



*Corey Taylor Tindall*  
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## *One perfect rose*

*New fallen snow lay on the ground,  
And the light in the garden grew dim,  
As I walked alone, so very alone,  
The chances of rescue were slim.  
What is hope, a shadow or a breeze?  
Forever changing or hardly there?  
As I searched in vain for the elusive whisper,  
I finally decided it was just thin air.  
Then I came upon it,  
Following the path that I chose,  
One flower dead and dying,  
And I called it the perfect rose.  
The last few petals struggled for life,  
The flower for some relief,  
And as I saw it I thought to myself,  
"I am not alone in my grief,"  
I waited and watched,  
But the petals did not fall.  
They instead grew stronger,  
As the flower grew steadily tall.  
My hope took root and swelled,  
And I could feel it in my grasp,  
I grabbed on held tight,  
No longer in darkness' clasp.  
In my time I have discovered,  
That for most hope comes and goes,  
But it never has it left, not once!  
That beautiful perfect rose.*



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