

THE ROSE

Jim Barton

Who am I that love should turn
its shining eyes on me,
overlook the thorns
and see a rose
where none before could see?

Rooted deep within my heart,
yet dormant through the night,
it's waited long
for love's sweet song
to bring it to the light.

Petals turned upon themselves
from years of inattention,
frail, yet waiting
to be freed
at last by love's mere mention.

Now is cast a golden glow
on petal meshed with thorn;
your love, like Spring,
new life will bring
to crimson bloom reborn.

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