

WHY MUST ROSES DIE?

Francine L. Trevens

“Why must roses die?” asked the child.
“So new blooms may grow,” I replied.
“But I want this that I hold now,”
She said with deeply wrinkled brow,
“For it is all I could desire.”
“Photographs won’t expire.”
“Not good enough.” She heaved a sigh,
Tear drops tumbled from her eye.
“Everything that lives must pass.”
“It isn’t fair. Beauty should last.”
I pictured the corpse lying in state,
My once hefty mom, an emaciate.
“It does, child, in memory’s view
Beauty persists inside of you.”

“Why Must Roses Die?” © 2005 by Francine L. Trevens