

THE HEART OF A ROSE

How beautiful, the lovely rose I've found,
Whose fragrant form so soon allured my stare.
Can this bright bloom, of late a bud, have bound
My gaze with just a glance? I feel so rude
Before its fascinating presence fair.
The dew drops, as if eyes that speck her bloom,
Watch carefully the movements of my mood
And view me so sincerely as to charm
My admiration more. Her sweet perfume
Surpasses all the other soft scents near
And titillates my heartbeat to alarm!
And yet, I wonder if my stay intrudes...
I feel somewhat a stranger, standing here.
This rose has not yet blossomed to full view,
Unveiling all the secrets she includes.
Concealed beneath her petals delicate
Her heart hides privately. Will she undo
The folds, revealing all her mystery?
And must I then meet what I've always met,
Or would I then a kinder wonder see?

Sweet flower, have you seen the plains I knew,
The endless, twisting trails, by hot winds torn,
Where never tender, supple flowers grew?
Oh yes, a cactus bloom I'd often find,
But how by sand and sun their shapes were worn!
And yes, I marched to mountains green whose sides
I tried to scale, but fell, and left behind.
And too, I've known the lowland and the vale,
Where in dense, near-black forests there abides
A score of flowers, wan and dull. But in
My journeys if perchance I left the trail
To seek a beauty, I would meet rebuff,
And trying twice, I'd be repulsed again.
But now, kind rose, whom God has fashioned fair,
Though you are ravishing and I so rough,
Once more I'll wait upon a full display,
To learn if you contain a matching care;
I'll wait to see if dew drops deep inside
Retain a similar sincere array,
Or if your petals one more hollow hide.

— *David L. Hatton, 5/3/1969*