

At a half a way towards the end of winter,
When the cold has come and flowers start to wither;
Amidst the years of uncertain toil and woe,
Appears as a rose that I picked and knew and did sowe.

I was four nearly five on my first day at school,
I went through the gate to be taught not to fool;
I made a decision to be the best I could be,
And there was a rose which was second choice to me.

It was a sad sorry rose all wilted with toil,
With its pain and it's hope that no one could spoil;
And through the trouble and turmoil of suffering and hurt,
Its petals fell off and sprinkles the dirt.

Forty years have passed by and I can remember them all,
The rose has turned up and was standing proud and tall;
This rough rugged thorn bush has sprouted one more,
And the time has now come so I picked it in awe.

This rose was a pink one without perfume or scent,
When it's normally a red one that your hearts love is meant;
But when it's a split second decision there's only one chance,
The first one is the best one and the true one romance.

So I seek now the owner whose heart I now trace,
The one who is the right one and worthy to face;
For she will be my partner and be my queen,
Because only one heart could really know what I mean.

Signed,

Through all heaven and hell