

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.