

Lost Love Poem

by David Ackley

My love is like a red, red rose.

Well, not really, but she might be
if her hair or even the rest of her
were red. I'm not sure I'd like that.

It might depend on which red we're
talking about. Probably not scarlet
(tacky, overused) or maroon (too glum.)
Maybe something like carmine,
though I can't really picture her carmine.
Is it pinkish?

Fuchsia—that's red isn't it...?

And the rose, not my favorite,
is a problem
though nothing else would sound right.
My love is like a red, red fuchsia,
I'm sure doesn't work.

What are some other flowers?
(And why can't I think of their

names when I need to?)

I think my love is upstairs, packing.

Didn't this start out to be a love poem?

