

A LITURGY OF ROSES

I.

THIS is for you for whom bloom certainly roses.
This is for you whose reasonable temper it is to disavow
wanting all things more effete than rooms full of ferns
without blooms, as bell-shaped conservatories, for whom
green gloom is sufficient without those roses
And yet who have everywhere beds more or less ingeniously
concealed by less suggestive pieces of furniture, such as
sofas whose backs collapse into beds at the touch of a button
Whose suspiciously handsome and languidly moving domestics
are not surreptitious enough to disguise their slow going
To rooms curved as wombs
The warmth of which hums as a live wire every few hours,
announcing, Yes, now, now is the moment, yes, now
A power that draws the light back into its source, until you
let go and all of those doors floating open on those who have
roses going to those who have roses, in chambers which those
without roses have been allowed to go out of.

II.

But I am not sure that I have learned how to let go
Of not particularly caring enough to make the heart sick,
this comfort that should not fail to suffice until later,
much later, while moving through rooms that are lucky with
sun until later, much later,
While moving through rooms of dual purposes and concealed
appurtenances to the heart of abundance from which flow
eternally roses,
Roses, all roses, the immense impartiality of all God
and all roses!
Orifice emptying, never emptied of roses.
Because you are tolerant only of those who have roses,
Your eyes including their roses in bouquets of your own
and saying, These roses, all roses, my roses,
though still in the arms of those who came bearing roses.
And by the same token confessing: My tongue, my tongue, not
your body,
My body, my body, not you, while murmuring You, while con-
tinually murmuring You, you, you,
Translated as I no matter how murmured to whom.

III.

Or getting up in the morning by plan or caprice
To cut your sweet love in the body, cutting your sweet, sweet
love more and more in the body, increasing her wounds and the
hemorrhage of them much faster than she in her running is
rapid enough to staunch them,
Cutting your sweet, sweet love so much in the body
And making such love to the throat of your love with a knife
that nostrils will not be necessary for her.
And shortly thereafter, for the sake of expedience,
Dragging her purified body into the bathroom and dismembering
her purified body in the bath-tub, dismembering her purified
body and depositing various parts of her purified body
In three salty branches that water the Autumn rose island.
And if you enquire of your love if the water is salty,
Your love will reply, It is salty, yes, it is salty.
Are all roses salty? Not altogether but often.

IV.

But I am not sure that I have learned how to let go
Of not particularly caring enough to make the heart sick
of anything but those roses,
Those white-hot doctors that cauterize our wounds with
irons soft as roses,
All roses, the immense impartiality of all God and
all roses,
Announcing, Yes, now as before, yes, now is the moment,
A power that draws the light back into its source, until
you let go and all of those doors floating open on those
who have roses going to those who have roses, in chambers
which those without roses have been allowed to go out of
Announcing, Yes, now as before, yes, now is the moment,
yes, now
As it was in the vagina, yes, now, and ever shall be