

The Primrose Path

by Terrance Boulton

As open as a wild rose
Each branch nearly equal with the rest
Its thorns, down deep, it hardly shows
Until it's put right to the test
Growing inward, full truth unseen,
With fullness closing around itself,
the thorns then tear with edge so keen,
Deeply cutting at life itself.
Outward it turns to find new light,
Bringing new strength, and yes, a bloom.
Its thriving now, and all is right
By opening it has thwarted doom!
 Thus I learned, as I almost drowned
 That openness makes a marriage sound.