

**Two poems  
by Radiance H**

The Rose

A delicate rose  
Escapes from its deadly bush  
And travels the wind.

What's up?

A saying,  
Simple small talk,  
What is up?  
I sit here,  
Thinking what is up,  
The ceiling,  
The sky,  
Outerspace,  
Oblivion,  
Then maybe,  
With hope,  
Heaven shining above.

JFK Branch Library Vallejo