

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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