The Virgin Miss

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The Virgin Miss

MYRON HARDY JR.

You are a red rose in full bloom.
A symbol of love
eluding a world of thorns.
How do you maintain so?
Holding your honor close to your heart,
as one does the right hand,
upon hearing the national anthem?
Under such pressure
where if you let your guard down for a second,
you will be poked by at least one thorn
on the bushel.
Consequence, all but pleasant,
for he will be with you two score
and will not know what love looks like,
although, you stand right before his eyes.
How sad would it be for you to lose your virginity in
such a way?
I pray for you strength to remain innocent.

Planted in mother
causing the father
as the son continues
and your chastity
Sending water from
your soul,
whenever you grow
Allowing you to grow
as you hide your face
But wait...something
Are men not to pursue
How can the righteous
you stand?
Even the serpents,
as they are,
appear dumbfounded.
Truth is, we all need
Question is, who are
yourself to?
If you say my whole
would that be?
For I will wait forever
or at least until we
heart, for a second, his eyes. I lose your virginity in innocent.

Planted in mother earth, causing the father to smile, as the son continues to shine on you and your chastity. Sending water from heaven that will replenish your soul, whenever you grow tempted and weary. Allowing you to grow evermore strong in spirit, as you hide your face in the Garden of Eden. But wait...something would be wrong? Are men not to pursue you? How can the righteous give chase not knowing where you stand? Even the serpents, sharp and conniving as they are, appear dumbfounded. Truth is, we all need love. Question is, who are you willing to give yourself to? If you say my whole name how romantic would that be? For I will wait forever and a day or at least until wedding bells ring.