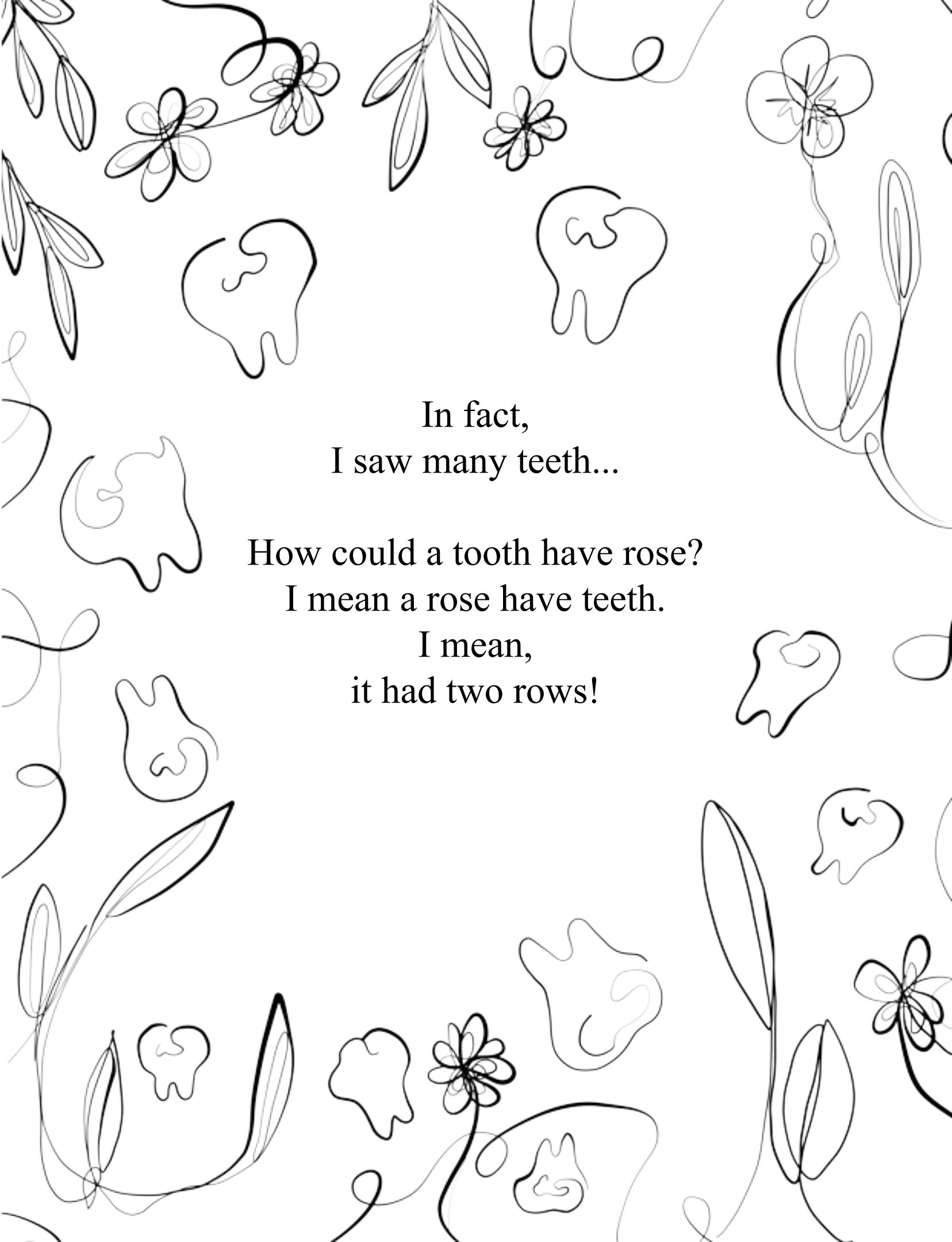
too strange  
to be true...

I could never tell a lie,  
so know this is the truth.

What I thought  
was a thorn...



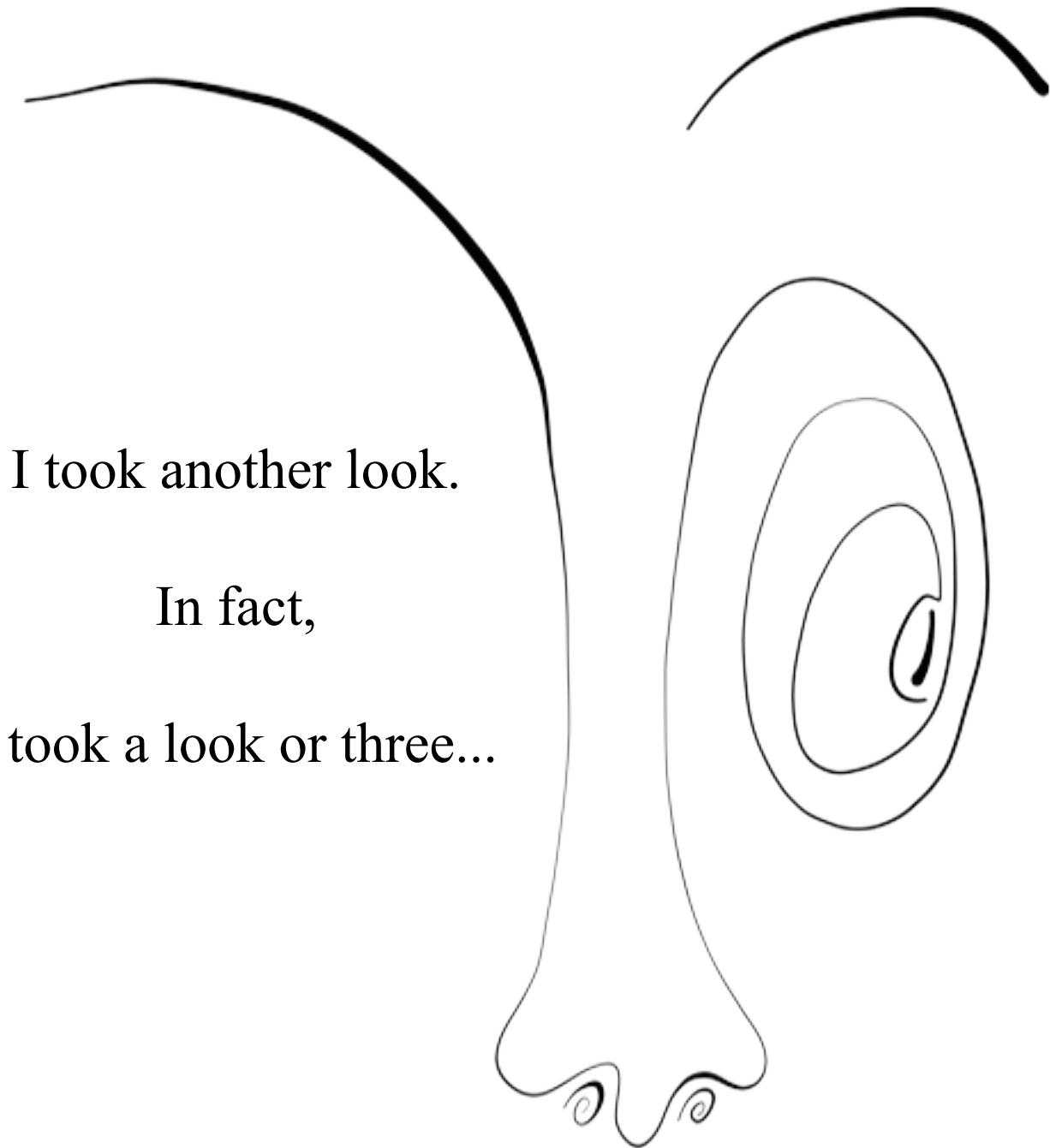
...was the tip  
of a tooth.



In fact,  
I saw many teeth...

How could a tooth have rose?  
I mean a rose have teeth.

I mean,  
it had two rows!



I took another look.

In fact,

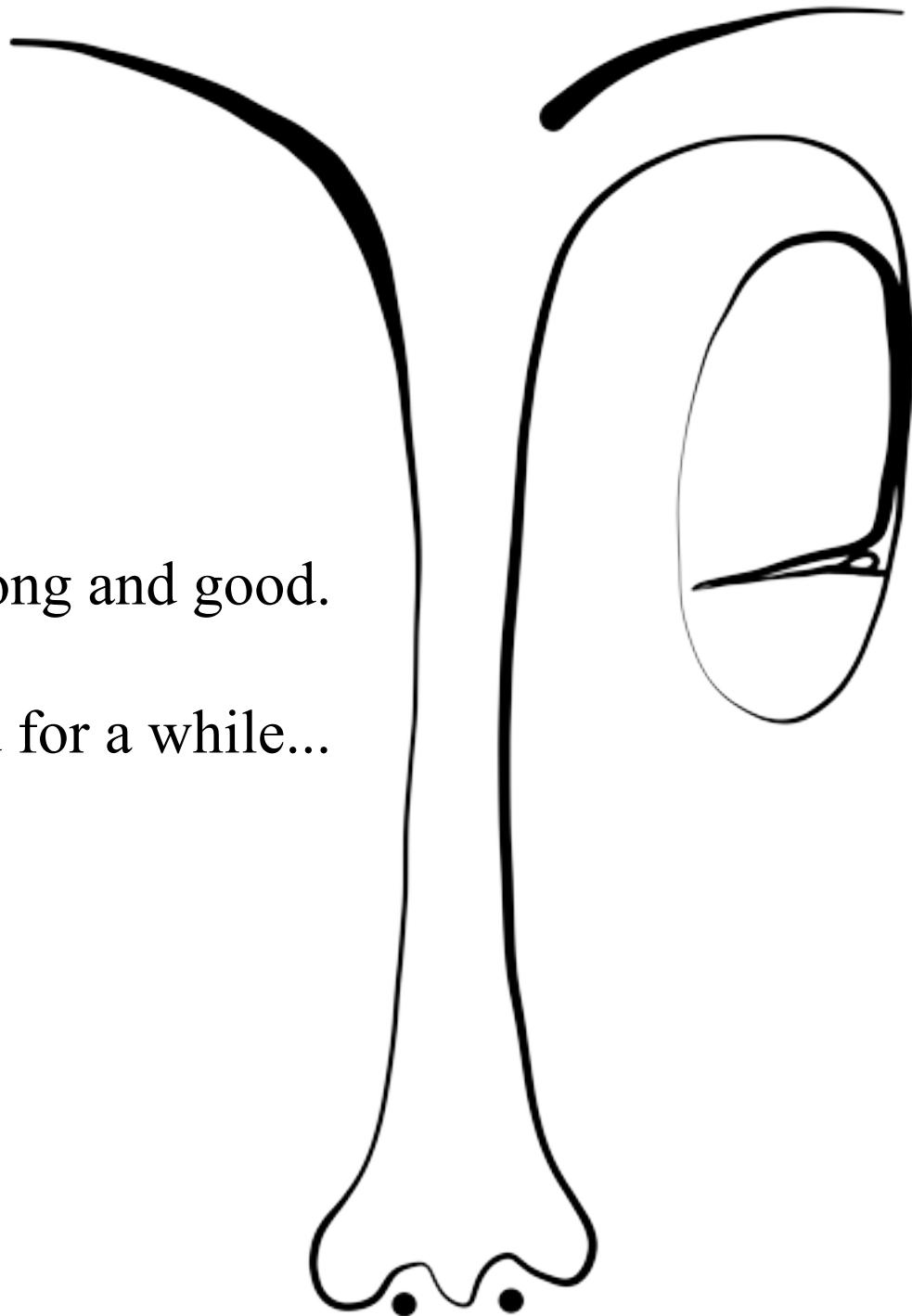
I took a look or three...



