

Roses that  
Bleed

In Eden,  
where sin festers—

a confession of *almost*—  
*almost* prayer,  
*almost* absolution.  
Innocence defiled.

A hymn harks,  
*unbidden, unsung.*  
Mouth mantled,  
tasting iron and blood.

Petals bruise,  
jasmine claws—  
too sweet, forbidden.  
Pain gnaws at stems,  
the serpent tempts—  
nectar, poisoned, drips.

Thorns rend,  
piercing hearts.  
Ambrosia bleeds,  
scars exhale bitter beauty.

Lilies ripen—  
venom-stained.

Trauma  
*coils*—  
strikes!  
Survival  
bites back!

Gaslighting roots  
deep in Death's marrow—  
unyielding, unholy;  
manipulation blooms,  
the Antichrist of vows.

Emotions fracture;  
shards of self-unheeded.  
Submission *snaps* bones;  
mercy withheld.

Expelled from the garden!  
Trust forbidden—  
every breath a thorn,  
every scent a love bartered.

Roses scream crimson.  
Lilith *watches*.  
Silence *asphyxiates*.  
God *mourns*;  
Lucifer *smiles*.

