

## ROSES

Glowing yet with the sunshine's kisses,  
Fragrant, warm, and wet with dew,  
Nodding there in the moonlit garden,  
Ah, were I but content like you!  
Drowsy with dreams I may not know,  
Sleepy roses, I love you so.

Bearing a message of forgiveness,  
Many an aching heart you've thrilled,  
Losing your grace on Beauty's bosom,  
Nestling in hands that death has stilled,  
Mingling your sweets with life's bitter rue,  
Roses, roses, I envy you.

Crumbling in dust where love's hand placed you,  
Mutely breathing of days long dead,  
Fading symbols of life's brief summer,  
Summer that went ere its blossoms were shed,  
Memories that burn you still impart,  
Dust of roses, you break my heart.

By: Beth Slater Whitson

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