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To Be a Rose

By: L. Grace Bugnacki

I saw you hang above the stove
And I imagine your beauty, never once opposed.
Your petals must have been dipped in gold
Because they look more valuable than all the riches one could hold

I awe at your beauty, though you slowly wither
And I wonder how beauty has turned so bitter.
You are simple and elegant even through the winter.
Your appearance so natural and your falsehood not but a sliver.

I stand in the hall on a busy school day
And wonder at how all the girls persuade.
They cake on their orange powder
As if their makeup could give them the beauty of a flower.

Half of society tells me I'm perfect, the other half tells me lies.
They tell me to cake on my orange powder and win my prize.
Because this was the only way that I could possibly get by.

I used to think that beauty came from within
But now boys tells me it's just what's on my skin.
Your smile couldn't matter less,
Unless you had a new Maybeline lipset.

But give it a thought,
Do roses use the new face wash?
Or do they put on this foundation?
Or even primer?
Do you think they can do a perfect wing with eyeliner?

So ask yourself this:
When did the beauty of a rose become
Less of an ideal than makeup?

Don't you suppose
You'd be more valuable
As a gold dipped rose?