

Frozen Rose Be Free

There before the world stands a brilliant red Rose,
In full bloom, with the precious Stem anchoring the majestic pose.

Yet, it appears to be frozen with frost hanging from its petals,
Encased in Crystal glass, not breathing, it surprisingly forever settles.

Beautiful as it is, it takes my luring breath away,
But, oh the sting of frigid cold, it seems to always stay.

The Sun light pierces its see-through case,
However, it never melts as the on-lookers patiently pace,
And they ask, "Will we ever feel its vibrant and jubilant embrace?"

How did it get there in blossom and possessing a precise groom?
There was surely planting and nourishing that yielded the wonderful growth,
Seeming hope you would think, then a sudden shattering definite doom.

It had to have flourished to result in that breathtaking splendor,
Its petals are deep with intrigue, its Stem is firmly set and slender.

The bush from which it was grown must have been deep rooted,
Or, its flaws would have shown.
Who's to blame? Clearly, it is not its own.

You can see it was rightly pruned,
Groomed almost to perfection,
But pain and isolation are now its reflection.

Oh, how it puzzles me to see it all alone,
It has infinite joy to share and bemoan.

Will a person ever smell its magnificent scent?
It is all sealed up inside without a favorable vent.

Perhaps one day we'll see the case broken,
Maybe the ice will melt and its joy can be spoken.

We pray for its release from the bondage,
Like a glory filled release of a long spent hostage.

We pray it begins to feel again the warmth of light,
So it will soar as a bird in the midst of first flight.

It will be loosed for it is His Will,
To remove the barriers and the chill,
So that lovely red Rose can share in life's thrill.

Oh how we pray the glass be instantly shattered,
So the red Rose may look and realize,
Only the future Hope is all that has mattered.

Peace, love, joy and freedom at last,
Release from the agony of the present,
Set free from the weighing shackles of the past.

This we pray in His Perfect Name,
He who removes all bonds and endless shame,
He who heals the brokenhearted and sets the captives free,
When the time is right and ready, its Savior is standing in wait,
Removing the glass cage and triumphantly crushing the unforgiving gate.

By: Howard Brockhouse 01/12/2007