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The Rose Bud

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Of all the blooms that decked the pews, so splendid in their vibrant hues, the fragrant rose buds caught most eyes, holding the promise of long lives.

Yet outside on the dusty road, there lay a rose bud dirt-cloaked, and hurrying feet to its beauty blind, buried it deeper till it died.

Thus embraced the lowly earth, another child in early death, a tiny moment unheeded, unsought, no one to miss it, hidden by frost.

Cold it was and nature cried, but colder still the hearts that shied, from picking up that helpless bud, choking lonely pleas to be loved.

And still goes on the cruel round of crushing, stifling innocence bound, till we no longer hear the sound of falling tears that sink the ground.