**Reflection on a Rose**

*August 7, 2014*

Doth One Suppose.

Fair. Faded. Wilted Rose.

What Sprouted.

Bloomed. Withered. Died.

From Dust To Dust. Rare Form.

Shade. Perfume.

Transpired.

Rare Gifts Of Life No More. Fini.

Done. Over. Expired.

May Mirror The Path Of I.

What Seeks To Flower.

Touch. Inspire. Feed.

Soul Heart Mind Of Fellow Beings.

Instill The Gift Of. Knowing. Seeing. Perceiving.

But Ah. Alas. As So The Rose.

The Witching Hour.

Summons One As I.

Beckons. Calls.

Lifes Bouquet Fades.

Leaves Fall.

Beneath The Chill And Pale Of Winter Sky.

As So The Gentle Rose Moves On.

Graces This Poor Earth No More.

One’s Soul Flows.

To Distant Bourne And Shore.

From Clay To Clay.

One’s Own Rose.

Mortal Vessel.

Subsides. Passes.

Moves On.

Dies.