

# The Fragrance of a Rose



*Poetry by AJ Boyes*

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*This book and others can be bought online at <http://www.ajboyes.co.nz>*





## THE ROSE



I sometimes think that the rose is the perfect flower

The aroma is so delicious

It makes one smile with every inhale

The petals are soft and luxurious

Sensuous and angelic

And every day that I look upon my rose

I know that God had made it

It sparkles in the dawn dew

It opens to the twinkling of the day

It breathes it's fragrance to the world

And grows in earnest towards the sky

But it is forever endangered

And the thorns do little to deter

The evil hands and mouths

That destroys its eternal beauty

And covet it for themselves

Its colours a rainbow


With a pot of gold in every stalk

It heals and soothes

It cools and nurtures

And for every breath I breathe

It's fragrance heals my soul







The book, an exciting prospect, just a little hint of what's to come, some hope, tears, laughter, joy, dear, love and contentment. – Life.

Xmas tree, tall & strong, tinsel, borbles, & stars shining bright. The smell of pine, cones of chocolate and presents as roots of the tree.

Why do we read? To confirm our lives, to entertain, to inspire, to dream, to learn, to excite, to travel, to cry, and above all, to believe.

Friday. The day of Frigg. For us Wests, last working day, last day to get jobs in before relaxing on the weekend. Fun night. Day to breathe.



Storms destroy, they devastate, they howl, they scream, they punish. But they also clean, reestablish and they wake us up to reality.





*TO A FRIEND*

*Like a flower  
A friend blooms  
Slow and full of hope and promise  
I promise to take care  
Of my tender bloom  
And my friendship I am sure  
Will blossom into a fragrant rose*



# SUPERMAN

His brown eyes looked longingly at her  
Knowing that he would die for her if he could  
Knowing that they could never be  
Her desire is for a man of steel  
A man with strength, beauty and grace  
A man who can fly and sweep her off her feet  
Yet there sits the same man  
Lonely in a corner  
Waiting for her to notice him  
The Hack from nowheresville  
The man who wears glasses  
The man who truly cares  
Yet now he has put himself in a corner  
A place she cannot see, the man behind the blue suit  
Who is with her everyday  
The man who is there but is not  
An invisible man  
Like beauty and the Beast  
He must hide behind his mask  
His love bursting to be set free  
Which can only be shown by the man  
Who is not a man but a superman  
A man who saves people's lives  
With his super strength he tries to be  
everywhere at once  
But yet there he sits  
The man who is behind the suit  
Who wishes so much that the woman  
He loves could see him there  
And love him for who he really is  
--Clark Kent--  
Lois, he loves you.

