

Milk, roses, and bubble baths

By Sophia (Upper Sixth)

When that first bud,
Embrace by the olive-green grasp,
Of that blush pink rose
Bloomed in my hands.

I plucked a petal
And held its sweetness
Between my tongue.

What I heard wasn't
The thumping of my heart,
But the giggles at
The pop of a bubble,
The splashing of water
Spilling over and soaking
My mother's jeans.
Warmth of the milky water linger
On my skin still,
Softening the scars
From each and every tumble in the grass.

Then, the bittersweet taste
Of a single rose, stolen
From Mother's vase
And Father's bouquet.
The dashes of red,
Heavy against the white porcelain.
Its fragrant perfume
Impart me with the scent
Of a warm, beating heart.

For it is them, who taught me
Not to hold a rose
Except that of the deepest shade of red.