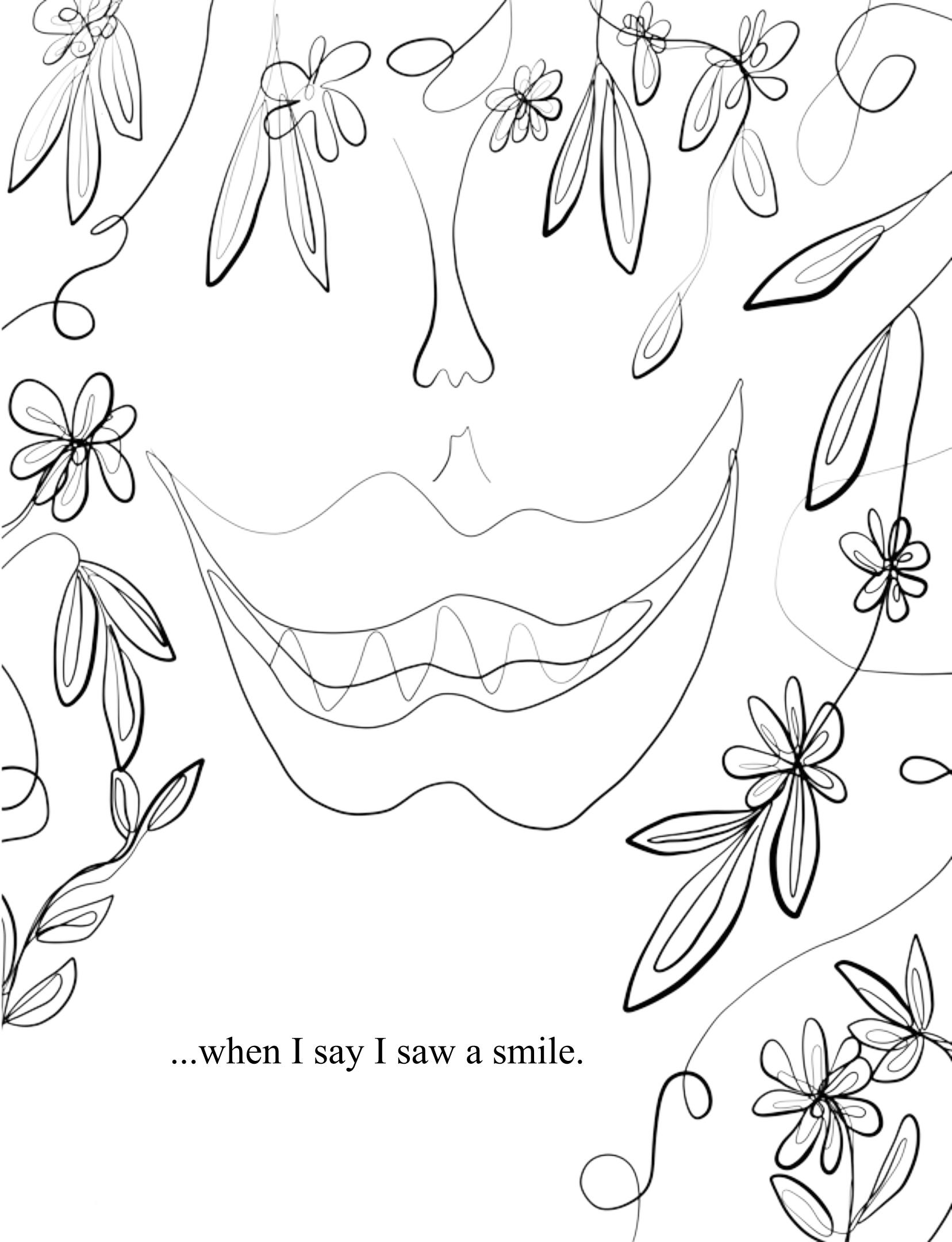
What I saw  
was too strange.  
I thought my eyes were  
fooling me...

I looked long and good.

I stared for a while...



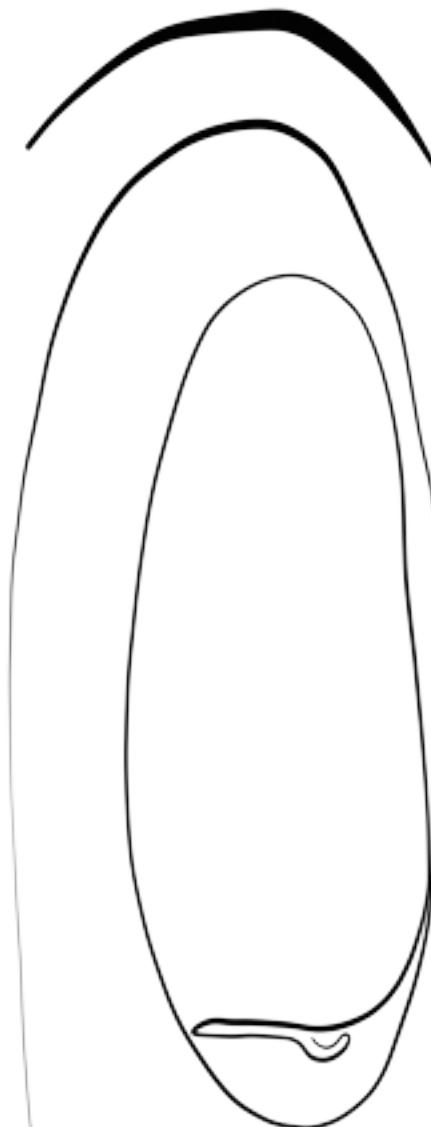
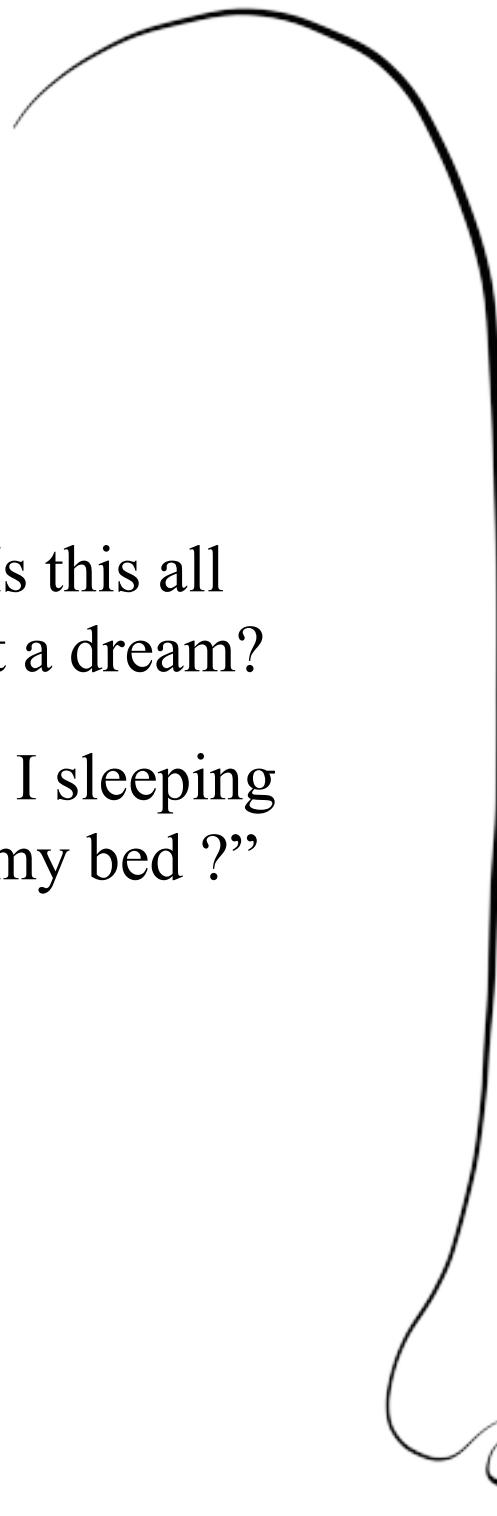
Please,  
please,  
believe me...

A black and white line drawing of a smiling face, centered in the middle of the page. The face has a wide, open-mouthed smile showing teeth. It is surrounded by various stylized flowers and leaves, some with delicate petals and others with long, narrow leaves. The entire illustration is composed of simple, expressive line work.

...when I say I saw a smile.

What I saw next  
made me stop and scratch my head...

