THE ROSE IN THE ROCK

by

Janet Scott Hunter

high above the violent pool
embedded vortex
petrified rose
dangerous petals
sectarian revealed
in stagnant kiss
a deadly echo of swirling depths
below in hidden trauma
pollen dropped and drowning died
sole hope gone
slender stem bending through
the arid deathscape
seeks release
from rockfall thunder
whose tender pulse is all but silent
fire black grass remains in ash
no scattering wind no whispy strand
strange gland this flowering organ
demonstrates a surface calm
palm-display that would appease
descends the rush of cataract thorn
exploding vein in bloodshot eye
this vicious time
the rose alive