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## **Blood-Red Rose**

**John Grey** 

The blood-red rose takes root on the far side, where the stream glows through the stone arch of the bridge.

And the city boy, unseen by beauty, lies among the grass and leafage.

That blood-red rose seems to feed off its separateness, positions itself to be someday sacrificed but never corrupted.

I'm a mere ditch-flower, unlovely, opening to the bee's drone, not fit to flutter in your shadow, making of a buzzing nonentity, an accomplice in fealty.