

The Last Rose

The rose weeps her last velvet petals

They fall like tears to the dry earth, still fragrant from the warmth of the summer sun

In their prime this rose and her sisters lined the border

That leads to the front door – a scented welcome to visitors

Sometimes a group of buds stood together in a vase, on the dining room table

Their furred petals slowly opening to reveal the marvel of perfection that is an open flower

Their colours glowing – blush pink, buttery yellow and blood red

Slender stems supported a deep carmine rose and filigree ferns in my mother's wedding bouquet

It seemed only right that the same rose graced the church, so many years later as we said our last goodbyes - on that late summer's day

For she, as a florist, knew every rose

And valued their beauty always