

DARIN PENZERA

THE SONG  
OF THE ROSE

outskirts  
—  
press

The Song of the Rose  
All Rights Reserved.  
Copyright © 2017 Darin Penzera  
v1.0

This is a work of fiction. The events and characters described herein are imaginary and are not intended to refer to specific places or living persons. The opinions expressed in this manuscript are solely the opinions of the author and do not represent the opinions or thoughts of the publisher. The author has represented and warranted full ownership and/or legal right to publish all the materials in this book.

This book may not be reproduced, transmitted, or stored in whole or in part by any means, including graphic, electronic, or mechanical without the express written consent of the publisher except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.

Outskirts Press, Inc.  
<http://www.outskirtspress.com>

ISBN: 978-1-4787-8196-7

Cover Photo © 2017 Darin Penzera. All rights reserved - used with permission.

Outskirts Press and the “OP” logo are trademarks belonging to Outskirts Press, Inc.

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

# CONTENTS

1. My Final Testament .....	1
2. The World I live In .....	5
3. The Meaning of Love .....	8
4. In the Shadow of Tyranny.....	14
5. First Meeting.....	18
6. The Night of Romance .....	24
7. The Cynic of Love.....	31
8. The Announcement.....	36
9. The Betrothal, the Betrayal.....	40
10. The Scream of the Rose .....	46
11. Defiance.....	49
12. The Song of the Rose.....	55
13. The Desperate Time .....	59
14. The Arrest.....	62
15. The Refusal to Compromise .....	65
16. The Truth of Demorte .....	68
17. The Trial .....	75
18. Rescue .....	82
19. Seizing the Gate, Seizing Freedom .....	88
20. The Sacrifice for Love .....	91
21. The Final Showdown .....	97
22. The Marriage.....	100
23. Coda to the Tragic Heroic Symphony.....	102



# 1

---

---

## MY FINAL TESTAMENT

I write these words knowing they will be the last words I will ever write. Today I was sentenced to death. This will be the final testament of my life.

I am Rose, daughter of the noble Lorenzo. I am a criminal. In those acts which men today call criminal I committed them and well earned the criminal title. By what men have inscribed on their tablets as their laws I have broken, shattered to pieces. In fact, I broke the greatest of their laws, which makes me the greatest of criminals.

I am as well an unrepentant criminal. Here in prison I still break their laws. It is a crime to write this. It is a crime to even think this. These days to be a freethinker one must be a criminal. To have any thought for oneself means one has crossed outside the boundaries set by law. The law today has no boundaries, bounds even into the human heart. It is what I upheld in my heart which men condemn as the greatest of all crimes. Yes, I have committed the greatest of all crimes, and done so *proudly*. I am the criminal who wears the title with pride.

My crime was I followed my own heart. I loved a man for my own reasons, for my own happiness. I upheld that my holy love was *the law* which stood above all that men had written as law and all they had proclaimed was holy.

I, a woman, dared to defy men. I upheld that I am not cattle to be bartered. I am not a slave to be commanded by a tyrant. I do not exist as the means to serve other men. I am an end in myself. What I upheld is that *I am a human being*. This is the true root of what men say flowered into my crime. This is the moral ideal my love has led me to wage a moral war for.

Fight for love I must, for men wage war on love these days, battle the very heart of what makes us human. This is why I battle with men today, for my love of man, against those who hate him. I stand against those who wage war on love, on humanity, on a love of humanity, who fight from a hatred of man. I have found that those who hate man and seek to destroy him that the very nature of the ends they fight for ensures they will have no moral limits on the means they employ.

To make us revoke love these days they invoke even God himself. They have tried to stop the holy ideal of love with an unholy terror. They have tried to terrorize us lovers with the vision of a wrathful God, of a coming judgment day, of enduring an eternal hellfire for following your own heart. Yet not even the threat of God's wrath coming down upon me was great enough to make me deny my love. I followed my heart and waited for the wrath of God to fall upon me.

I wish it were true, this coming judgment day. I want to be judged by this God, and by all men, for what I did and what I am. I write these words so men thru these pages may judge fairly and rightly the evidence of my heart.

Although God has not yet visited me and imposed his judgment upon me other men have acted his role and judged me. I was tried in court earlier today, found guilty, condemned to death, and then thrown into this cell. I now keep company with the rats, and found my company much improved from the courtroom today. I sit in this cold cell, with only my righteous anger to keep me warm.

They say I am to be damned to hell now, in this life and the next. Why I did this was because I knew I would be truly

damned to hell if I had not followed my heart. The price men have imposed upon me, while heavy, was worth it. It is always worth the price to follow your heart regardless of the price other men may make you pay for doing so, for to follow your own heart is the only way one will be paid with heaven on earth; to deny the heart means one will be paid with an eternal hell on earth.

I wanted only to live for my love. Now I will die for my love. I hold no surprise at my fate. I knew my potential fate, and *embraced it*. For I signed in my own blood a suicide-love pact. I choose to live for love in a society in which one is fated to die for it. Now fate has come calling for me; having delivered love to me it demands I surrender my life to it. Yet I do not feel I bargained unwisely with fate.

Even if I die tomorrow I am alive today. To not follow your true love, to deny your love, to *deny yourself*, is to sentence oneself to death, the worse kind of death, living death.

I do not damn love for what it has led me to, I damn other men for making love lead to this.

Their laws damned my love. They damned *all* love as a crime. By my laws to damn love is *the* criminal act. When the law is run by the criminals it is the good person's moral duty to become a lawbreaker.

I have long looked at what other men called the good and the holy, and damned as unholy evil, and seeing how wrong they all were wondered, who morally inverted the world? Why were men so morally wrong? That what they called good was in fact evil; that what they enshrined as divine denied the true divinity; that which they called holy deserved to be damned; that their most sacred of commandments is what most needed to be violated.

In these words I will morally right the world. I have damned all that men have upheld as the good and have found the true ideal of the good. I have broken all the tablets upon which men have written, here is the most holy of holies, and have

written my own tablet of holy laws. I have damned their ideal of the divine, and now have made man himself a divine being. I have violated their most sacred of commandments, and now write the commandment to make life itself sacred.

I have stood against the evil men; now I stand alone. I have morally renounced men's ideals of good and evil. My love now stands above their good and evil. I renounce their right to impose their laws over the law of my heart. I stand now as my own lawmaker, a divine being who writes her own holy law.

As I contemplate my tomorrow I contemplate my own death. Tomorrow I am to be executed. In this journal I will trace the course that led me to this dark fate. Do I here write a heroic epic or a dark tragedy? Others might thru their dark perspective see my fate as tragic. Yet I do not see my fate thru tragic lenses. I here sing the tragic tale of what led to my own death so thru these words all may hear a heavenly choir singing of the value of life. For here is not written the denial of life but the heroic affirmation of it.