

Beneath The Frozen Moon  
a Black Rose poem  
By Phillip R Horton

My whispers I've scored a 1000 times, then 5000 times again, or More  
Now on a flight, my digital words, around the world they Soar

Found from afar, will she be love, or just a lovely Distraction  
Alone so long, one must wonder at the hearts natural Reaction

Amidst a plague of strife, Thine Black Rose blooms beneath the lights of the Arctic  
Beauty like a midnight rainbow, locked in a Falls who'd have thought It?

Stark as the beauty of my Black Rose blooming amongst the winter's Cold  
The stars at night are as my future, who knows what wonders it may Hold

Endless beauty goes unseen, lost to the depths of the darkest Nights  
Remarkable soul reaches out, tenderly salvaging my rose lost to Blight

Whispers heard from half a world away, she saves the rose with digital Wonders  
The Frozen moon traverses the world whilst her sensitive soul Slumbers

The Black Rose blooms now knowing there's still those with serenity in their Soul  
Maybe just maybe 'tis her serenity that will mend my broken heart Whole