

April Roses along the Portuguese Camino

Roses cloistered in carefully tended gardens breathe color into the spring air.

Orphaned roses by crumbling abandoned dwellings miraculously thrive, their blooms abundant and expansive.

Roses sing in loud joyful choirs, exclaiming their vitality to all with eyes to hear. Vibrant vibrato petals of burgundy baritones, orange tenors, yellow altos, lyric pink and coloratura white sopranos beckon with extravagant invitations. Chartreuse buds swell in anticipation of joining the rapturous chorus.

Yet roses are oblivious, unaware of their competing temptations, blind to their glorious ascension into a sunlit blue sky, deaf to the harmonies and descants they exult.

Pilgrims pause to marvel and adore, grateful for nature's exuberance and resilience, relishing revelations that rival those sought in dim splendor of silent gold-gilt chapels.

GR Davis

16 May- 4 June 2026