

ON RECEIVING A DANISH BOWL
OF DEHYDRATED ROSES

The hart, my lady, leaps on the lid
of your forest graven Danish bowl,
as if from Solomon's canticle,
and over a buried summer bed
of the small roses you have salvaged
for a lover in his cubicle
of winter shade, needing a graceful
antler crown swinging above these red
and huddled buds and their sleeping blood.

Having grazed a thought of the melancholy Dane on this morning in March,
and some pain trickling of an old search,
you ask the mind if it is willing
to be limber again and fall on
the ancient track and under the archway of your pine and skeletal birch.
And the mind is already filling
hollows with roses wet and swollen.

Raymond Roseliep