

This Mourning Dove

With guile, you hide the barbs and thorns you bear,
just like the leaves beneath a scarlet rose.

Through promised love you lure me in with care;
your arms a cage, I yield, clipped wings exposed.

Too late I saw the false behind your smile.
My captured heart was yours, but to betray.
A crushed and broken prize, your lusts defile.
You thrust me down and calmly walk away.

Now left to die, bereft of love and scorned,
each breath a ragged gasp of life renewed.
I slowly climb above my past, now mourned,
to stand atop my shattered dreams' occlude.

My wings I spread to soar so high above.
For now, I am released, this mourning dove.