

Rose Cross

I survey this rose,
seeing into its center,
in and in
to a divinity fed by rainwater
and sparkled by sunfire.

Never was this rose
merely a pretty flower.
It blooms big in the center
of the Cosmic Cross,
bathed in blood-red tones.

The center of the Cross
and the center of the Rose,
conjoining,
reveal and conceal
the Crux of Creation.

Was there in our universe
a big bang
with no one
in the forest to hear it?
Were there thorns
before there was a rose?
A cross before there were saviors?

Look into the center of this rose,
dizzily down into
the center of your head,
for the source of the big bang.

Search into the cross's crux;
drill into the core
of your own hurting heart
to find a blazing forth
of eternity's splendid light.

Now take this rose,
this cross.
Hold them dear until
the next big bang,
which no one will hear
either.

We will know each other
then as now,
for we will say a secret word,
which is _____.
Remember?