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"Rose Spirit"

Delicate, Serene, Vibrant, Present in death, yet so full of life. The Rose something so promising, but hasn't promised anything, except for beauty, truth and grace. For years we have all shared experiences with one of them more spiritual than the other, but we have all become appreciative of its sympathy. Rose Spirit: We are all different, but in this city I find the same spirit that lives within it, and that is its thorns of hurt, but silky petals that apologize for the pain we have all been a part of. If we only understood the rose has a heart, then we wouldn't fail to comprehend the spirit behind it. Somehow we became blinded maybe because the petals are so vibrant.

Like a rose Jefferson is long lasting and no matter how bad things may get, we find a way to bloom. When we hear the word "Spirit" our souls get excited. It triggers depth from within us, and the essence of who we became. Growing up in the Rose City nature has attached itself to our spirits and grown inside us. In many ways we are like roses, beautiful and sweet smelling.

However, much deeper than that; that is why there are layers of petals surrounding each other, and endlessly undoing our inner beauty from within our spirits.

There is a democratic love that has lured in our best interests. It has entered our mind, body, spirits, and souls, which has turned friends into families, and this school into a home. The rose: symbolizes strength, its fresh cut stem in all its length, supporting us as our greatness is showcased

I was born in the ground and nurtured by spiritual water, pleasant sunshine now I live in a rose.

I lie in a rose filled with spirit. As I evolve into a woman: the petals fall into lyrics. My body has been torn by the thorns but it made me strong for the storms. I am a violet, filled with life that over time absorbed so much water I can hardly go dry. And everyday is a celebration, the city's diversity is showcased through pages. I grab my pencil never to erase the mistakes, but to replace the fairytales with petals. Rose city is lyrical; this place is a miracle. The cherry trees were meant to cheer me on and the sun to help me stand tall. Every morning I wake. I am depending on the other flowers to blow me kisses filled with wishes. A rose to me is poetry, and life remains mysterious. It will reap, if it is sowed, and since I am my parents seed, one day I will be a rose, and there will be life in me even after I perish because not even frost bit can kill rose spirit.