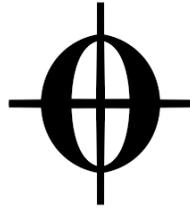


Excerpts from

With & Without

Lyrics, Prose, Stories, and Songs



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Folded Petals

On any given day,
what are the odds of you opening up a book
and finding someone else's dreams and memories?

Months, years, or even decades ago,
someone carefully took a set of rose petals
and laid them inside a book to rest and keep.

With those burgundy petals,
silently residing between pages of prose,
the invisible memories that were once alive,
now reside, silent and still.

On another set of pages a small group of flowers,
each no more than an inch in width,
still yellow at the core and with fragile white petals
and a pale green stem still attached,
were laid to rest,

What thoughts were envisioned,
what words of passion, sorrow, joy,
happiness or pity were said,
when those flowers were first given, and later pressed?

Without a written or spoken record,
there is no way to know what those flowers meant.
Perhaps a secret lies within the pages of prose
that blanket that flora each day and every night.
Perhaps the date if pressed in a calendar,
perhaps a phrase if pressed between a Psalm or a Proverb,
may shed some light on the story left unspoken.

And so now, rather than tossing aside those folded petals,
carefully place them back, and close the book,
and leave those emotions to rest.

It is almost as if one looked into a window
and saw something that you were not intended to see,
or peered into a vignette where your eyes did not belong,
or peeked into someone else's treasured dreams.

Step back, turn silently, and bow in reference.

22Sep2007

Written to describe a scenario in which everyone has a story to tell, every life has to toll a bell, every flower has the right to bloom.

