

The Black Rose

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A poem in praise of a woman's pet name for her anatomy -- including her heart!

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/the-black-rose.aspx>

The Black Rose

By Captain Midnight

Inspired by and dedicated to TraceyAmes

An ode of praise to womanhood.

This is my second poem not based on a song.

A rose is a rose
Is a rose is a rose.
But the Black Rose transcends
Any of those.

The color is deeper than
Any one shade of red;
From pink at the core
To dark mauve at the head.

Not all Black Roses are
Cultivated by gardener's art;
Some constitute a woman's
Most womanly part.

Black Roses are not often known
By this particular name;
Some names are clinical;
Some are pet names; some used

Just to shame.

A woman might have a Black Rose
And not know it;
For to someone who loves her
She has yet to show it.

Black roses, after all,
Are not easy to cultivate;
You must care for them as you care
For their owner on a first date.

For she, after all,
Has the Black Rose as part
Of a passageway leading to
Her mind and her heart.

If you treat the Black Rose
As a hole for a fence post,
A fence you will get!
Separating your hearts to the utmost.

On the other hand, if caring deeply for her
Was what you chose,
You and she may together find
The treasures of the Black Rose.

As you kiss and you lie
Heart to heart on the bed,
Sheer excitement making your
Skin tingle with red,

It may not be obvious
What her Black Rose feels,
But her heart talks to yours,
And between them love seals.

Why not ask her permission
To kiss all over her?

Forehead, cheeks, lips, ears, neck,
Chest, stomach, legs, pubic fur?

Perhaps she will ask to reciprocate;
You share each other
Like the check
On a Dutch-treat date.

When you look at her core,
How much has it changed
From the natural way
Female parts are arranged?

After all, they have organs
Built for excretion,
Many types of fluid, plus membranes
And sometimes people at completion

Of their gestational time,
When they are ready to live
As individuals who take
But also who give.

Many people thus say
The pleasure of sex to enjoy
Is primarily to create
A baby girl and/or a baby boy.

But if that was the only reason,
It would be a forbidden pleasure
Engaged in solely at time
Intervals of great measure.

Many also say sex is
The ultimate of love.
To have sex with someone apart from your sweetheart
Risks wrath from above.

Still, sex for fun can be

A pleasant surprise,
Especially if you see
The need in her eyes

To feel bliss, to have
The Black Rose flower,
As if from sun, fertile soil
And a well-timed shower.

So gaze on her. Do her
Petals slip open and glisten with dew
At the thought of feeling
Love caresses from you?

Do her colors range from
Pink to the deepest red ...
Does her nubbin peek out
From the stem of the rose head?

Could you lap up her nectar
And be thirsty for more
While she does things to you
That even the score?

Then count your blessings!
For many of those
Women have, but aren't aware of
Their own personal Black Rose.

And many who have it
Guard it with most secretive care,
Revealing it only to certain
Ones who share

Black Roses, or in men's cases,
Parts which fit roses just right
For hearts to share
A beam of glorious light.

This may sound too serious
For couples to have fun.
Men and women often don't have
Just one

Person with whom sex is
Unbridled joy.
You might as well make
Your diet all soy

If you love only the one.
That may be best for you.
But then again, Shakespeare told us
"To thine own self be true."

Often there are hidden
Black Roses, unknown to all.
Which will look as brilliant
As New England leaves in the fall

If somebody can only reach them,
Wholly or in part
By conjunction of mind,
Body and heart.

This poem is dedicated to a woman
Who gave the Black Rose a name,
And from certain close friends
Gained admiration and fame

Because she helped two
Other women to flower,
And brought them to a
True-love bower.

Those who haven't met Black Roses
Know how they're missing out,
Since a Black Rose is fueled
By mind and heart without doubt.

But now I have hopes
That someday I will see
A woman with a Black Rose
Who will blossom for me.