Poem
Micheal Rogers

I remember the roses,
pink and red as they were;
Glistening in the rain
and the wind moved them.

They cried with the world,
and the wind moaned as well.
The clouds seemed endless
as the grey sky crawled along.

The wind tugged at my umbrella
as I picked up a rose.
I dropped it in, with a tear, and I watched
as they lowered her casket into the earth.