

Martian Rose

By Indrani Ananda Shough

Roses never grew on Mars –
But here am I.
He left me here,
The man with the tears in his eyes,
Whereon the sorrowed dust my petals fell
Upon this place where his beloved lies.
They know of her
And they remember earth,
The mother world who gave each form its birth.
Yet here, this alien landscape's desolation
Only knows how soon
Its scything sands will tear apart the memory
That I will keep of her beneath each demon moon.
A once-loved heart now laid in sleep
Beneath the ruddy dawn;
As back to a kinder Sun
His pale ship goes.
It leaves me here, forlorn –
A sentinel to red-duned plains;
Alone with her,
A Martian Rose.