

## Rose

Rose on the breast of the world of spring,  
    I press my breast against thy bloom,  
My subtle life drawn out to thee: to thee its moods  
    and meanings cling.  
I pass from change and thought to peace, woven on  
    love's incredible loom,  
Rose on the breast of the world of spring!  
How shall the heart dissolved in joy take form and  
    harmony and sing?

How shall the ecstasy of light fall back to music's  
    magic gloom?  
O China rose without a thorn, O honey-bee with-  
    out a sting!

The scent of all thy beauty burns upon the wind.  
    The deep perfume  
Of our own love is hidden in our hearts, the  
    invulnerable ring.  
No man shall know. I bear thee down unto the tomb,  
    beyond the tomb,  
Rose on the breast of the world of spring!