

# ROSES

Go, lovely Rose—  
Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
That now she knows,  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

~Edmund Waller



## One Perfect Rose

A single flow'r he sent me, since we met.  
All tenderly his messenger he chose;  
Deep-hearted, pure, with scented dew still wet—  
One perfect rose.

I knew the language of the floweret;  
"My fragile leaves," it said, "his heart enclose."  
Love long has taken for his amulet  
One perfect rose.

Why is it no one ever sent me yet  
One perfect limousine, do you suppose?  
Ah no, it's always just my luck to get  
One perfect rose.

~Dorothy Parker