Zzz...  
zzz



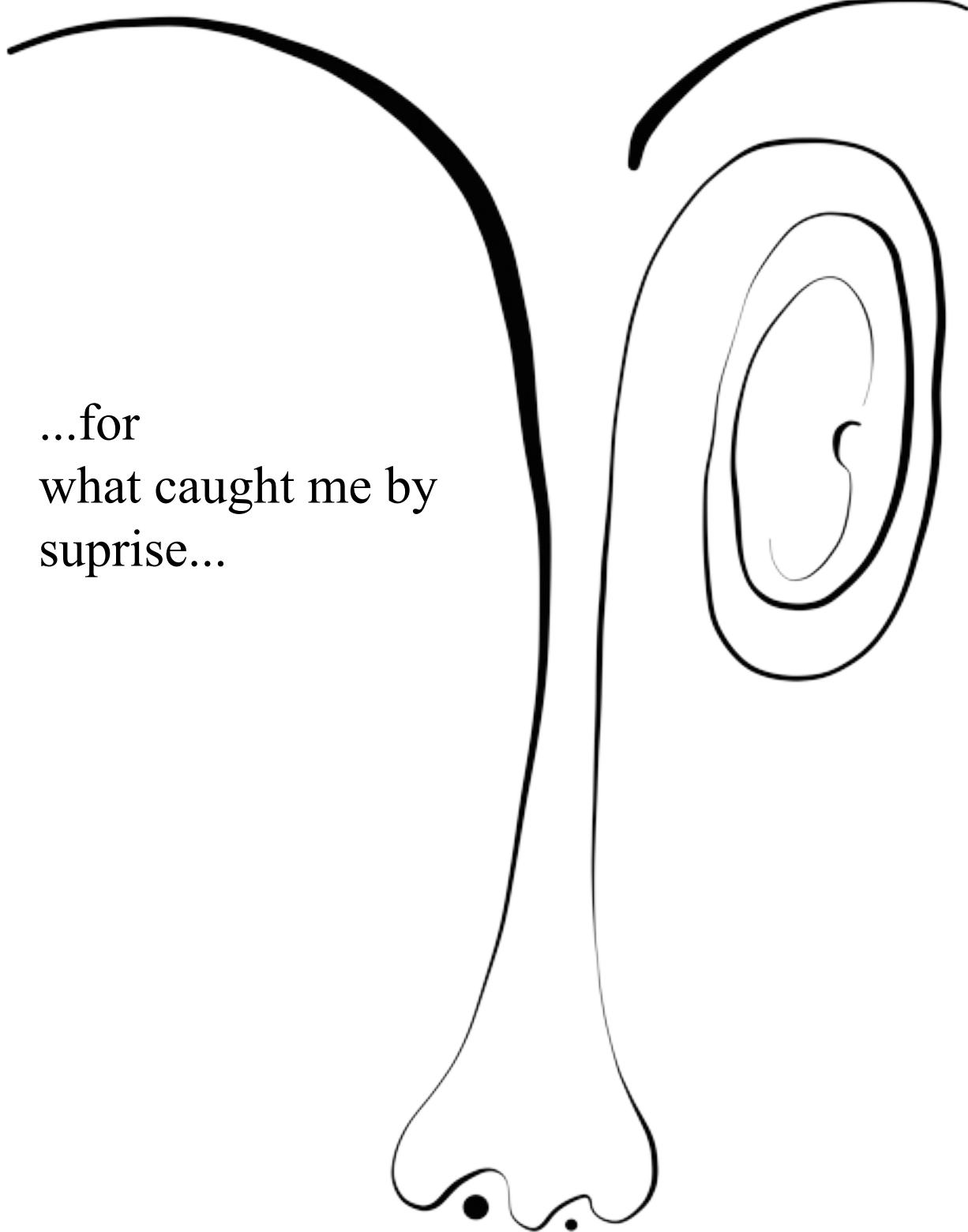
“Is this all  
just a dream?

Am I sleeping  
in my bed ?”

I took a look again.

In fact,

I took four or five...



...for  
what caught me by  
surprise...



...was a peeping pair  
of eyes...

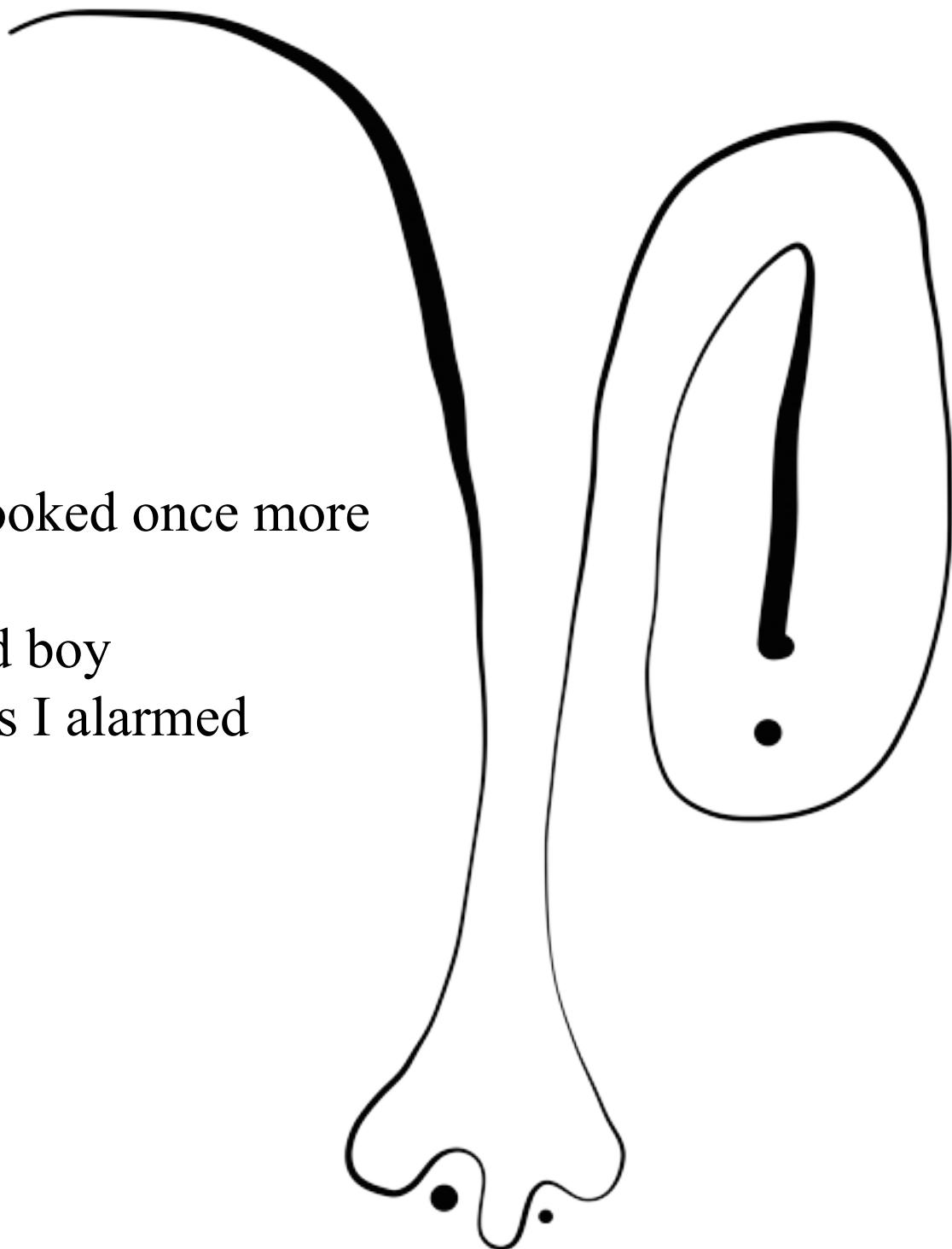
...and in these eyes  
a dream,  
a great wish to grow,

to be something more

than just your average rose.

I looked once more

and boy  
was I alarmed



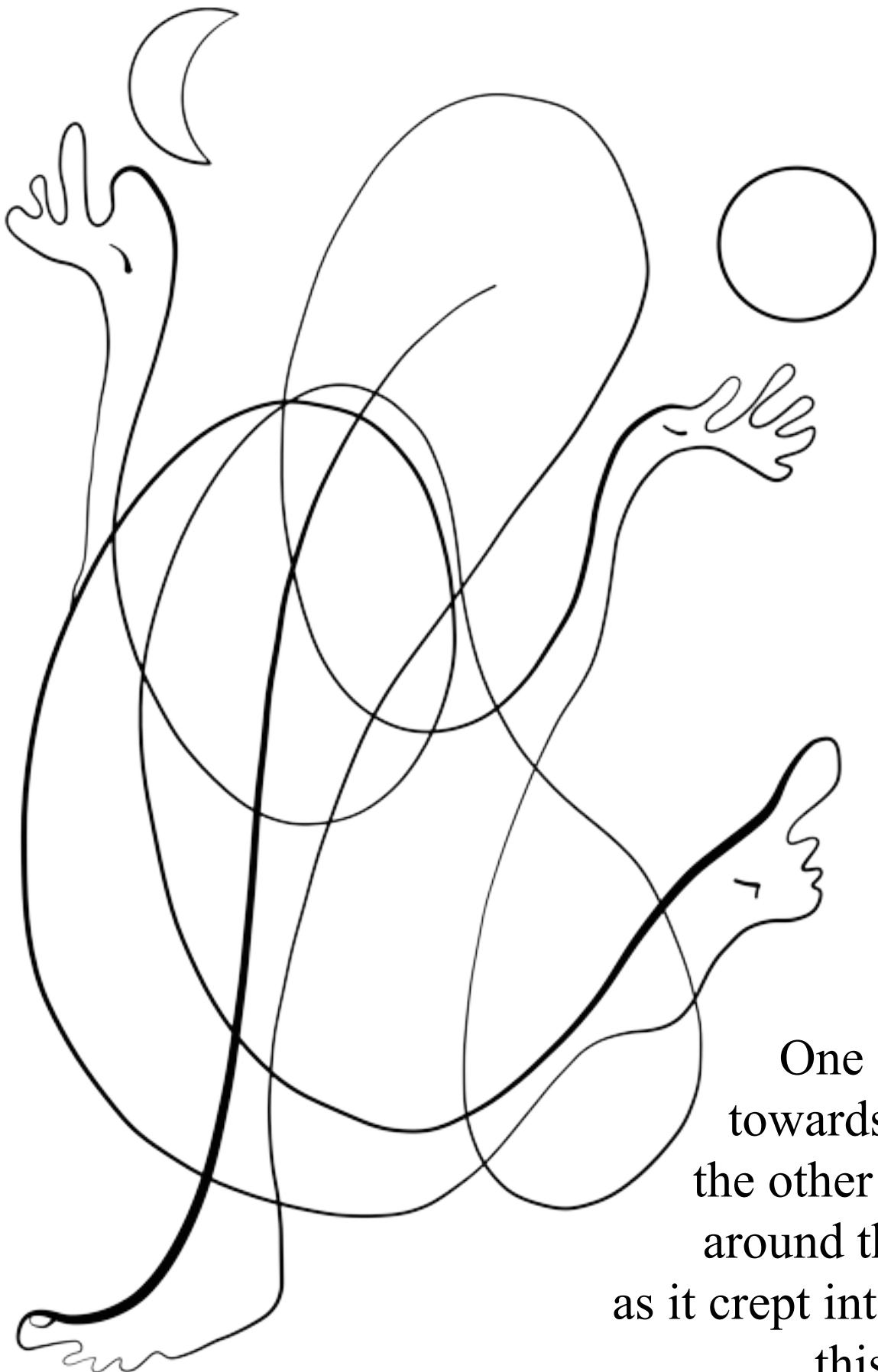
This rose had two legs,

Two legs,  
and an arm!

