

ANNIVERSARY ROSES

Love's symbols, they have come to mean to me;
These roses that are brought year after year
By him who promised love, and faithfully
Has kept his pledge, wiping away each tear,
Comforting me—till through my tears I smiled –
With idle words, as though I were a child.
And I have laid my head upon his breast,
Feeling that every heartbeat was for me.
In sickness and in health I have been blessed,
And life has been made sweet, as one can see,
By understanding love—and yet—and yet
If he, this man I love, should once forget
The roses that recall the day we wed,
I'd face the world with fear—that love was dead.

By: Beth Slater Whitson

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