

A Single Rose

All I have is a single rose,
when others have fifty-three.

Theirs hang in ample red cascades
but my one is good enough for me.

Perfection may -- or may not -- exist in eternity,
but it lives here in this moment,
in this singularity.

Some say "perfect" is a terrible notion,

an illusory potion - designed to distract us from what really matters.

They tear at its immediate glory and leave beauty lying there -- in tatters.

But I say *heed this!* This moment of turquoise blue sky,
and fragrant, dry, cool air - don't miss the catbird singing
on this day so impossibly fair!

My single rose - what can it do for you today?

Just sniff it before you go on your way.

It will give you a moment, snatched from the welter of time --
might spin you around, turn your life on a dime!

So seize the day - I insist you do!

It's time to carpe that diem, before the diem carpes you!

