



## rosepetal

a single petal  
of a rose  
brown and dry  
with age  
marked the place  
I had reached  
in a book  
unopened  
for twenty years

the glamor  
of the living dawn  
was gone

but in its place  
in various shades  
of coffee, fawn and brown  
— from where the petals once had held the stem —  
a great tree  
spread its tendrils  
like a fan  
revealing  
in the harmony  
of its quiet symmetry  
a hint of some great beauty  
yet to come  
still somehow ambered in the Maker's mind  
  
I barely noticed that the blood was gone

*Ralph Wright, O.S.B.*