



'He Was A Rose'.

Sometimes thorns feel like kisses,  
When you're enchanted by the beauty of a rose.  
Deep secrets, hidden at its centre,  
Fragile and enclosed.

Shielding infinity, the mystery is untouchable,  
You reach out to try to caress it,  
But you are given a warning, stay away!  
Shooting barbs of penance, for wanting, to make you pray.

Yet maybe, the purpose of the rose is,  
Solely, to marvel at its beauty.  
And the aching desire to bathe in its wonder,  
Is the only memory we make.

To follow the path of sunlight's echoes,  
As dapple-lit, wildflower pastures, sway in golden blades.  
And experience God's intention, in Light,  
Ergo,.... we flourish, unafraid.

A year of longing later, honeybees return, to the vector of time and good faith,  
The allure of Eden, promised in a flower.  
"Rosa Fera!", a fragrant fortress set on filament beams; Rome's crystal heart,  
Where Love is freed from her darkest spaces.

Silently, a queen dusts down shelves of stubborn guilt; outlaws the shade,  
Her mission?....To replenish jars of nature's merciful nectar,  
Glinting pistils spark, ignite our hopes, repair our dreams,  
Through Grace, a star's resilience, rebuilt.

*Poem and photograph,  
by Cam Gold.*

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\* *Rosa fera* = Latin for Wild Rose.