

My English Rose

*Yesterday her beauty shone as radiantly as the sun's rays
and brought joy into the hearts of all who gazed upon her.*

*Yesterday her sweet perfume would caress the heavens
and stir a warm glow in those who held her close.*

*Yesterday her touch was soft, warm, gentle
and her tenderness would bind and comfort the broken-hearted.*

Yesterday she was wanted, loved.

*But time pushes forward, a sailing boat on the
waters of life.*

*Today her beauty has faded to grey
a dim light in the fog of old age.*

*Today her sweet perfume is floating on a memory
a setting sun on a winter's day.*

*Today her soft, gentle touch is brittle,
withering a black and white photograph
in a dusty album.*

The love that once blossomed is no more.

