

Sestina: Beauty

*Long the winter, Spring comes to the garden
Bringing the first of many blooms of rose.
The air caresses us, carrying the divine scent
And gently tickling each of the senses.
One needs each to enjoy all that is nature,
Then does one see the essence of beauty.*

*But what is beauty?
All the colors of the rainbow in the garden.
It is infinite variety, the joy of nature.
Each color vies to linger in the rose,
And whispers to open the senses;
Then comes the breeze to share the scent.*

*Spicy and sweet, the flowers shed scent,
Evocative of bright and faded beauty.
Past memories tantalize the senses.
To hear the bees wander in the garden,
Moving from rose to rose
And reveling in all, as is their nature.*

*Milord built this paradise of nature,
The growing plants fill the air with their scent.
Each flower a handmaiden to rose,
Their queen, in this infinite beauty.
Should this be but a garden
Or a feast of love for the senses?*

*But, not just for the senses,
All that grows here is nature.
All that shares the walls of the garden,
All the trees and vines blend to make the scent.
All the growing things create the beauty
And the queen of all is the rose.*

*Gently over all reigns the fair rose,
Delighting all the senses,
Inspiring all that is beauty.
These rose-covered walls surround nature,
Redolent in the color and scent,
That makes this far more than simply a garden.*

*What is this rose? This symbol of perfect nature,
Giving the senses a feast of color and scent?
This is beauty, the feast of love in our garden.*

