

Three white roses (a poem)

petals fall from the roses that sit in a vase
that bathed in the sun
that laughed in the rain and stared at the moon
they fill the room with beauty.....it's all they know how to do
silent sweet innocence plucked from the vine
look at us, we are beautiful, we are pure

feel the softness of our skin but hurry
we will soon be slipping into the mystery of the spirit
we are only roses
our life is short

petals lie on the mantle beneath the stems with no flowers
each one a chapter in a life lived without fear, without malice
each one a brush stroke in an impressionist's painting