

these from my mother's greatgrandmother's rosebush white

roses are probably the least probable roses  
of her improbable world and without any doubt  
of impossible ours

—God's heaven perhaps comprises  
poems(my mother's greatgrandmother surely would know)  
of purest poem and glories of sheerest glory  
a little more always less believably so  
than(how should even omnipotent He feel sorry  
while these were blossoming)roses which really are dreams  
of roses—

“and who” i asked my love “could begin  
to imagine quite such eagerly innocent whoms  
of merciful sweetness except Himself?”

—“noone  
unless it's a smiling” she told me “someone”(and smiled)

“who holds Himself as the little white rose of a child”