

The Legion Rose

Poem

Louise Wright Doe

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**Artist's Name:** Louise Wright-Doe

**Title of Entry:** The Legion Rose

**Category:** Literary Arts

**Sub-Category:** Poem

Senior Games In The Pines

The Legion Rose

The silent shade and spoken light

A chorus from the hymn of night

The crimson belles of summer sway

As monkshood in their pulpits pray

White stockades and prison dew

The march of dawn devout and new

The fabled rose a hundred wide

Now yearly cast their vests aside

With idle care assuming went

Where petal troops are not exempt

From portions of exalted sleep

To blighted camps that winter keep

They flaunt their style in every stead

The joint brigade of worldly red

The frantic stay of beauty's foot

By musket moon will execute

No skirmish move will prove them slain

Their blushing onslaughts still remain

In bold excess replacements grow

With pomp and royal buds in tow

No call to heed or they disarm

The only weapon is their charm! Louise Wright-Doe