

The Inspiration

I was in my office. A young man asked me the question, "how do you write what you write?" I leaned back behind my desk. Turning my eyes upward, I told him, "I usually have a question to be answered or, sometimes, I see a picture. Like now, I see a picture of a rose bent over by the side of a road. I let that picture stay in my feelings and I begin to write what comes to me."

Later that day, I had lunch with my wife and a friend. I told them about the experience and that I couldn't get the picture out of my mind. Gathering a handful of napkins, I began to write. As the words presented themselves to me, a picture took form. When I finished writing I was in tears. The experience of a rose by the side of the road became an experience of love and I was moved. So it has been ever since then.

A Rose

I passed by the other day
Along a path
worn dusty by many feet

I passed by the other day
Feeling the weariness
of a body bone tired
of a mind
stale from too much thought

I passed by the other day
And finished my journey
a beginning
and an end
without much in between

I passed by today
But something happened

I felt a breeze
a cool
touch
of freshness

From somewhere
Someone
reached out and touched me
And I walked the path
in a new
and vital way

The In Between became alive
My eyes were opened
My head lifted
I saw

Along the pathway
by the side
of the
dust
worn
road

Stood a rose
a single
solitary
rose

Amidst all that was barren and dry
Stood that rose
that single
solitary
flower

A proud
beautiful
God given gift
of the natural

But there was a sadness to that lovely scene
the rose
was bent over
tired
in the arid air

Then the cool breeze touched the stem of that Lovely
And it swayed
gently

It was alive!
Weary
and tired
and bent down
but still vital within

My heart was stirred
Tears filled my eyes
One
then another
and another
Until they rolled gently down my cheek

And there
on that dusty
well worn road
I paused

Reaching down
I touched that rose with my finger tips
Fingers
Moistened with tears

A nectar to quench the parched loveliness
of a rose
by the side of the road

And then
quietly
with a cool breeze
lifting the petals of my friend

I passed by
Along a path
with a beginning and an end
And now
with Something in between

