The Rose

A rose with a light tamatoe skin,
A rose with petles oh so thin,
Sitting there,
Perfect pose,
One fine day for one ruby red rose,
It enhances the area around,
Avoding movement or sound,
A rose sitting so comfortly,
Embeded in pure brown soil.
Nothing could let this moment spoil,
The delicate petles of the rose finally come to a close,
The day finally comes to an end,
But worry not,
Another day will soon be in bloom,
Where the rose with a light tamatoe skin,
And petles oh so thin
Will open up again reveling spring!