

Rose

By Miriam Therese Knutson

Now twenty years have flown by, my dear.



I exist only as a fierce longing.

When you left me for war that day, I died that day.

I made my home in the shades of the Underworld.

Now you would find me a restless spirit.

I live not, but I keep your memory alive. So be it.

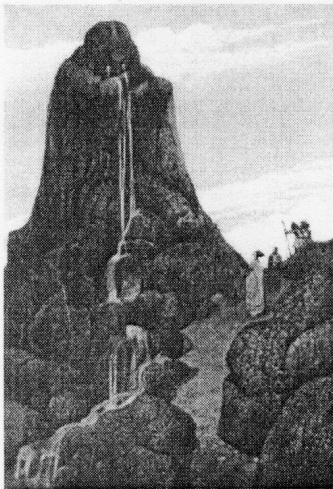
I wake each morning to this dull ache,

When Dawn with her rose-red fingers breaks my heart anew.

Then let my love be a bow, my dear.

I will stretch out your life upon my frame.

Doing so, I gather dust - I have not seen the
light of life for many years.



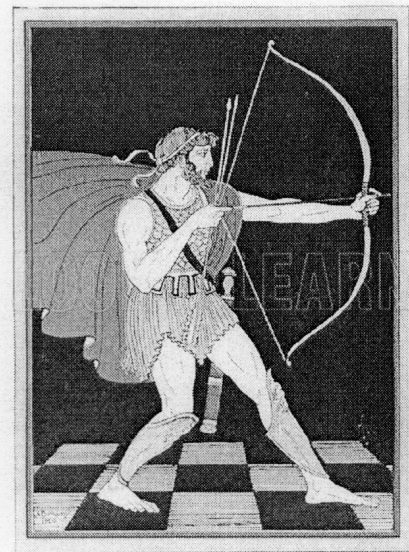
You know I will always be
faithful, as I have become
stone.

Like Niobe, too much joy was
mine before you were torn
away.

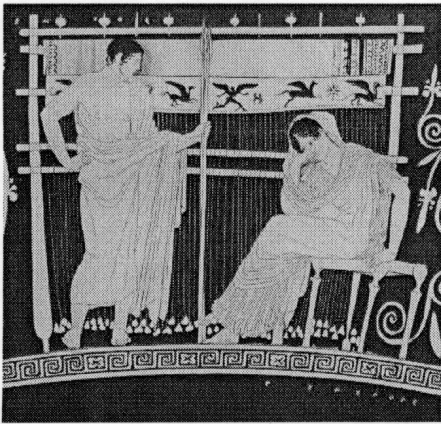
No one can reach me now-

Not the throngs of suitors who grieve me.

Only Dawn with her rose-red fingers can break my heart.



By night, I weave out my grief upon my loom.



*I weave our past, the only time I have known
peace.*

As for you, may you defeat all your enemies

As I cannot do, for mine all exist in my mind.

*But I'll wait for you. You cannot claim I am not
true. Every morning I must tear up my heart [I
wove] upon my loom. I will keep it safe for you.*

If each sunrise should bring you closer to home,

Each morning I'll let Dawn with her rose-red fingers break my heart.