

La Vie en Rose

The man who was the man who did not want to blunder
Looked over the field, it was a field of roses,
Thinking how good that he arrived, no longer living there,
 down under.

He had been a bit of a wild man in his not so palmy days,
An aboriginal of all life's doubts, hates, fears—
How had he come at last to these more dulcet ways?

Was it when the woman, the mythical woman, came to the mouth
 of the cave,
Liked what she saw, and threw him a rose,
That he had his first presentiment of how to behave?

Many roses thrown and, then, many, many rose-soft kisses—
It takes a while to build the notion of a view
Which overlooks the place where bliss is.

Then there it is, the ravishing, long, memorial garden—
No doubt, from time to time, something aboriginal shudders
 in the shadows,
The woman of the roses has a touch that promises to harden.

I know, having felt the warmest love go statuesque:
After the rain of roses, a little marble in the kiss—
Of all the things the wild man did, this was the greatest
 risk.

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