

The Rose

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The flower of virtue and love
blossoms in the early morning
to the life giving moisture of dawn.

Buds of red and yellow bursting
forth in the warmth of the new
born day.

Sparkling diamond dewdrops,
accent their beauty in the early morning sun.
Each rose a reflection of life renewed.

Fresh, clean and alive, like a promise
of hope just newly arrived.

The Rose.

*Note: I'm sure you noticed, this poem does not rhyme.
To force it to rhyme, I felt would rob it of its meaning.*