

Dead Rose
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Like petals of a dead rose

I was full of color but, I'm faded , I'm empty

sure that i won't be able to feel how I did before

broken stem with roots that connect to nothing ,so down to earth I can
almost feel myself growing,

but its just a figment of my imagination

knowing I'm unliked, that people don't see me as worthy

treated poorly, after all my deeds attending to people's needs

I'm a nobody, trying to be somebody

or

am i just holding back so that others can become loved and appreciated

is that my sole reason for existing

am I to be held and look pretty and then die as you feel no pity

I am no longer vibrant with color, but why can't I be wanted.....

why can't I be granted the care I so desperately need

but it's too late, I'm gone, I have disappeared off the face of the earth

once I lost my color, gone forever,

facing down instead of up

Falling never to be picked up