

RED ROSE PETAL - a poem by m

In a world where the currency is red rose petal
The world is bathed in red
Some have roses in their beds
Fields of roses is a game of monopoly

One cup of coffee is one red rose petal
Two cinema tickets are three roses
Four ampules is a few doses
Fifty minutes of sport game is six hundreds

People bathes in red rose petal
The world seems to love love love the color
But no one's bothered
That it's the color of blood

Some go crazy chasing red rose petal
Keeping them inside their chest pocket
So a guy can pursue a brunette
Or tuck them inside their socks

In a world where it's all about red rose petal
Any other color of rose is illegal
Keeping a white rose proves fatal
The world is absolutely enthralled

There is the myth about red rose petal
That is dangerous but dangerously right
That it will set things alight
In a blazing fire too bright

Too much of red rose petal
Will make ones forget
How the world and life is about reset
And that struggle will beset

The terrifying allure of red rose petal
Despite it being the color of life
Showing people's thrives
Proving the hope and the drive

The downfall of that red rose petal
It makes people making rivals

Out of good friends
Of brothers, sisters, parents and children

The faceless cruelty of red rose petal
That it knows no one
Yet it put values on everyone
Escaping into exception is not one

It's the emotionless red rose petal
That spills blood and shows one true self
Nothing is anymore left
Changing a child's innocence forever

It's the world of red rose petal
A tale of red
A story of rose
Where everything is worth a petal

end.