

Rosemary for Remembrance

Rosemary for remembrance they say
Its vibrant blue remembers Mary's gown
The mother of the man now grown
Now lost on that bleak spring day

It spiky leaves remember crown of thorn
The hammer, nails and lifted spear
And soldiers, laughing, dicing for his gear
Its scent, the ointments on a body torn

Take rosemary this Eastertide
And intertwine it with your bouquet
That folk will notice and will say
Remember, thorn, nail and wounded side

For it remembers, in scent and hue
The man who healed and talked
Who laughed and wept and walked
And died for me and you

VMW