

Within the folds

Poetry by
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I'd like to keep a Red Rose
and smell it when I feel blue
But everything has its own journey
And perishes along the way
Some would consider God's humor cruel
He planned for that too -
Restoring hope in little things called "seed"
With water & shine journeys continue
In the night the moon does moon things
Sharing its nightish worth of color
Over the years I draw conclusions
That God has consistently loved
I am assured - when I smell -
The folds of a Red Rose