

# The Seasonal Rose

By Judi Guith

Each new bud emerging  
Is a sign that spring is surging  
As the tulips and daffodils pop  
The icicles drop  
Winter is past

The garden is awake at last  
Soon the sweet smell of a rose  
Will be a bouquet for my nose

The rain splashes notes  
Upon each leaf that it coats  
My buds become flowers  
Each space now a shower  
Of color to grasp

By my eyes at last  
The bumblebees and hummers  
Drink your nectar all summer  
As I pull weeds round your feet  
And trim fading flowers to keep you neat  
Spray in hopes that the deer  
Are not very near  
Thinking you are salad

And bite off your best head  
I wonder at the glory of it all  
Knowing that the encroaching fall  
Will mean leaves are to change  
And colors rearrange  
Then fill the bed  
With new shades of red  
Before I know it  
Flakes drift in to sit  
While my hands and nose are both  
Now terribly cold, I am loath  
To remove all the leaves  
And cover your heads with Styrofoam sleeves  
It is time to rest and sleep  
But do not weep  
Because catalogs galore  
Arrive at my door  
I dream of what will be  
For all my friends to see  
Next season as life to continues on