## The Roses Ask For You

## by Jerry Ratch

The roses ask for you when I smell them They seem to remember your touch more than others. They can't bear it when you're gone and wonder when you'll be returning I am beginning to do the same

I no longer go outdoors to be with them because the litany of names that you whispered in their sweet ears upon leaving, has grown loud I think the neighbors hear them

The roses are planted in a row along the fence. I don't have the heart to go out pulling weeds among them. They're too red I can't go past without them catching my coat. They need pruning. You did that

Now they hang down their faces and look abandoned. Come back, I don't have the same touch. Take one more round with them Things will never be the same as before you left, but they will revive, I know it