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“though your sorrows not  
any tongue may name,  
three i’ll give you sweet  
joys for each of them  
But it must be your”  
whispers that flower

murmurs eager this  
“i will give you five  
hopes for any fear,  
but it Must be your”  
perfectly alive  
blossom of a bliss

“seven heavens for  
just one dying,i’ll  
give you” silently  
cries the(whom we call  
rose a)mystery  
“but it must be Your”