I could never tell a lie,  
this much is true

A pair of legs and an arm

In fact,  
It had two!



One stretched  
towards the sun,  
the other wrapped  
around the moon,  
as it crept into the sky  
this strange,  
strange afternoon.



And the rose began to sing



and as it sang,  
it bloom

and as it bloom,  
let loose

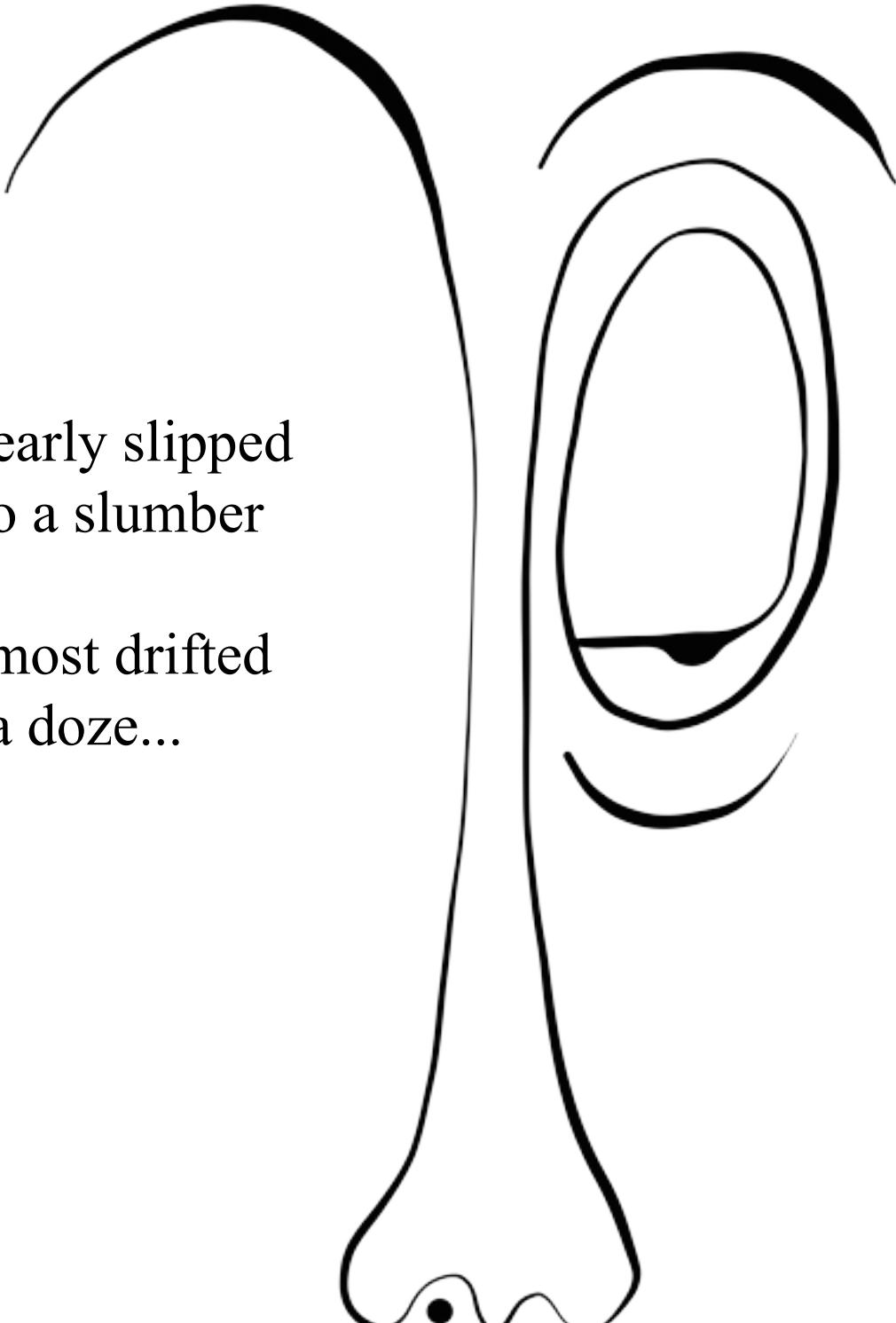
it's sweet,  
sweet  
perfume



A scent so sweet,

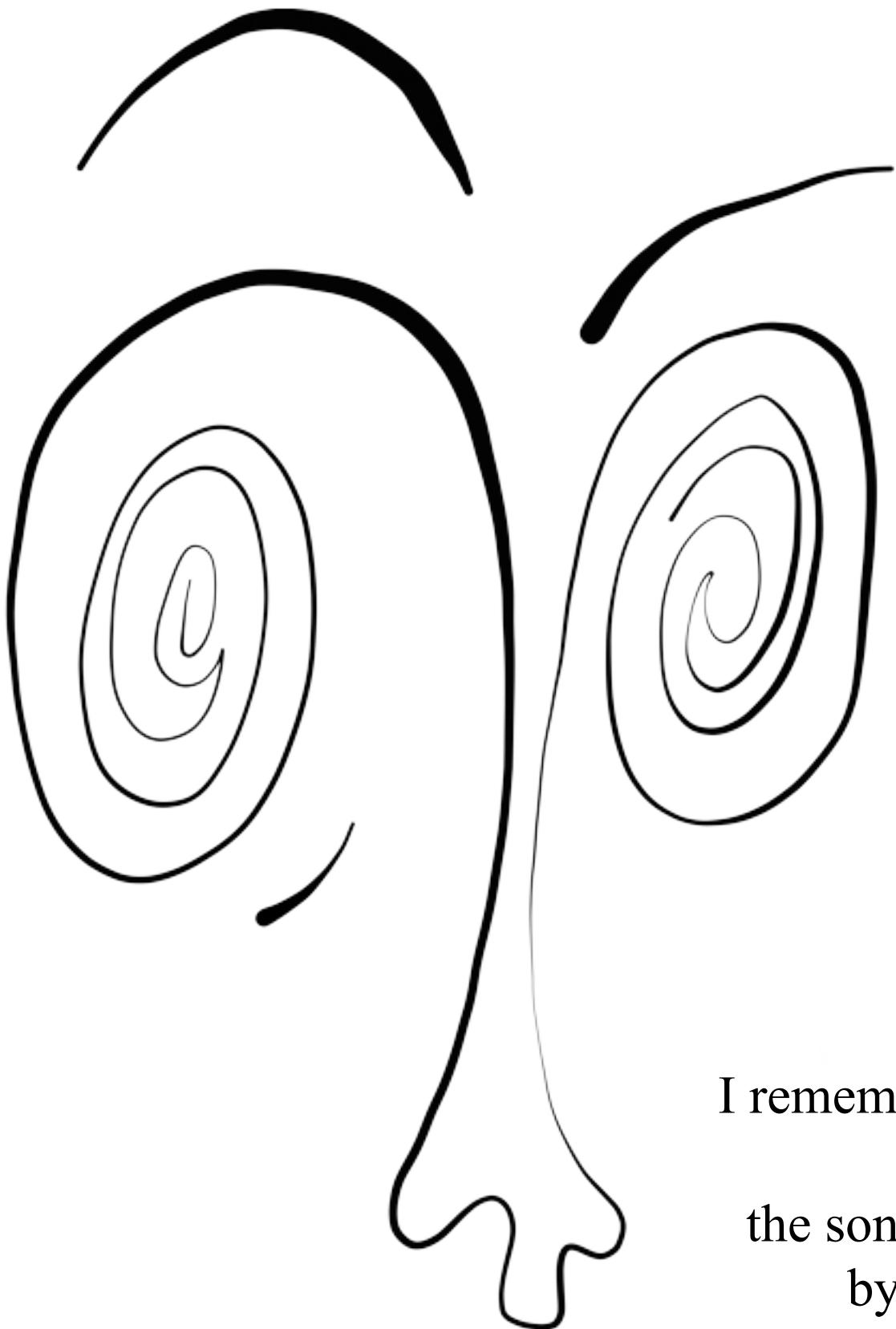
like a lullaby  
before sleep...





I nearly slipped  
into a slumber

Almost drifted  
to a doze...



...until  
I rememebered

the song sung  
by a rose

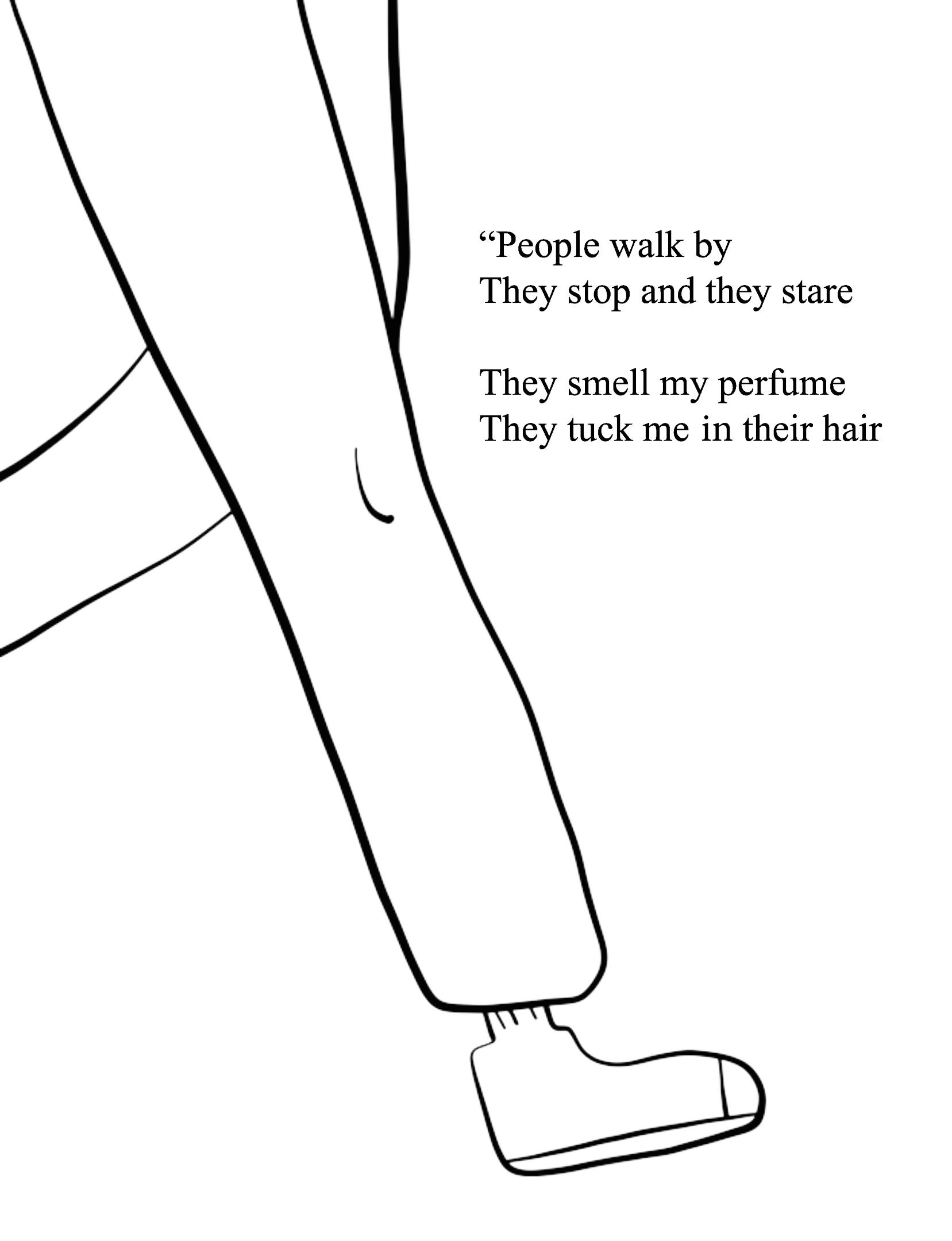
Sung by a rose?  
How could that be?

