

Clock of Roses

by Deidre Lockyer

My heart is big enough to hold you when you are near
Full enough to cope when your chair is empty
I am an open book to you, always
Yearning for the briefest touch of your fingertips.
Catherine,
There is no clock, no timepiece
Fit to measure the length of time I will love you
And so I give you this gift
This Clock of Roses.

There are no numbers on its porcelain face
No symbols to mark the hours, the days
For my love is timeless, infinite
No human device can contain it.
So here, there are no sigils, no markings
Only paintings of delicate, tender red roses
Each petal rendered soft as a whisper between lovers
For this is how I remember the moments of our love.

This rose here...see how it glows
This was our first glance, our first meeting
And bittersweet, this one shies away
These were the days we thought we could never...be
Let the flowers fall into each other,
Spinning down as we fell into this love,
Fell into this embrace that will never end
For this love is Timeless.

Take this, my love, take it into your heart
Place it where the sight of it kisses you goodnight,
Wakes you gently each morning.
Each tick-tock, so softly sounding
These are my heartbeats, always sounding for you
Strong enough to hold you when you are near
And guard you, like the rose wall guards Briar Rose
When you are away.

I will be here, waiting
Timeless, like this gift...
Ever here, awaiting your return.

Until you return