



Painted Tears
Bibi Gull
Haringey Sixth Form College

Amaryllis: A 'Love' Story

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Here, where I still stand,
a flower starts to bloom in my chest
and there's a golden arrow in my hand

that draws blood, peels its petals from a strand.
I raise the tip in quiet unrest
from where I still stand.

Thirty days, thirty times stained red sand
beneath my feet reveals the fruits of this test
and there's a golden arrow in my hand.

Its violent protests planned
by my battered hands; I'm a lover possessed.
Here, where I still stand

an Oracle's careless command
punctures, pinches straight through my breast
and there's a golden arrow in my hand.

It grows, winds its way towards my shepherd's demands
bursting beyond my skin, crimson, distressed.
Here, where I still stand
there's a golden arrow in my hand.