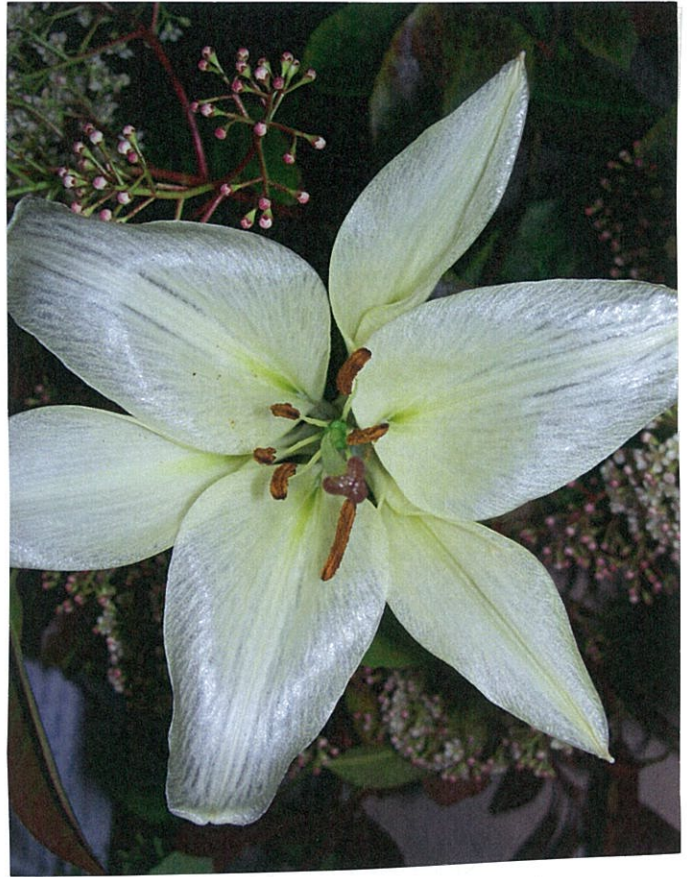




# ON THE RIDE HOME

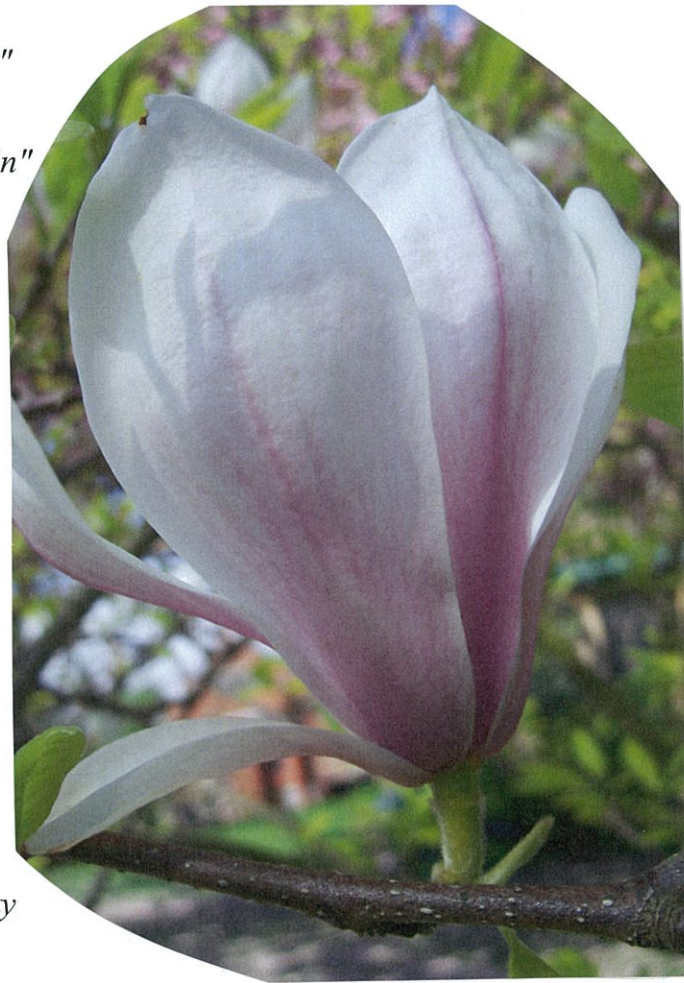
*Another hard day at work  
Boring and mundane  
so on the way home  
one can take out a book  
on the train or the bus  
and read all their troubles away.  
The scenery out the window  
rushes by in a flash  
times passes by  
and those outside are left behind  
to dream something else  
perhaps a better life.  
The congested city streets  
with those who are trying  
to make it home  
before 'Neighbours' start  
and the dinner gets cold.  
But instead on the train  
The world whizzing by  
With a nose in one's book  
in a far off world  
newspaper in lap  
the clickity clack  
and the bugle horn  
and blow up whistle  
they leave another suburban station  
and head out west  
to a cold and unwelcoming  
high-rise apartment  
with only goldfish to say hello*

*In a far off place  
in a dream world  
with handsome men and women  
mysterious but exciting*





*Life, the shocking scandals  
and the rich houses  
and "Would you like to come to tea?"  
"Lunch at two then?"  
And the "Hello Sir, please do come in"  
the garden party invitations  
The friends and secret lovers  
"Who is my real father?"  
From riches to rags  
and rags to riches  
"Oh dear! I have broken a nail!"  
And the handsome life guards  
that help you when you drown  
in a baby's paddling pool  
And the bridge parties  
to raise money for the hopeless  
Then when the hourly ride  
comes to an end  
you look up and there you see  
the grey metal walls and the night sky  
which has closed on in  
you look to see you are  
at the station before yours  
So in goes the bookmark  
and the door to the world is shut  
and once again you put away the key  
to find yourself alone  
vulnerable  
You get up and walk to the automatic door  
and enter outside into the world*







The light of day changes, the night creeps closer, the morning awakes with a smile, the sliding of the sun skirts the corners & the sky hues.

