

DYING IN A CONCRETE GARDEN OF LIFE

Why Kill the Rose before it gets the chance to grow? The Rose didn't Choose to be Cultivated in a hostile and non-hospitable environment, ... Where proper nourishing was almost an impossible feat to accomplish. The Rose began growing wildly, with thorns, and rough edges because it adapted to and adopted the Characteristics and qualities of the blighted Soil and dilapidated environmental Circumstances around him. Being raised in such an environment makes young roses prone to prick others with their thorns - - - Sometimes intentionally and at other times unintentionally - - - and oftentimes others are harmed by the thorns of such roses while they were intoxicated, by way of the un-natural and un-healthy nutrients of their disintegrated environments. It's remarkable to see how an under-developed Rose can remember so vividly how it cried uncontrolled tears of Confusion and Sorrow, when it witnessed the results of thorn pricking that it can't recollect. That Rose wasn't heartless!

Inarticulable expressions is the Fear, pain, loneliness and betrayal felt by that underdeveloped Rose as vintaged plants of various breeds uprooted him from his family and placed him in an unknown environment, where experienced Strangers of all sorts were the norm - - - planted in a Concrete garden with pure dirt bags and steel furnishings - - - Sentenced to die a slow death in new life by Misery, hopelessness, and misguidance for harms caused as a child ——— Convicted of being

too young to learn from mistakes never committed previously. How can a youthful rose flourish in such an environment while suffering from adequate "oxygen" and sunlight deprivation? It was said that he was irredeemable, and that he can't be rehabilitated. The Divine Decree of Allāh transcended the Creations grim expectations of that youthful rose. It's remarkable to see a rose become so beautiful and fully redeemed in an environment in which it wasn't allowed to experience, and benefit from the natural and normal process of photosynthesis. That's rewarding enough in this concrete garden that's filled with dirt bags, nightmares, and steel furnishings. I've seen many roses become dried out and wither away... hope abandoned for despair... in many cases hope was stolen and despair was its replacement. I've witnessed many more roses grow upright in such a bleakish environment... Black Roses, white roses, brown roses and yellow roses... JLWOP is not the solution... it's an epidemic that's suffocating society because society can't benefit from the wholesome oxygen that the foliage of those roses exudes. JLWOP suffocates the future... IT'S A GENOCIDE OF PROGRESSION. Sometimes... Cutting the thorns... punishing for the harms that one causes in moderation and placing the rose in an environment in which he could benefit, grow, and reach his full potential, is Most honorable and beneficial. Condemnation to Death in a Concrete Garden of Life is not a fitting recompense for the acts of underdeveloped roses... Suffering in first person... Crying out in third person: Give him (and them) a Second Chance. END JLWOP!

WRITTEN BY: Azeem Shakur Maqsood
AZEEM SHAKUR MAQSOOD #1072778