The Rose

By Jean Valentine

a labyrinth,

as if at its center,
god would be there—
but at the center, only rose,
where rose came from,
where rose grows—

& us, inside of the lips & lips:
the likenesses, the eyes, & the hair,
we are born of,

fed by, & marry with,

only flesh itself, only its passage

—out of where? to where?

Then god the mother said to Jim, in a dream,

Never mind you, Jim,

come rest again on the country porch of my knees.

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