

## The Rose

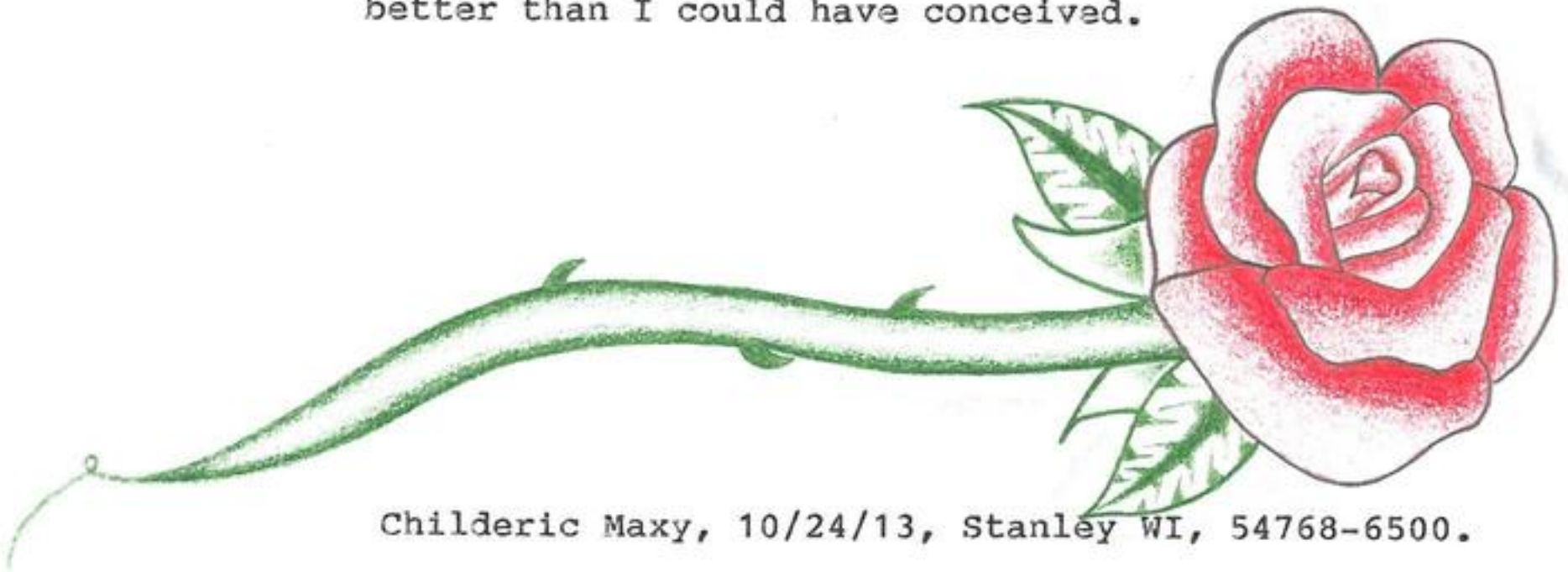
My heart was racing,  
like a horse on a racetrack.  
My hands were sweating,  
as a sea-lion on the cold sea.  
I feared an approaching menace.  
My tongue tied up, and lips shut-up.

In my hand, a "Rose" I held;  
bright and red.  
Softer than the silk of a spider.  
Alive as the morning sun!  
Its fragrance engaged,  
it spoke her unique language.

Softly, she grabbed the rose in my hand.  
Her face was lit up like a crystal,  
as she caressed the rose's petals.  
And I caressed the back of her hand!  
Our eyes ran to the chasm between us.  
Then our lips crossed our "Jordan".

Indeed, the "Rose" broke,  
the silence in our souls;  
when our thoughts, froze.  
Because of the poverty of words,  
in our souls.  
For our hearts, both paused.

It was not a violet, or daffodil.  
Though, each does, what it does each.  
The Rose is in a league by itself!  
I cannot know the Rose; its mystery,  
yet it spoke my heart's desires,  
better than I could have conceived.



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