

My Two Roses

My heart breaks into the miniscule and those into the unseen microscopic for two girls that grow apart because the world acts as their wedge.

Fault could be mine it could be theirs or it could lie nowhere, whoever the fault may be long it never stops for fault takes me beyond forever and shows me my entire life will never be enough guilt to pay alone for the loss of two Sisters and their home.

One is the most beautiful of greens that paint rare Scenes on rare things everlasting.

The other is a royal girl who I have a need to bend my knee wherever it is her I see.

They both combine as loss too in humane, damage too complete that no pair of human eyes has seen such travesty as what toils in my heart day by lasting day.

Though you be two roses of many and many more of the world, I planted your seeds and saw you grow so you are golden amongst the coal petals and you shine like shine never could.

My missing you both as theft broke us apart has never quit, Jade you for 10 years, Elizabeth you for 3.

Jade your family now lies to you with no rights and Elizabeth your true family lies with rights that end with your sad mother and it's ending.

I have never stopped searching left, right, high, low, you both are quarters of a heart that lives half days and haunted nights.

From now till death I will never stop until I hold you both again from baby to grown old you are my children as it will always be told.

Ant Burt