

The red and the pink and the white and the yellow,

Are the best colours of a rose but one reads the fellow;

It's the salmon rose whose beauty is in a league of its own,

Whose fragrance and taste is a smell and a waste you do not know.

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This orange and mandarin shaded coloured rose has its own scent and sense,

With blending matching neatly interwoven colours to entertain and entwine;

Whose gift is a special blessing and it is perfect all on its own,

As God sits in heaven wondering if the sun will shone on it or anyone know.

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And you can love it or leave it and remember it or forget it is there,

But it really has its own beauty which is really beyond compare;

It takes a strong mind to entertain and think if the thought of it at all,

And once you notice and study it, it leads you to your own world to endure.

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And it's heaven and lovely and to be admired at all the cost of it all,

For it draws you in with its look and you wonder why you need to ensure;

But the magic is sadness as it wants to keep itself all to itself,

And when you have read all the books on the shelf you see clearly the sell.

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Like eating a salmon steak is an unbeatable glorious taste in your mouth,

The orange lemon salmon coloured rose surpasses death with life to the south;

And it feels bad to admire and bow down to its own humble greatness,

But once it has got you it is hard to forget all of its godliness.

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The salmon rose has the last laugh and final word at the end of the day,

As everyone forgets about it but she has a heart and mind for it's way;

For all it does is grow and bloom to show itself off for you to see,

And if you are smart enough you will admire it accordingly like me.

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Signed,

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Never always perfect