

Beware of Thorn Bushes

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Everything has two sides.
The moon has the sun like the night has the day,
but the roses have thorn bushes.

“Beware of these thorn bushes,” they say to me.
They are as powerful as an electrical fire.
The thorns puncture deeper and deeper
into each individual layer of my skin.

The more you pull out the farther you sink in,
as if you have a boulder attached to your leg.
Drowning you into a dark ocean of bee stings.

The beauty of the dark green leaves lures you in
when you walk past the brown mulch underneath.
Spinning the fishing rod faster and faster.

A stream of blood runs down my leg,
and another after that one.
Eventually a running river of red floods my mind.
The vines trapping me below,
overlapping themselves around my arms and neck.

I am stuck in a bottomless pit of spikes.
So I tell you now
to beware of the thorn bushes,
so you don't get stuck too.