



## **The Life of a Rose**

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Spring

A young red rose  
Begins to bud  
As a child wanders by  
And picks it up.  
She sings and dances  
Playing a game only she knows  
While the small red rose  
Was blooming.

But the child is called,  
The rose is dropped.  
Carried to another place,  
It grows.

Summer

Laughter fills the air,  
The rose is in full bloom,  
When a smiling young man  
Plucks it, and places it  
In a laughing girl's hair.  
He bends down  
And the girl squeals.

She jumps up and down.  
The rose comes loose,  
And is carried off in the wind.  
It grows.

Fall

Again it is plucked  
Held against a tear-streaked face.



Placed in the hair  
Brought to a house  
Put in water  
To brighten up the place.

Harsh words are exchanged  
A vase dropped.  
The rose, left on the floor, struggling  
to grow.

Winter  
Cold nights,  
An old woman,  
And a dried-up rose.  
Remembering a lifetime ago

Then stillness.

Bells and tears,  
A dark wooden box.  
The rose is placed  
in a still hand.  
And it begins  
To grow.

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