How could a rose  
sing Do Re Mi?

Just when I thought  
this was just too absurd,

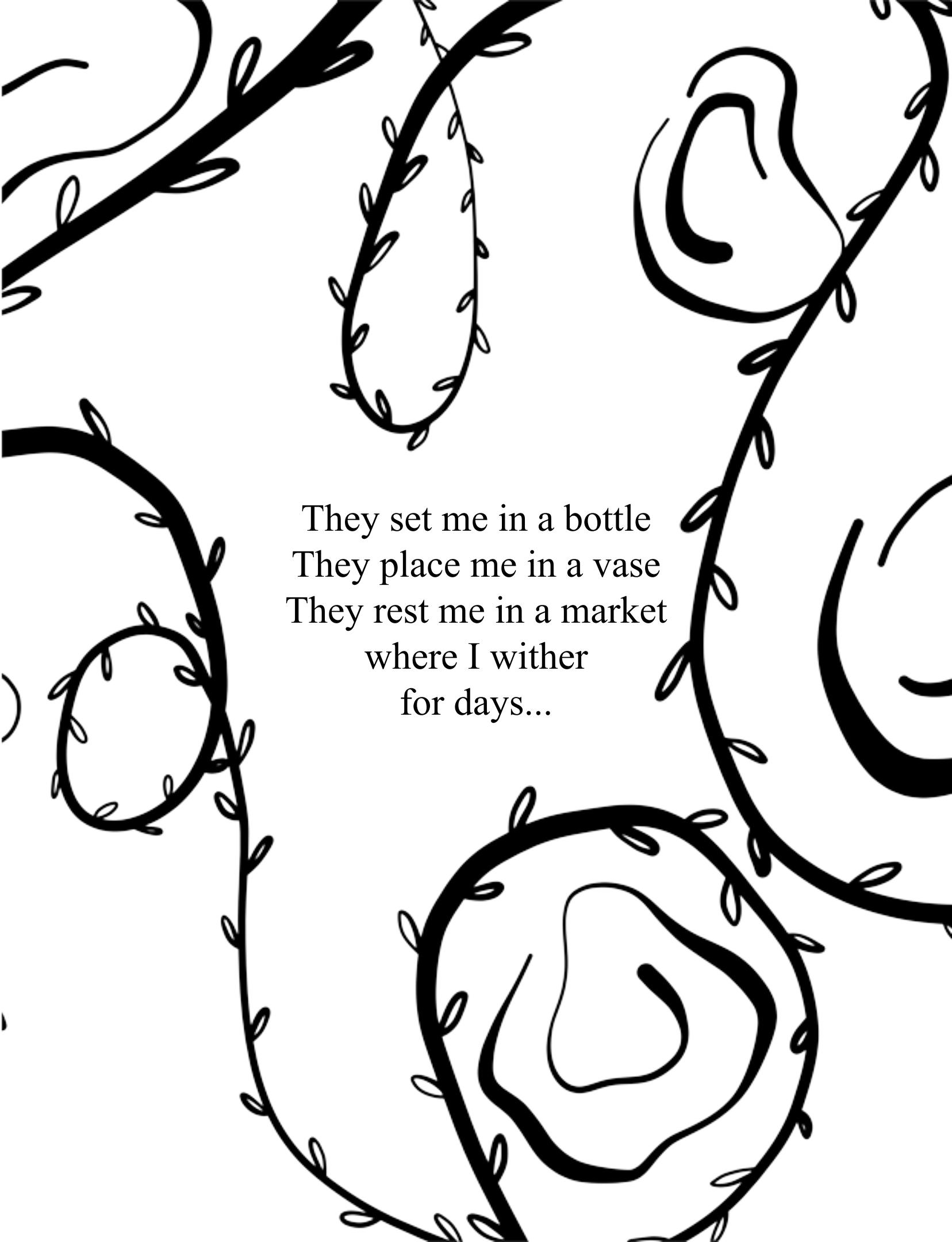
the notes of the song  
warped  
into words

