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## Rose Street

Carma de Jong Anderson

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## *Rose Street*

Crutched upon its weakened walls  
 An aged garden softly calls.  
 Drifting grasses, shoulder high,  
 Slow the children running by  
 And offer, on their parching stems,  
 Precious, brilliant flower gems.  
 Four steps up the weathered stair:  
 Empty lot, and no one there.

Seven-sister roses sweet  
 Curve their branches to the street,  
 Orange poppies' silken faces  
 Wink and smile through ferny laces,  
 Tiny, firey dahlias shoot  
 From a long-neglected root.  
 But no walls or gables share  
 All the lot above the stair.

Sun of summer, still and hot,  
 Burnishes the apricot,  
 Drops it in the lonely grass  
 Quite unseen by those who pass.  
 No one anymore will walk  
 Where the purple iris talk.  
 Faintly calls the little stair;  
 Empty lot, and no one there.

Inward, upward, steps inviting,  
 Flowers, fruits and birds delighting,  
 Welcoming to climb in vain;  
 Not a roof or window pane,  
 Not a door to open wide  
 Beckoning to come inside.  
 Wearing still their floral dress  
 The stairs go up to nothingness.

Carma de Jong Anderson