

Have You Ever Been A Rose



Written By

Lady Angelica Bordeaux

Editor:

A book of a most interesting read and worthy of a book shelf placement for all to enjoy.

This book is written by Lady Angelica E.C.F.B-Bordeaux and each sentence reads another view closer to this rare and unusual beauty located within the words of this book. Life and love will always continue with our trust in self and thanks to books, stories written on this path we all can rejoice in happiness and remembering it is within our hands to reach out and love until we live life.

Words by an Anonymous source.

Limited Edition

Australia and International

A note for Lady Angelica Bordeaux:

Throughout my life I have continued to follow my needs and with those needs follow love I located within myself deep space and further than my head or my heart. That I will keep. It is only in the here and the now that I wish to share with you my understanding of that beauty. And a beauty I think is in all that is living- when you follow.

With Kind Regards,

Annabel.

Have You Ever been A Rose

Wind swirling around the parklands for days and hours brought forth change in the air a cool breeze of lavender and honey. For many, the leaves from each branch proved to be too heavy that day. Floating in the wind the leaves of many gently blew petals far from their family bed spreading a regal distance between families and friends. Landing between and in among strangers for some.

One nettle of soft calm and gentle in beauty from the closest tree in, swirls blew down towards the top of a bud sitting silently among many similar although different from each other in appearance.

Who are you? So gracious and still, young at your stem. At this time of questioning, there was only a silence returned to the breeze. I will lay here above the Earth and wait for you to grow.

The days became weeks and the rain fell more than once before the bud was carried up into the air by a stem of emerald green beauty and strength and courage.

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On the top of this slender tall and young stem sat a head of remarkable beauty. The strangers surrounding this beautiful bud were protective of this new flower they befriended overnight, and sat close to the stem for warmth that was needed.

The weeks of moments continued until the head of knowledge opened the bud into a most excellent rose petal that surrounded the rose bud stem. How remarkable in grace you are, gently sitting in the sun light of regal beauty. Each day the rose enjoyed the warmth of the sunlight and the evening skies with all its splendour.

One afternoon in the parklands, a person passing by in a small and attractive car no larger than a small white van, a business car I think? Stepped and out to greet the beautiful flower, and came a person to take in the beauty of this rose never seen before this day.

So slender was its allure in the breeze and excellent in appearance, this person with one hand reached over and gently picked up the rose and out of the Earth.

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The rose let go of the soil where it once stood still, and was now in the hands of one walking back to the van. In through the door of the white van window the rose was placed in a vase of water no greater than two inches tall and square in design.

The person once climbing into the front seat looked over to the rose at their side and said “you will look beautiful and great in my shop window among the other roses upon display.”

At first the rose was thrown from side to side in the vase of water and forward into the front of the passenger’s seat with the driver’s impatiens standing upside down where the glove compartment was left ajar during the drive to the shop.

Finally once they arrived they came to a stop. The person came around to open the door of the passenger side and collecting the rose in the right hand of its fate. It was taken into the shop and placed in the front window to display its beauty for all who walk the path alongside this florist shop.

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The sun light came into the shop window with filtered light and although the other roses were standing silent and beautiful the sunlight captured the head of this rose so slender and tall in its youth.

That same afternoon a lady walked into the shop and asked if the rose was for sale while continuing contact with the rose visually. So beautiful was this rose that the lady asked to purchase it at a cost requested by the florist. Once the florist has sold the rose to this lady the rose raised its head a little more to greet the one that purchased it.

The lady during the walk through the path stoped to enjoy a time with friends. And gently placed the rose on a soft surface to share time with familiar friends. The rose was picked up and carried further down the path to a garden bed were it lay for three days and three afternoons. During this time the rose was in need of water and a soft touch that will clean the rose petals from the carriers recently placing it on the garden bed alone for days.

