

We are the roses in the garden, beauty with thorns among our leaves.

To pick a rose you ask your hands to bleed.

What is the reason for having roses when your blood is shed carelessly?

It must be for something more than vanity.

Believe me, the truth is we're not honest, not the people that we dream.

We're not as close as we could be.

Willing to grow but rains are shallow.

Barren and wind-

scattered seed on stone and dry land, we will be.

Waiting for the light arisen to flood inside the prison.

And in that time kind words alone will teach us, no bitterness will reach us.

Reason will be guided another way.

All in time, but the clock is another demon that devours our time in Eden, in our Paradise.

Will our eyes see well beneath us, flowers all divine?

Is there still time?

If we wake and discover in life a precious love, will that waking become more heavenly?