

ROSES

by Mary Rose Kelly

Crimson

Curling

Cupped

Holders of dew and rain

Soft amidst the petals' scent

Dark

Red

Almost black

The dense pages of their brief life

Unfold with each waving wind

From darkness, inner bud, his life's pages

Unfolded with her first curious

Faltering touch

From thorns of loneliness, incompleteness

His love blossomed.... he felt her

Spirit quicken his own

Fearlessly the two intermingle the petal pages

Of their lives together....

One no good without the other