

The Rose of Mexicali

When I first became a young man, my thoughts were simple. Then one day, I opened my window to the morning light. From the window in my room, I looked out upon my world, as it danced and laughed with foolish delight.

By chance, while on a stroll. A rose I found, whose beauty dimmed the light of day. A beautiful flower I could not keep or hold, though her fragrance from the morning dew filled my heart with love.

Where the Gods of ancient times played and loved without pretense, I, the forger, played and loved freely among her scented blooms, the Venus of my dreams. No lovers arrows from Cupid's bow she aimed at my deceit, but the arrows she flung pierced my heart like thorns to my fingers, to bleed. From my pain, a wiser man, I became and learned about life and sorrow and love.

Our love had bloomed just a season or perhaps two till all her petals, by destiny, took winded flight and flew. I tell my heart, do not weep at my fairy tale, for "Once upon a time, a flower bloomed in the hot desert sun, 'twas the rose I had found when my years were young."

In my winter now, I do not seek this lovely rose; but I am content in my heart for the Rose of Mexicali.