

The Rose.

The rose stood there in all its splendour,
And criticism stood around it, as criticism always does you know, and criticism said,
“There are too many leaves!”
So criticism tore off those leaves,
As criticism always does,
And the rose stood alone.

The rose stood there in all its splendour,
And criticism stood around it, as criticism always does you know, and criticism said,
“The thorns are too sharp!”
So criticism snapped off those thorns,
As criticism always does,
And the rose stood alone.

The rose stood there in all its splendour,
And criticism stood around it, as criticism always does you know, and criticism said,
“The stem is too bare!”
So criticism cut off that stem,
As criticism always does,
And the rose stood alone.

The rose stood there in all its splendour,
And criticism stood around it, as criticism always does you know, and criticism said,
“The petals are too soft!”
So criticism ripped off those petals,
As criticism always does.

So, the rose lay there hurt and bleeding,
But criticism went on its way unknowingly,
As criticism always does.

