

WRITING

Am I a Concrete Rose?

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TYPE

POETRY

GENRE

GRADES 9–12

Am I a Concrete Rose?

Am I a concrete rose...

The many hands and scissors

I must dodge day by day

The many fake smiles that

Approach me every day with

Their wicked intentions written on

Their teeth... am I a concrete rose...

The manual says put your hands together

And bow your head then proceed to spill

Your heart

I did that... but... why is there

Still rain, thunder, tornados on my side

Tupac, how did you grow legs and walk

Away

I'm tired

I'm tired of hearing the same encouraging words

“you're close to the finishing line...”

When will I finally cross it

The manual said you hear prayers from even under the ocean
I'm above water and still my prayers aren't answered
Do you need me to be swallowed by a fish...?
Will you hear me then
Must I become Jonah...
Will you hear me then
I scroll and scroll and scroll
But no one to relate to
Everyone god has answered
But me...
Why am I last
Is my story ever going to have
A happily ever after...
Or am I just being delulu
When is my hour of happiness
Going to arrive... am I a concrete
Rose... Tupac ... you there ? ... good night then ... RIP