

I AM LIKE A ROSE

I AM myself at last; now I achieve  
My very self. I, with the wonder mellow,  
Full of fine warmth, I issue forth in clear  
And single me, perfected from my fellow.

Here I am all myself. No rose-bush heaving  
Its limpid sap to culmination, has brought  
Itself more sheer and naked out of the green  
In stark-clear roses, than I to myself am brought.