

Falling Petals

I watched the petals slowly
fall from

 a fading rose.

They fell like teardrops, one
by one,

 as life came to its
close.

To earth their beauty they
returned,

 From whence they
found their
 Source.

Silently and peacefully 'twas
Nature's

 chosen course.

As from the rose the petals
fall when

 Season's hour is nigh.

As from our lives we drop
the days as

 Years go fleeting by.

