

## ***Glass Roses* by Terry Weide**

As an expansion of fiery glass,  
May shape a rose in red filigrees,  
All thorns by sandy words I pass,  
For forms limited are also free;

In arbors of my mind I create,  
Beauty in unchanging flowers,  
My thoughts have gardened fate,  
And wreath'd time in his bower;

All I seed and plant is here,  
For you to plot and to define,  
To judge if my glass be clear,  
Or if this stem is ill designed;

Yet if herein you see no rose,  
Under other vines please repose.