



## *The Rose and the Thorn*

Such utter perfection in form and colour, such a heavenly fragrance wafts up to my nose,  
In all of God's most wondrous creations, is there anything more perfect than the rose?

So many colours, shapes and sizes, all blooming in a, mass of green leaves,  
No more beautiful a sight, as a bush in bloom, or a rambler, spilling over a cottage eaves.  
It's verily a sign of true love, presented to a maiden fair,  
What can be more befitting and apt, as the rose says more, than the lover can dare.

And the prickly thorns He put there, as if to remind us all the more,  
Look for joy and beauty among the thorns, just beauty would be an eyesore,  
Unfurl the petals one by one, and go deep down to the core,  
The essence of the rose is hidden deep inside, like a secret inside a locked door.

Our soul is like the fragrant centre, clad tightly within heavenly layers,  
Unfurl the petals, blossom forth, be one with God through prayers.  
Many pricks we receive, for a thing of beauty it's all a part of life,  
There can be no victory without a struggle, there can be no peace without strife.