

# TAKE HEART

## A Conversation in Poetry

*Edited & Introduced by Wesley McNair,  
Maine Poet Laureate*

Roses have long been associated with love, but seldom so movingly as in this sonnet by Thomas Carper of Cornish.

### Roses

*by Thomas Carper*

During the night of fever, as she lay  
Between an exhausted wakefulness and sleep,  
I sat beside her fearfully, in dismay  
When her slow breathing would become so deep  
It seemed that she might slip beyond recall.  
Then I would touch her; then she would revive;  
Then, when her eyelids opened and a small  
Smile would greet me, hope would come alive.  
With morning, the ordeal was over. Gone  
Was every trace of illness. A soft rain  
Had swept across the countryside at dawn,  
So even our garden was made fresh again.  
Then Janet went among our roses where  
She and the roses shone in luminous air.

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