

A bed o roses

I've been a keen gardener for most of my life. There are minor risks involved, but nothing like the horrors other aspects of life can land on you.

“A bed o roses”, that’s the wey
an optimist looks at life;
but beds o roses thorns will hae
as sherp as ony knife.

Thae bushes ye sae much admire,
that bonny blooms adorn,
if touchin them is your desire,
be wary o the thorn.

As for the scent, let me pint oot
at risk o bein slagged,
while sniffin roses there’s nae doot
yer neb may weel get jagged.

Sae there ye are, I’ve pintit oot
rose bushes can be tricky;
but you’ll juist laugh at me nae doot,
an stert tae take the mickey!

Aye, “bed o roses”, I’ll admit,
is the picture that prevails;
but tae ma mind, a better fit
for life’s a “bed o nails”.