

# 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

