Eden

Jack Bartman

We are the roses in the garden
Beauty with thorns among our leaves
To pick a rose you ask your hands to bleed
What is the reason for having roses
When your blood is shed carelessly?
It must be for something, more than vanity
Believe me, the truth is we're not honest
Not the people that we dream
We're not as close as we could be
Willing to grow but rains are shallow
Barren and wind scattered seed
on stone and dry land we will be
Waiting for the light arisen
To flood inside the prison

And in that time
Kind words alone will teach us
No bitterness will reach us
Reason will be guided, in another way
All in time
But the clock is another demon
That devours our time in Eden
In our paradise
Will our eyes see well beneath us
Flowers all divine?
Is there still time? If we wake to discover
In life a precious love
Will that waking become more heavenly?

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