

The crushing of a rose

By Sweet Mylo

In the garden of life we ought to safely blossom.

Thorns are the admirable essence of our being.

The cushion of our petals births all existence.

Humanity adorned with the sweet fragrance nature exudes.

Thorns and prickles clearly designated to protect a rose from predators.

The rose bushes baffled as thorns pierce to destroy, defying the duty bestowed by mother nature.

The purity of the nectar of life poisoned with dirty fingers.

Sense of safety and comfort swiftly turned into fear.

Is this what it has come to be?

A frightened rose wondered...

The brutal crushing of one after the other.

Even worsened on a month deemed to celebrate us.

Daily news has become the uprooting and squashing of earth's beauty.

A high pitched sound heard by the cosmos as a woman is stabbed and cut up in pieces.

Screams for dear life falling on deaf ears, as a determined man continues to injure, even unto death.

Countless graves astonished as they are shoved with premature tenants.

A woman's life reduced to nothing but 'a jealousy excuse or unsubstantiated suspicion'.

Is this what it has come to be?

Vulnerable and yet crushed...

A rose surviving on certain soil, needing specialised nurturing, but yet deprived sunlight and enough water.

The unspoken reality of disabled woman is abuse is their daily portion.

At often times bruised in their safety net.

Is this how it will always be?

the scent constantly left at the crusher's heel echoes a plea to go back to basics.

Allow our branches to be anchored in the prickles hooks once again.

Our desire is not that the thorns be removed from us, but that they serve the purpose pre-ordained before the foundations of the world.

To serve and protect, but above all to embrace with warmth and love.

*p.s: stop gender-based violence (GBV)*