And the rose sang,

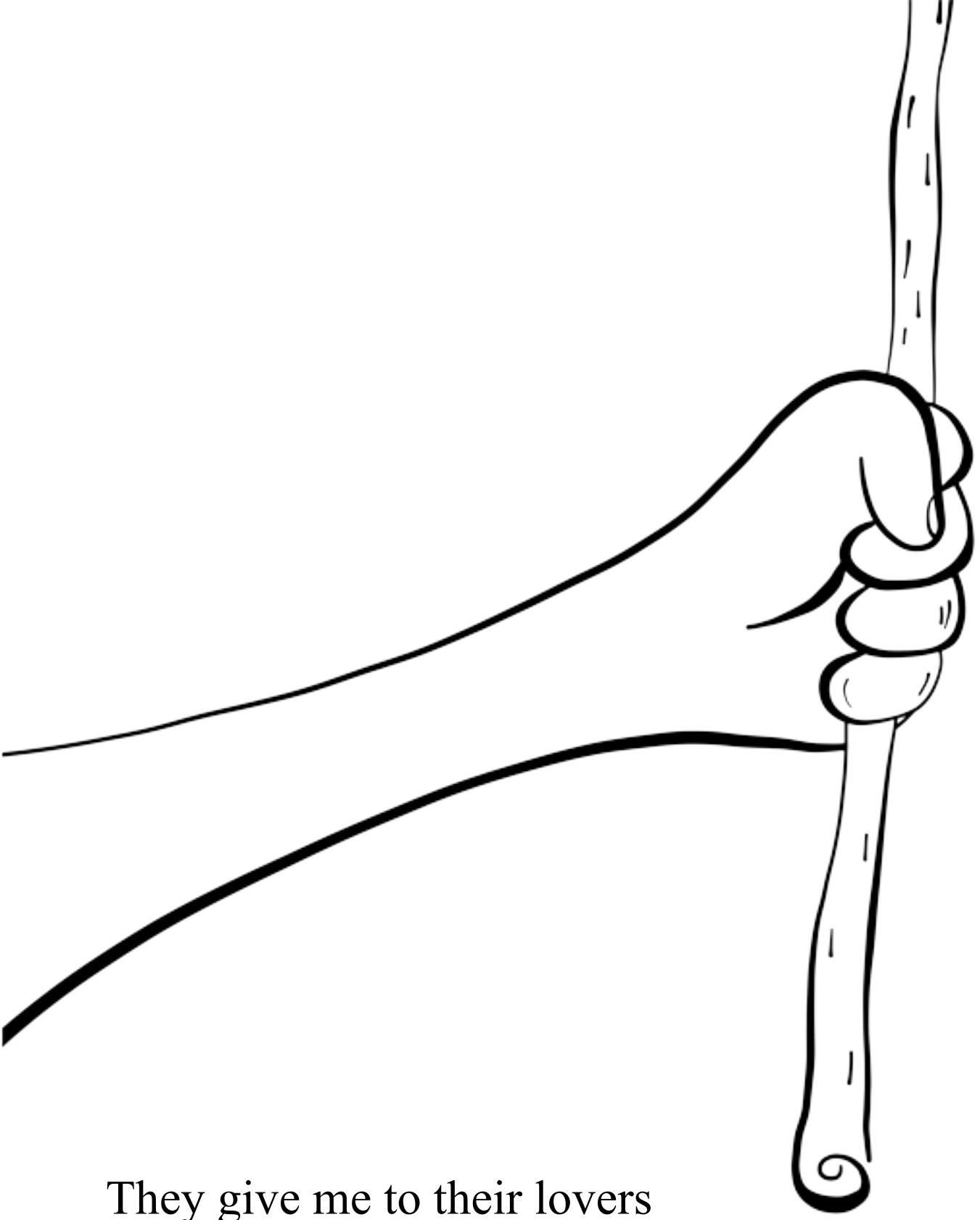


“People walk by  
They stop and they stare

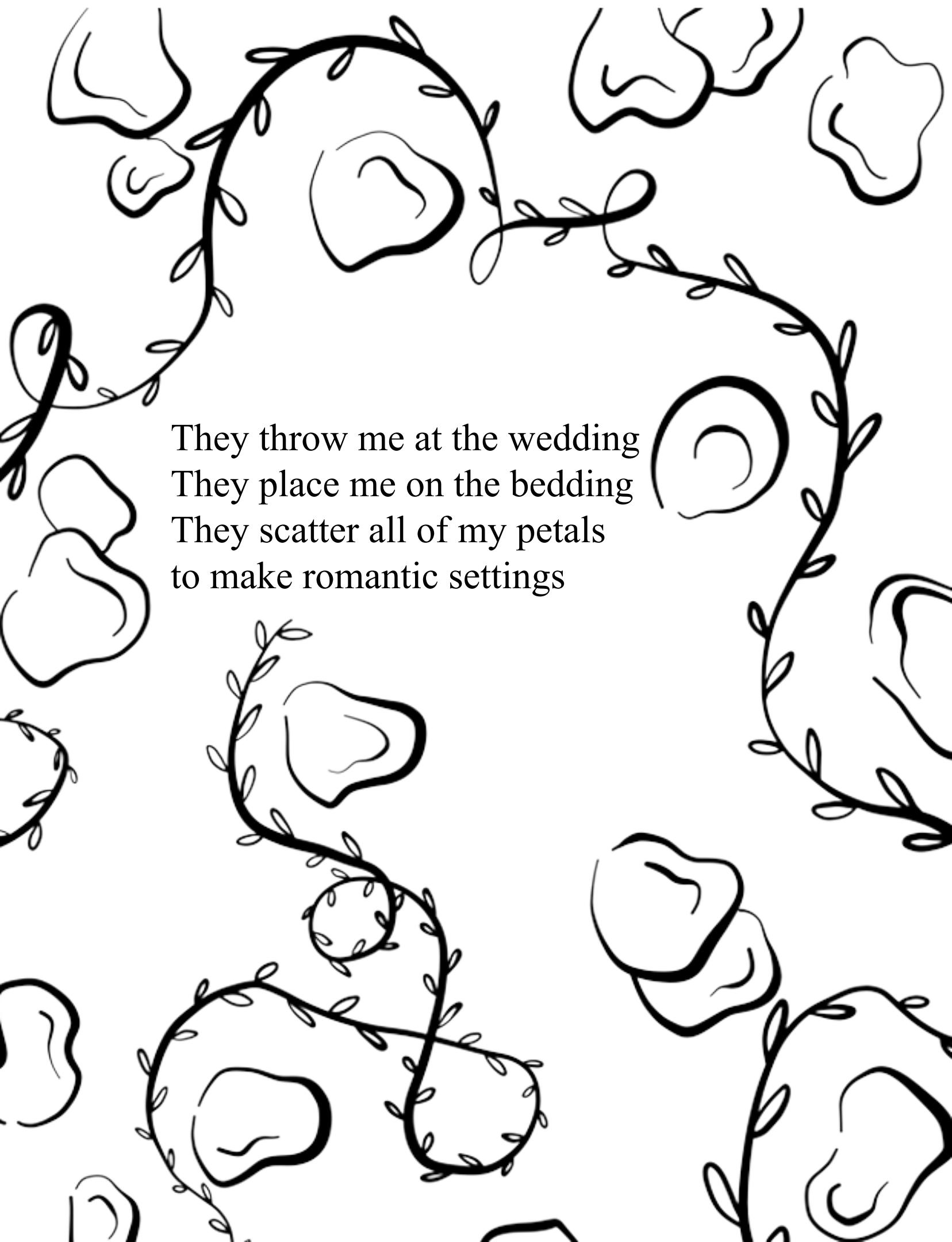
They smell my perfume  
They tuck me in their hair



They set me in a bottle  
They place me in a vase  
They rest me in a market  
where I wither  
for days...



They give me to their lovers  
They give me to their mothers  
And when the soldiers fall,  
they place me by their brothers



They throw me at the wedding  
They place me on the bedding  
They scatter all of my petals  
to make romantic settings

When they've had enough,  
they toss me in the trash

They throw me in the furnace,  
where I lay amongst the ash

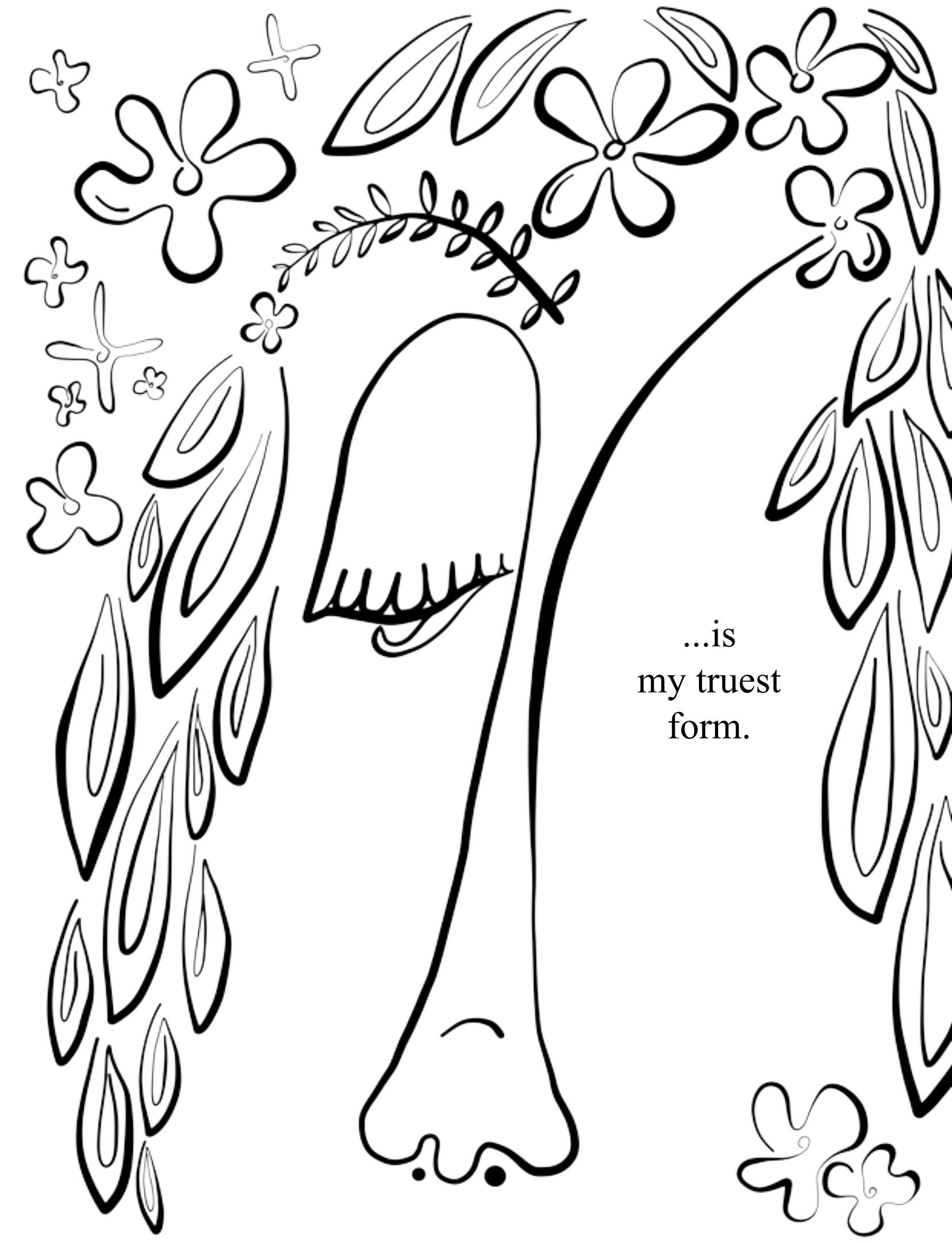


And all through the ages  
Through bleak and stormy weather  
I've somehow always managed  
to pull myself together

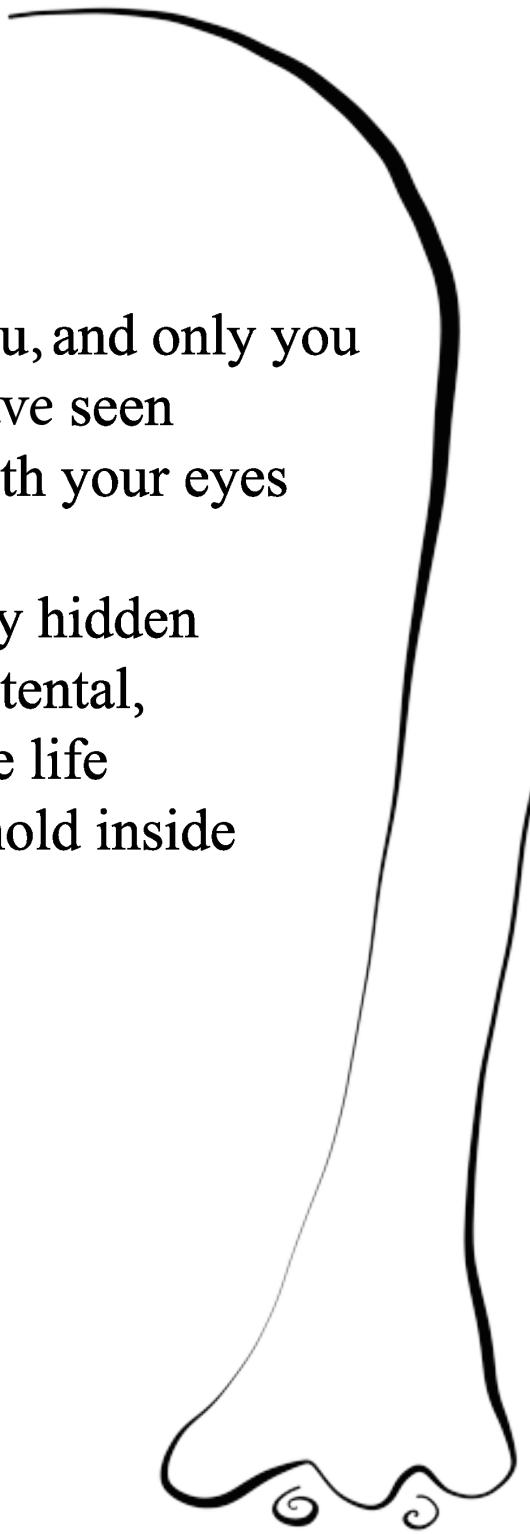
Petal by petal  
Thorn by thorn  
Leaf by leaf  
Once more  
Reborn

What you see now  
is far from the norm,

What you see now...



...is  
my truest  
form.



