

Summer Departing

Nestled among the red shaded hips
A single flower, half unfurled
Delicate petals, silk velvet soft
Flushed pink as newly kissed lips
On bare, thorned stem held aloft.

A warm light breeze gently touched
The stem on which the rose remained.
Releasing its sun-warmed scent to dance,
A bare shadow of the glorious display,
At Summer's height, a hundred such had made.

Yet, as the earth is wrapped in Autumn leaves,
And sharply bitter frosts forewarn of Winter's coming,
It is that last single rosebud that abides,
Warm and touched with gold, in my mind.
The last bright flash of Summer departing.