

# Release

*Rose picked and given as gift  
vase tall occupied by bud, on twig  
days go by and changes take place  
growth, life, a smile on my face  
petals of red so deep and powerful  
living off water and light, impossible!  
day into night, eyes no longer so bright  
red begins to fade, danger and plight  
yet time continues as rose does die  
body left to nature, spirit to the sky  
We are but roses I tell you no lies  
given, as gifts, if only we realised  
life is a test, to succeed we must  
fear God, and place in Him our trust  
from our deep vases one day a release  
remember, your body, is truly on lease.*

Usayd Younis

