

OH, ROSE

We leave the garden and
Climb the steep path again
Each time the journey is hard
We enter the work shed together
The walls are hung with tools
The worker's table is worn from use

The area has been prepared
I climb on the table and lie down
showing him the place where
the large thorn is protruding

He grabs the pruning shears off the wall
With quick proficiency
He lobs off the disturbing annoyance

The blades were sharp but the job is over
Searing pain brings tears to my eyes
Fluid runs out of my wound

How can I stand the pain?
My old, irritating thorn is gone!

"Oh pruner, it hurts! Hold me!"
He tightly grasps around the wound
He lifts me to his face

"Oh rose, you are a sweet aroma."
He runs my velvet petals across his face.
"I see what I have made and it is good."

"Now others may come closer to you,
Without fear of that sharp thorn."

My wound is dry now
We return to the family garden
The worker grafts me to the rose vine
I easily slide in among the others

I have other thorns, smaller ones
Soon I will tire of their irritation
And return to the worker's table
He waits patiently for His creation

Gail Smith 2000

