

The Fragile Rose



*Your life began as a thorny, sickly plant in an arid and barren field,
Tender hands nurtured you into a sturdy, yet delicate rose bush;
You are that windblown bush with beautiful blonde blossoms
That, when clipped, sit in a fragile Waterford Crystal Vase;
Your blooms emit a fine aroma of cinnamon and sweetness
And evoke a splendid, colorful rainbow pleasing to the eye;
Time has taken a toll on your sturdy limbs and trunk,
And you are left with sparse leaves and flowers;
Yet, the aroma and splendid display of color remains,
You are a beautiful yellow rose of Texas and my sister!*

*Marie Lowe©
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