The Rose

A tiny glint of dew adorns my lip,
The warming sun shines down upon my bed,
And fragile arms still quiver at the tip,
And summer's breath does whisper at my head.
I bend and know that I may someday break
To kiss the earth which tightly grasps my feet,
And offers me a life which you may take
On gentle days if we should chance to meet.
As if transfixed, I stand beneath the sky
Which is the dome of my enormous home.
And beauty is the goal for which I try
To warm the loving hearts of men to come.

Wild flower I am not and you will know
A luscious rose if Time will let me grow.

--Michael Messina