

## ROSE OF ALL THE WORLD

I AM here myself; as though this heave of effort  
At starting other life, fulfilled my own:  
Rose-leaves that whirl in colour round a core  
Of seed-specks kindled lately and softly blown

By all the blood of the rose-bush into being--  
Strange, that the urgent will in me, to set  
My mouth on hers in kisses, and so softly  
To bring together two strange sparks, beget

Another life from our lives, so should send  
The innermost fire of my own dim soul out-  
    spinning  
And whirling in blossom of flame and being upon  
    me!  
That my completion of manhood should be the  
    beginning

Another life from mine! For so it looks.  
The seed is purpose, blossom accident.  
The seed is all in all, the blossom lent  
To crown the triumph of this new descent.

Is that it, woman? Does it strike you so?

The Great Breath blowing a tiny seed of fire  
Fans out your petals for excess of flame,  
Till all your being smokes with fine desire?

Or are we kindled, you and I, to be  
One rose of wonderment upon the tree  
Of perfect life, and is our possible seed  
But the residuum of the ecstasy?

How will you have it?--the rose is all in all,  
Or the ripe rose-fruits of the luscious fall?  
The sharp begetting, or the child begot?  
Our consummation matters, or does it not?

To me it seems the seed is just left over  
From the red rose-flowers' fiery transience;  
Just orts and slarts; berries that smoulder in the  
bush  
Which burnt just now with marvellous immanence.

Blossom, my darling, blossom, be a rose  
Of roses unhidden and purposeless; a rose  
For rosiness only, without an ulterior motive;  
For me it is more than enough if the flower un-  
close.