



These Gathered Roses

These gathered roses are nothing like my love:
They have no roots to nourish them; they will not grow
Stronger with each passing year; they cannot move
About in the wind, should it start to blow,
Nor resist the rain; they cannot stand on their own,
But depend on artifice to keep them in place;
Their color will never brighten; their crimson glow
Can only dim to purples, browns, and grays;
Today they are fragrant, filling the room
With the scent of the garden from which they came,
But their perfume cannot last, fading as the bloom
Nods on its stem and loses its flame.
The loveliness they show can only decrease,
But the love in my heart will never cease.