You, and only you  
have seen  
with your eyes

my hidden  
potential,  
the life  
I hold inside



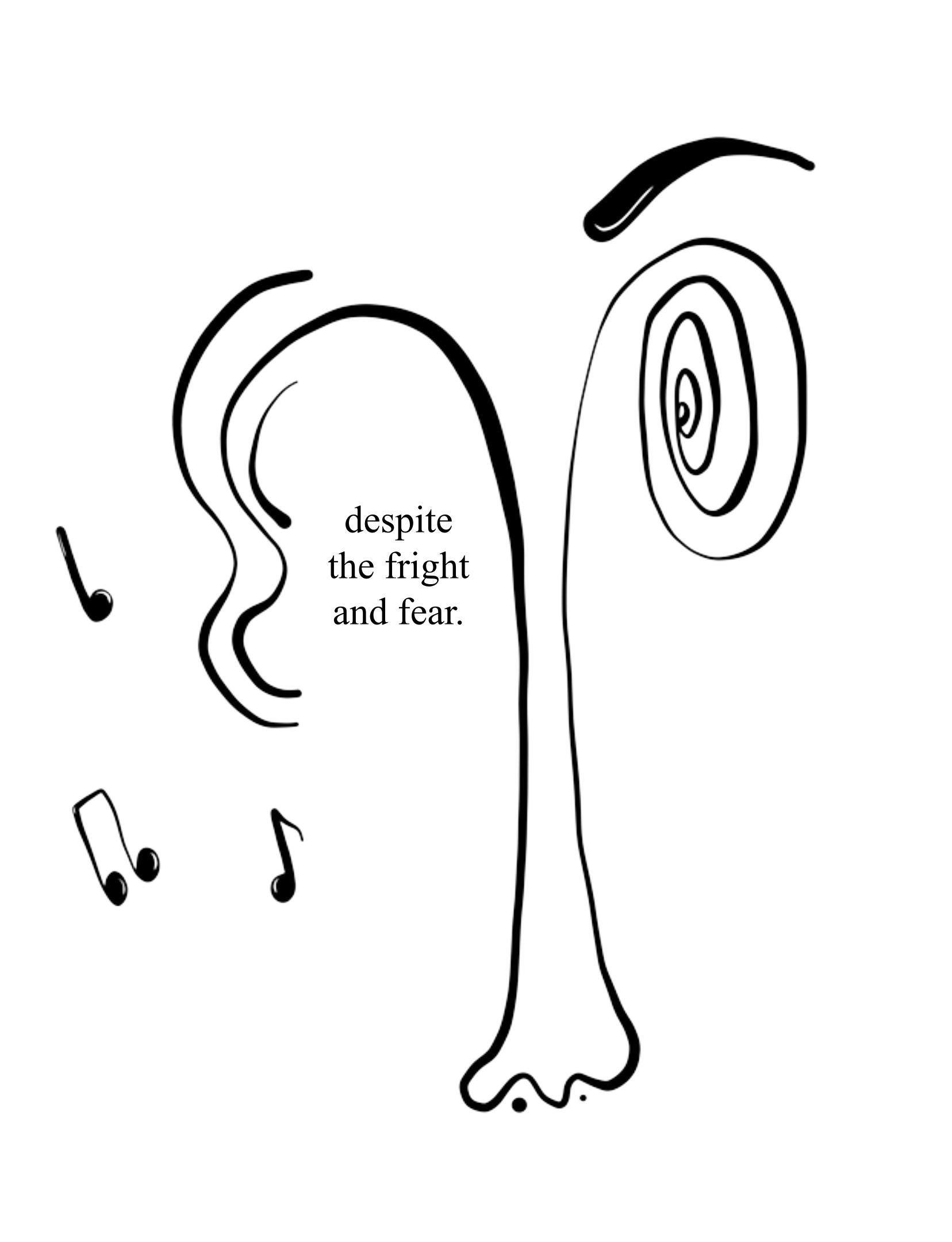
Others can't see  
but if they could,

they wouldn't care

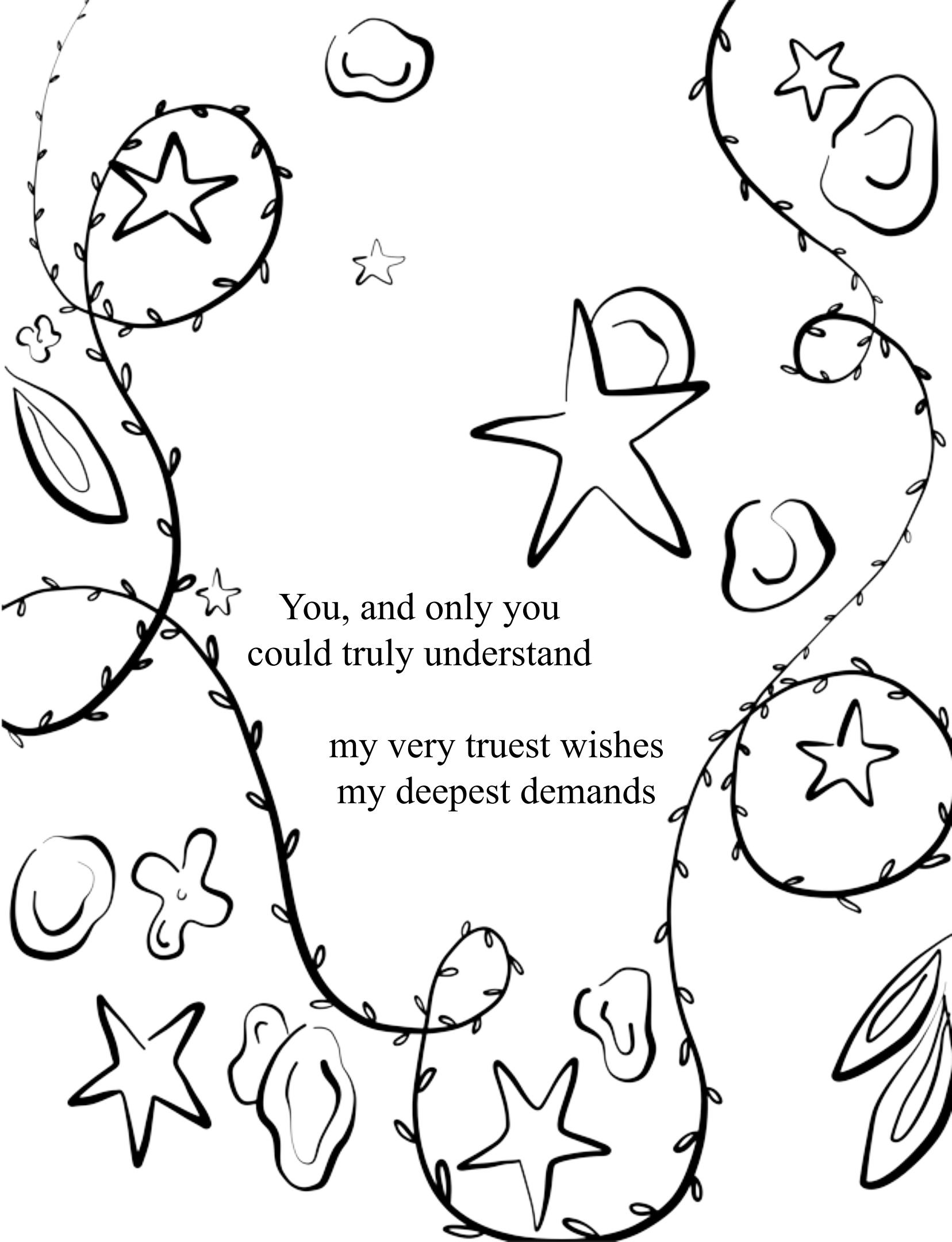
They only think for them  
They only think for theirs

You, and only you  
have heard this somber song  
I've waited for the day  
that you would come along

I knew that you would listen  
I knew that you would hear  
I knew that you would stay,

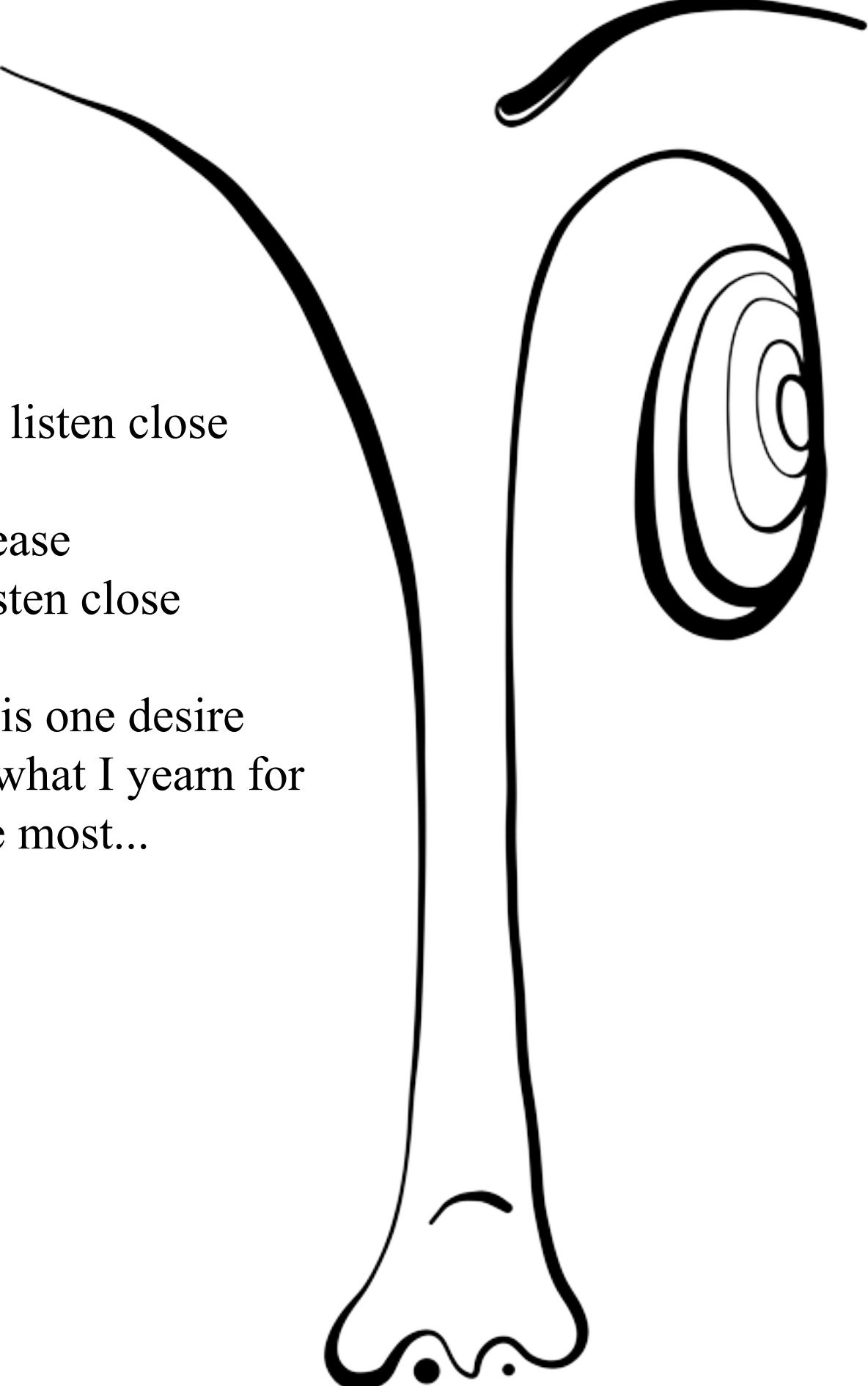


despite  
the fright  
and fear.