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A small spider not far from the rose thought it was a great place to start a web and make this web a unique in design. Along each petal the spider walked over left to right until the web was spun and the gentle threads were a vision seen only by the spider. The rose felt it was covered in chains of light and still sticky threads. People walking past eating and drinking looked at the rose covered in threads and commented on the beauty while going about their day.

Bread crumbs fell on the top of the rose petals as the people ate their freshly baked bread passing by. Dogs walked past and in thinking had thoughts of many things while continued along their path.

The web from this spider found an aphid in its path and this aphid decided to climb on top of the rose bud and began to drink the water from the petal. The rose asked what on earth was going on in this garden.

But the spider did not speak English and Spanish was its forte.

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The web did not answer as the thread prevented communication during the time of attraction. What was this beautiful rose thinking of when in this garden?

The morning sun rise was at 5.30am and the rose stood tall to greet him. Will you pick me up in your hands and carry me with you to safety thought the rose?

The gentleman with his feet collected the rose and stem in his hands and flew up and on over the roads towards the water's edge close by the shopping location and delivered the beautiful rose to the edge where the rose may drink the water it needed to survive.

Laying out in the cool shaded area by the water's edge a big nose came out of nowhere and stuck its self into the rose petal. and with a blend of air this noise attached to a face of another said this rose has been away from home to long and the beauty is to rare to leave behind.

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I think I will take this rose to a better place and together I will put it in soil to give it a chance to grow away from all others. Only when the bee stops swarming above the rose head I am able to carry it away in safety.

A moments grace and a butterfly gently collected the rose. Together the rose and the butterfly flew over to the fields in the distance and among the other flowers where the rose was now planted into the soil for a chance to grow tall and happy.

Months passed by the rose and whispers of the rose family were about the cousins who grow slender and tall at the garden beds a little inside the race course. Where all were watered daily and aphids was a thing found only in books that people read about during a time of rest.

The beautiful rose asked one of the flowers what it was this flower did hear when speaking about the cousins.

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The flowers close by turned to the rose and said all they could hear with relation to the race course and the colours that the cousins became during their time of growth.

With this information the rose looked up in to the sky and small droplets of water were seen on the petals of each rose by all the other flowers.

One flower said do not fear you are by far the most rare and beautiful of all the flowers seen in all the gardens, you need no introduction your petals are correct and your nature graced.

With this the rose thanked the others for their kindness in communication and fell asleep.

The next morning a field master came to visit the flower bed and all the surrounding flowers while the rose was sleeping.

I will take them all he said and all were ripped out of the flower beds in armfuls.

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Each flower was pulled out of the ground and their legs were left hanging in the air above the ground that day.

One flower said aloud where are my shoes? The other asked where we are going? And the rose sat silent looking as beautiful as a rose may look in the arms of one so intent of taking all the flowers away from their beds.

The rose looked down a little to see what was left behind and with the petals slowly closing, whispered it is time to say good bye. The day was long and the earth soil was soft but the rose petals remained closed.

The arms of the field master were long and gentle and yet the air was filled with change. Will the rose be sent to a florist window to bake in the sunlight through the day?

Will the rose become a part of a garden where love surrounds the bud and stem? Will the rose befriend the field master and remain in his arms forever?

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These were thoughts of all the flowers and friends the rose had touched within their hearts once greeting her.

All the flowers were delivered to a stand for a basket to be woven in kindness. The flowers they are sick. The rose was taken to the convent nearby and blessed with a cross that is known as the crucifix.

Let me whisper into your petals ear that you are the most beautiful rose I have ever beheld or placed in my hands. And with my eyes I will forever remember your beauty within for you are greater than and no less than the picture I will keep beside me.

I will lay you in a white fabric and your future will remain. Be with me in a vase forever and I will place you upon my window ledge where I will look at you with love in the light of every day and the night sky of every starlight and moon beam that I see. And with that the rose let out a soft gentle voice and whisper.....

Thank you.

Written by Angelica Bordeaux

