Artificial Jealousy

I am a sculptor who has an odd thought:

If I create a gold rose in one day,

She will be delicately sharp and wrought,

But I will destroy her in a rude way.

Whoever I meet, whatever I know,

That single creature which is wonderful,

It will be my imaginary foe.

I grudge, I hate, I tend to be watchful.

Yet when I reverse the parabola,

It then changes from a frown to a smile.

Vicissitudes can be rather polar,

Hence do I adore my gold rose's style.

All things I envy are what I create,

So I should learn how to appreciate.

By 4D students
Dorian Chow (9), Candy Cheng (5),
Annok Kong (15) and Sannie Liu (20)