Wind. It huffs, it puffs, and can blow your house down. It cleans, erodes, it fuels, and annoys and totally ruins your new hair doo. Whoosh.

As the rays struggle through the mist, the sky clears, leaves sparkle, flowers awaken, birds sing and the world awakens to a new day.



A droplet of rain, a splash to thought. Who knows what the wispy clouds are whispering to the swaying tress. Green shoots, life affirming.

Sand, suntan lotion, salad dressing, cold cut meats, pools, and the ever present sweat of a poor mother determined to bake Xmas dinner in NZ.

Tinsel, twinkling and sparkling, tingling my nose and rustling in my ears. Aluminate my tree, no need for lights, for tinsel shines bright.







# LISA

*Lisa Lisa*

*Come my way*

*Lisa Lisa*

*Don't go away*

*Please stay here and be my friend*

*I need someone to stop me from going around the bend*

*Lisa Lisa*

*What a pretty name*

*Lisa Lisa*

*Won't you play a game*

*You are going to be my friend through and through*

*I know this as friends are forever true*







# THE BEACH

The waves pass slowly across the sand

Blue light waivers from hand to hand

The seagull flies over sea and ocean

And the children play within

The sun beams down and lightly browns

The people lying on the sand

Who knows where the wind blows next

Life is fun, enjoy it and rest upon your deck

Who knows where the day goes

Where the sun shines and the wind blows

We all sit in happiness as we watch

The children playing with buckets and spades

Palm trees whisper in the breeze

The coolness in the air, so clam, so free

The dunes hum with people's ghosts

And the ships sail lazily by, wishing they were here with us





Mothers are angels with  
golden feathers of warmth,  
beating hearts of forgiveness,  
understanding smiles and  
kisses of love and healing.



Sleep rejuvenates and brings  
completion to the day. Brings  
your hidden dreams to light  
and discusses the day's  
issues. Sandman come to me.

Shades of brown, amber and  
earth, dug deep into the  
ground its strength a  
thunderous god, its leaves  
drink the power of the sun,  
mighty oak.



Soft and gentle, fragrant and  
soothing, a rose is not a rose  
but a wonder of nature, its  
defenses a sad deterrent  
against a broken heart.





# FIRE AND ICE

The chill in the air, blends into your bones

The warmer you are, the colder you become

The sun comes no more, it hides behind the clouds

The clouds themselves are dark, grey and foreboding

The wind snaps at your heels, and sends shivers up and down your spine

Who knows where the ol' wind blows, but it's you it's always after

Woollen hats and scarves keep what they can out

But when wet, are soggy and no longer of use

Frosties and ice burgs, death and misery

Out comes Christmas, for those who are in snow

Happiness, laughter and delight, the roasted turkey and snowball fights

The snowmen and the games, Christmas is always joyful and bliss

All you have to do is look, and you will find it

In those countries with sun, they party on beaches, bake in the heat

But the joy and happiness of Christmas, is always there

Le coeur en D'ssous D'zero", does not need to be, no matter where

Fun, laughter, the joy of giving, the simple pleasure of Christmas

Will always be shared, somewhere, all you have to do is look

It's out there, ready and waiting

The warmth from the cold

Believe in it, you will love it.



## CHOICES

To make a choice,  
Needs time and knowledge  
But for some they can do it in a flash  
Others, can never make up their minds  
Always pondering about  
This or that, this one or that one

Whether you make snap decisions  
Or long and thoughtful ones  
It will be both right and wrong  
But the decision in the end will always be,  
  
Yours

## EMOTIONS

One is ruled by emotions, emotions rule the world  
If the world had no emotions  
Then it would be cold and uncaring  
Emotions are ones downfall, but brings happiness and love  
Emotions are life, emotions bring death  
Emotions is what makes us different from machines  
Those without emotions, seem hard and cruel

We cannot fight wars with love  
We can only succeed and strive with purpose  
But that purpose comes from our emotional heart  
Without emotions, we wouldn't be who we are  
And we wouldn't truly alive, we would just be.

