

## 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 melan-  
choly 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 arch-  
way of your pine and skeletal birch.  
And the mind is already filling  
hollows with roses wet and swollen.

*Raymond Roseliep*