

The Rose

A single rose bud slowly
Unfolding its petals in the dew,
Its fragrance light and calling,
Beckoning to only a few.

A little hand with tiny fingers
Reaching to grasp its base,
To take it home with loving care
And put it in a vase.



But somewhere, somehow it was dropped
In the child's forgetful haste,
And unnoticed by everyone,
It lay there to waste.

Many feet passed by and trampled
And turned its color brown.
By the end of the day in its sight,
No beauty could be found.

Yet a weary traveler passing by
Did find the rose entralling
With its perfume light upon the air,
Still beckoning and calling.

About The Poet

Marie Rice is the founder and editor of PartOfTheWhole.com - wellness for body, mind, and spirit. She enjoys helping others reach their goals. When she's not online, Marie's spending time with her family, gardening, doing crafts, or **most likely** – reading a book!