

# POETRY OBJECT

## Meg-Rose, Year 9 Noosa District SHS The Immortal Rose

The immortal rose never stood so tall.  
Her hair whips in the wind.

Leather clothing wrapped tightly to her skin,  
Stealthiness has become her nature.  
Speed and strength heightened;  
beauty in all that exists.

Fighting hand in hand,  
The people she fights against die slow, painful deaths;  
swinging her sword like the world will end.

Bruises form, cuts are found and still she fights on.  
Her guardian angel stands by her side,  
his eye catches hers,  
blood and gore etched into the lines of his face.

The battle ends at the last standing man.  
The immortal Rose is hand in hand with her guardian,  
walking off the battlefield.

Friends following behind.  
The smell of death,  
the death of so many,  
weighs heavily on their shoulders.

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