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THE BRIER

The snow's melting. Every day.

The frost escaped far away.

Winter had to disappear.

Spring was coming overhere.

„I would like to grow up fast,
because I must know at last,
what I will be.” - little miss
wondered with the garden's bees. -

„Pink or yellow? Red or white?
Or gold - shiny and all bright ?”
- these were questions of the year
that were asked by curious brier.

Older sister of this miss
grew near and told: „Listen sis
I was blooming in the past.
Summer sunshine feeds me fast.
When I catch a lot of sun
my fragrance is the best one.
That is why I have a knack
to get into flower's trug.
But you won't get there - dear child
because you are simply ... wild. "

The rose finished. She was glad
but her sister became sad.

Spring weeks past and summer came
and the biggest garden's aim
was to remain very sunny -
a place of smells and fresh honey.

Mrs. Rose (it's the big one)
achived yearly summer plan.
She sat on her throne with grace.
Like a queen! Where ? In a vase!

Miss Brier (this is the small one)
had a lot of real fun.
She was in bloom and in ... pink -
blooming color - normal thing -
like a mother of sweet scents
who gives jobs for buzzing friends.

Golden autumn and it's member -
colourful and warm September
came one day to make the change
of the garden's harvest range.

Mrs Rose will very soon

forget about her great bloom.
She will dream of holiday
in warm countries. Until May!

But what about little brier?
She was full of real cheer,
because she had lots of fruit
that make the juice. Healthy food!
Well done! Splendid! Cheer! Good luck!
And she got into a tug!
Very happy, glad and smiled!
Bravo! Bravo the rose! Wild!