

Life is a Laurel

[total lines: 34]

Father, oh father sheâ€™d cried mightily;
I will not bear grandchildren,
Father, oh father, I am sought after
You do not understand how much I cry,
Over the thought,
Of being a loving bride.
This is not what I wish for,
This is not what I desire,
My tears now long since sheâ€™d, gone and past.
My only wish is to be with the trees,
For a perpetual virgin, I will be.
Not marred by a god;
nor a male nymph at odds.
Oh father, oh father, I do not like this,
Please do not let me down,
Just this one last time.
Oh father, oh father, donâ€™t let this manly god
Call me his own.
For I am not nor am I yours.
A man I do not need to survive,
I can feel myself beginning to stiffen,
Now buried in bark,
And now I can feel my life begging to fall apart.
Oh father, oh father,
I do thank you dearly,
Oh father, now no one will ever recognize me,
But there he stands, eyes wide and hurt,
A simple little tree,
We will never be part,

Poetry

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I will be carried always,
And forever in his heart,
A lyre and wreath,
But now I suppose,
Cupid will finally reap.