

## ROSES ON THE BREAKFAST TABLE

JUST a few of the roses we gathered from the Isar  
Are fallen, and their mauve-red petals on the  
    cloth  
Float like boats on a river, while other  
Roses are ready to fall, reluctant and loth.

She laughs at me across the table, saying  
I am beautiful. I look at the ruffled young roses  
And suddenly realise, in them as in me,  
How lovely the present is that this day discloses.