

# Roses

Leaves are green,  
Facts are true.  
I'm not a poet,  
And neither are you.

I tried my best  
To make this rhyme.  
But before I could,  
I ran out of time.

Your perfume made  
My asthma flare  
When I saw you  
Standing there.

You stole my heart  
From under me.  
I thought I loved you <3  
(Less than three).

I called and said  
I'm home alone.  
When you left,  
You left your phone.

What's this number?  
Who is Steve?  
If you loved me,  
Why'd you leave?

Blood is red,  
Paper cuts.  
Our love is dead,  
I hate your guts.

Have I mentioned  
How loud you chew?  
I wrote this poem  
Just for you.

Roses are red,  
Violets are blue.  
I'm now a poet;  
What about you?