

Joyce MacIntyre

Envy

You danced at the wedding of your first born
I gently laid one red rose upon my son's grave
You celebrated the birth of your first grandchild
your tears proudly proclaimed the
 heir to your name
My tears fell on empty promises
 and unfulfilled dreams
You weep for your child's heartache
 you rejoice at his
 triumphs
I weep for what will never be
 I rejoice for what once was
You slice the cake to yet another year
I gently lay a single red rose upon my child's grave