

The Rambling Rose

by Keech Ballard

The rambling rose foreswears the dexterous stopping,
unaligned and unperturbed she rolls;
safely, swiftly dropping to a landing within reach,
she blushed and sighed unto my hand unfolds.

The casing of her latticework a pinnacled embrace,
ascending to a point wherein we high,
alight upon a metaphysic salient lit ghost,
which (that) ebbs and weaves afore across the sky.

We laden lie together now and ponder that thin veil
which led to this uncomprisal relay,
and when the eve is gone and she is too and we are done,
I'll lay in dream and comfort this and pray.

