



“Roses in December”

Go and seek in memory's lane
 For roses in December.
 There you'll find each lovely thing
 Only you remember.

Through a fog bank shimmer
 Once you saw a sun-red sail.
 One dark night you saw the moon
 Astride two tall pines glimmer.

Once at dead of night a bird
 Wakened you with singing.
 From a ground fog once you saw
 Tips of young trees springing.

On a chimney pot a gull,
 Like a bird of warning,
 You saw standing quite alone
 One translucent morning.

Would you cull in memory's lane
 Roses in December,
 Strew the seeds of lovely things
 Only you remember.

Gertrude Robinson

