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## An Open Rose Robert Bly

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**Robert Bly**

AN OPEN ROSE

Why do we say that the rose is open? It opens as the road opens ahead of the traveler, as the water opens an instant after the diver has disappeared ... the lion secretly feeds in the long grasses while still asleep in the cave. The grassy hollow is still hidden to which the red poppies on the slope lead us.... Only the pheasant's head rises over the October grasses blown by new wind.

If I see water go over a rocky ledge, my urge is to follow after (we hear of those fatal accidents a few months after the friend dies). I feel the loneliness of "he who is not with us"—that place far inside the curling water, far inside the rose's petals. Where you go, I go....