

# In Memoriam

The first rose breaks through bud's entanglement,  
The power of Spring tears open the cloud curtain  
And the blue above us revives heart's joy and hunger

We cast around for those who, surely, will understand  
Should we lift a rose from a stalk's imprisoning  
And give it to them.

Would that be arrogance? After all, in truth  
Do not all flowers beyond the law's chicanery, belong  
To them as to us all?

We hope, somehow, they'll wear this gift  
Somewhere upon their clothes  
Or let it float, maybe, on water filling a China or a Wexford vase  
To create a love for us where there was none  
Or to augment a love already present  
That will reveal itself in a smile or an eagerness to listen.  
Embodied in transfigured flesh, this love will stand,  
Framed in the doorway of a house known well

Where, through the flower-hung portal, all of the Father's rooms  
astir with joy,  
History's culmination, in your welcoming arms  
Will blossom for us after our long protracted exile.

So finally we learn: a rose speaks with that intense vocabulary too  
That grows within earshot of all our eloquent yet silent yearning.  
The gift at which we fondly gaze,  
Petals pearled after rainshowers, where insects, lured into darkness  
Find themselves lost in an overwhelming fragrance,  
Comes like us, the world and those we love and have loved  
From that Father the Gospels speak of  
Who never loses, like we can and do, the power of love.

**ERIC CHURCH**