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The Rose

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The Rose

Sherry Parker

The Rose wilts on my table,
So sweet was its smell,
Smile as I reach out to touch,
Red petals so soft and wonderful,
The rose sits there waiting,
For me to look upon it and watch it wilt.
The process of the rose is to remind
Me of who gave it to me.

It's temporary beauty, which fades.
The petals go from bright red to dull red,
They change in so many ways.
I watch and even when I'm not looking
They are changing, wilting,
Dying as I watch and remember,
Who gave them to me

This one perfect rose I watched, these petals
Change, wilt, and fall, until the rose dies.
Like love, it seems to me,
Except love grows and the rose fades.
How my heart feels this empty yet I know
I love you and I want you.
This eternal love won't die.

I watch you like the rose;
You wilt in another way.
Your heart strays.
Helpless as I watch you walk away.

My mind goes blank.
I know not what I say.
All I know is that I love you.

Helpless as I watch the rose
Unable to stop the wilting of the memory as it fades,
You walk away
Not enough time