

*Lady*  
*Alas, the Rose*

RECALLING much-missed distant days, the cheated mem'ry glows  
With thoughts of long-gone loveliness: the perfect English rose.

A gentle joy of happiness, a sanctuary of peace,  
Of quiet, demure attractiveness we believed would never cease.  
Teenage girl, young womanhood, were sweetness that we knew:  
What happened to perfection? It was killed, as if on cue. . .

The English rose has been replaced by screaming, screeching pests  
Who like to dress in skimpy vests and flash unbidden breasts.

On Friday nights and Saturdays, our rose has now become  
The raucous representative of city-centre scum.

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