You, and only you  
could truly understand

my very truest wishes  
my deepest demands



So listen close

Please  
Listen close

This one desire  
is what I yearn for  
the most...



Plant me alone  
in the garden of your home

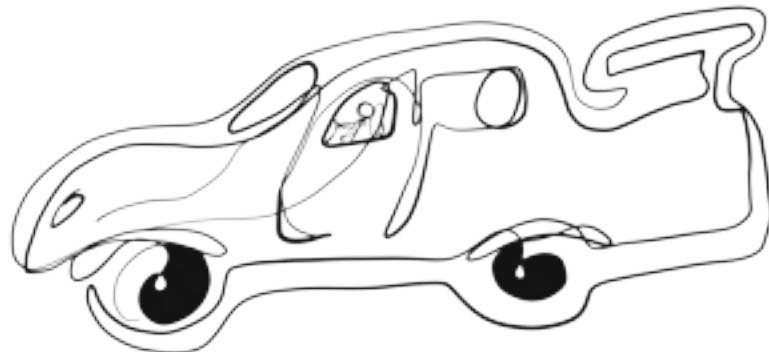
Where the dogs  
do not bark

Where the people  
do not roam

Where the soil is rich  
and the air alive



‘cause the people  
do not smoke



and the cars  
do not drive.





Plant me alone  
in the garden  
of your home

Away from the graves,  
where they bury  
old bones



Away  
from the church,  
where they marry  
and grow old

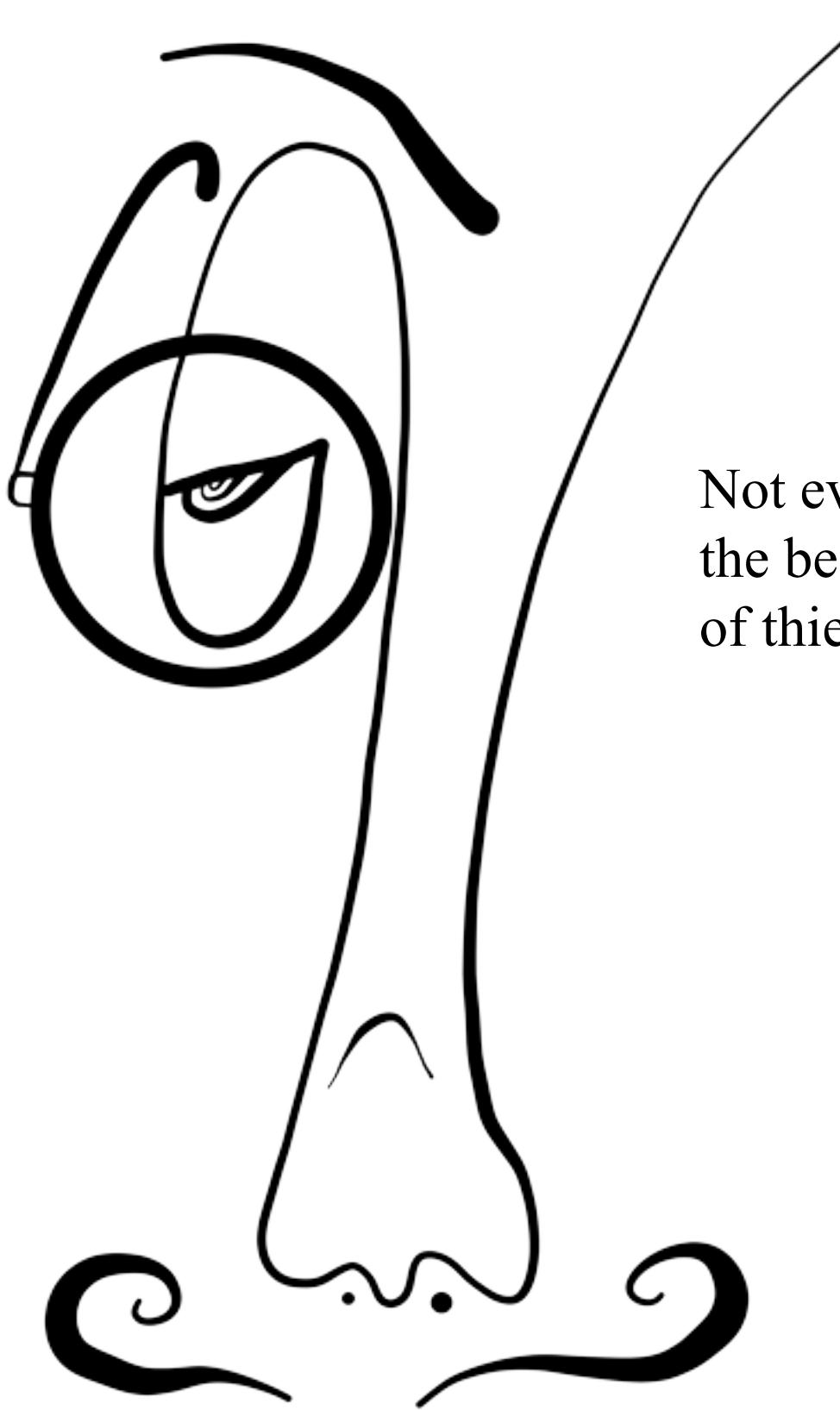
Plant me alone  
Then leave me alone

Plant me alone  
Then build me a gate  
A wall to protect me  
from my previous fate

Where no one can take  
my petals or my leaves

No one

I mean no one!...



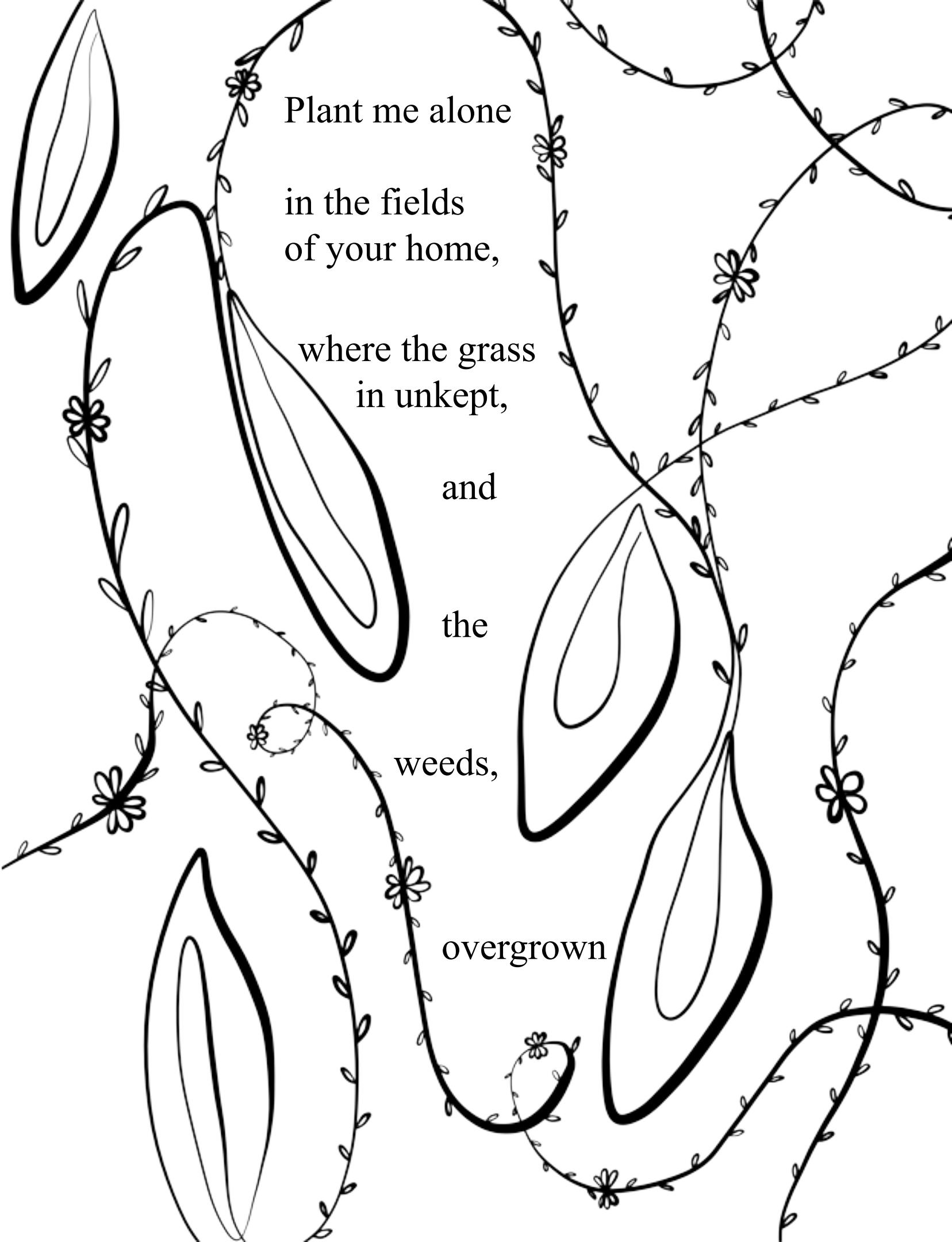
Not even  
the best  
of thieves...

I do not want to sit  
on the table of a home,  
in the market of a square,  
or behind your lover's ear

Nor

In the folds of their hair,  
or in between their teeth!

Plant me alone,  
then leave me be!



Plant me alone

in the fields  
of your home,

where the grass  
is unkept,

and

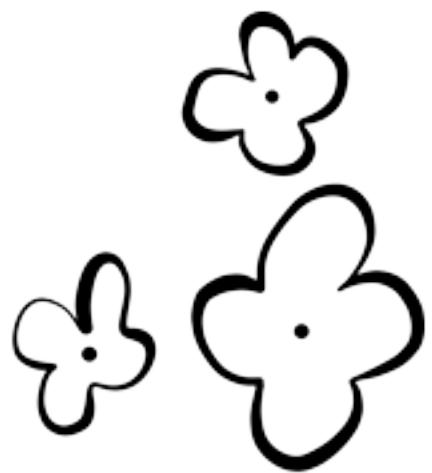
the

weeds,

overgrown



Plant me alone,  
then leave me alone...







And so I did.



**Fin**

