

THORNS AND ROSES

That blessing sweetly born,
the labor pains disclose:
we must abide the thorns,
if we would hold the rose.

As days the nights adorn,
So peace from struggle flows;
life's beauty comes with thorns,
for those who hold the rose.

It's love that makes us mourn,
when stinging loss bestows,
through death, the grief of thorns,
if we have held the rose.

— *David L. Hatton, 4/13/2017*