

## **Loeb Lisa**

### **"Furious Rose"**

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"It's not really poetry, but it's pretty," he said  
As he raises his voice, she lowers her head.  
"It makes my heart heavy, you're lonely, I think.  
Oh Rose, you're sad, I suppose."  
"Look in her bed and she's bound to be sleeping  
She's lying there dead. - Now, she's breathing."  
Furious Rose, with your opiate eyes,  
your languorous hum, that tone of surprise.  
I've heard energy in adversity  
Your smile, the soul of witchery.  
You're not running away,  
you're not running - are you?  
Lyrically longing, she's tearing the words from the  
page.  
She's fearfully seething.  
"Bring me your blessings, a prayer, or a new pen.  
- You don't know what I need."  
"Look in my bed and I'm bound to be sleeping,  
I'm lying there dead, but I'm breathing."  
And I'm barely balancing as it is,  
and I don't want to drown in my dreams.  
Bring me wild plums and agrimony  
- I bet you don't even know what that means.  
Furious Rose, with your opiate eyes,  
your languorous hum, that tone of surprise.  
I've heard energy in adversity  
Your smile, the soul of witchery.  
You're not running away,  
you're not running - are you?  
Gingerly peering over his shoulders, removed herself  
from the room.  
She's terribly freezing, she always knows when to go.

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