

BLACK ROSE

Growing up, everyone said I had the potential to grow up into a beauty queen. People would admire my beauty. "A unique creation", they would say. I was that outstanding flower in the garden, a pure white rose among thorns. Due to my own conceit, I considered my gardener as unworthy to tend such a beauty I had become. I felt that I was too precious to be handled by such an old fashioned guy. So I sought a new "fresh" gardener, leaving behind the one who had helped me to grow. The new gardener introduced me to a new type of manure, which energised me until I was on top of the world, engrossed in self-admiration. I was still fresh, feeling young. Yes, I had the vibe. I told myself, 'the world is going to end when I do. I am forever young!' Unfortunately, the vibe did not last long. This new gardener of mine did not really care about me. I would go for days without water, my veins burning due to the hot collaboration between the sun and the intoxicating manure. Where was my gardener? Well, he had found another beauty to make him famous. He had found another flower, to use and take off, and the cycle would go on and on! It was then that I realised that my beauty had vanished long back. That time I left my garden. I entered a world without protection, love or care, and I entered the world in the hands of the ruler of such a world. From the pure white beauty I was, I had been tainted black, yes, black with sin, pride, hurt, deception, lies, the list goes on. I had fallen into the hands of a gardener who had found me as a pure white beauty, and left me a tiny, shrivelled, ugly BLACK ROSE!

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