

FRUITION

A rosebud dreamed above the garden wall,
And near it swung a tiny, crowded, nest;
The rosebud heard the fledglings' hungry call,
And wondered if to wake or dream were best.
But lo, the sun with such insistent power
Shone down that at its golden kiss, ere long,
From out the bud there burst a perfect flower,
And from the nest a lilting strain of song!

By Beth Slater Whitson

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