

Healing Romance of the Rose

by Jackelope Random

I.

In the far of woods I know
Of a secret blooming rose
Guarded by vines and thorns
And all the animals born
Within that hollowed grove.
But there came a burning drought
To try to drive that flower out
And curl it into a black dead mass
So people would not stop but pass
And trample on the very core
Of what spread beautiful before.

The dying rose spoke to the wood
That kept in it's heart a love of good
And all that was in bloom
It could not let that happy rose
Fret about in terrible death throes
Would not be its tomb.
And so the wood whispered far and wide
For a knight to come abide
Within the woods awhile.
To abide and draw out magick spells
From secret hags in secret dells
And turn that dying rose again to smile.

II.

Now in the fields, as it is known,
Where Damon's land is best mown,

A shepherd heard the call.
It spoke to him day and night
And soon he felt it was only right
For him to give his all.

He knew not of army ways
But only the loving suns rays
And how some certain slants of light
Could set the field blazing right
Into the heart of any man,
Woman, child, or poet grand,
In the small and quiet hours
That blessed field and flowers.

If only he could bring the light
To touch the rose all would be right
And so he set out to harness the sun--
Though the town all said it could not be done
He knew it could.

III.
To find out how to guide the sun
Into the dark and murky wood
He journeyed deep into the grove
This humble knight so awful good.
From tangle tree to grey swamp marsh
From gentle breeze to hurricane harsh
He traveled through the brambles
Until he found a moss-grown hut
Spread out before his rambles.
Inside a hag, with drooping nose,
Burst out singing, and then in prose
Recited a siren spell
And offered him illusion — all
Things that before compelled

Man and Wife to eat and fall.

Dark and lightning streaked night
He shivered in the cottage
He sword in hand, keeping candlelight
To rebuff the hag's demon frottage
The attempts to lie with him so pure
And bleed his life away
He used his blade this ailment to cure
And so it slowly turned to day.

The hag she came to the knight
When the day was shining bright
And breathing through the trees
She bade him kneel down.
So he bent to the ground
And she dubbed him on his knees.

Then as he was caressed by the light
He rose now a true knight
And the hag gave him plates glass
Suddenly, as wind blew threw
It came to him and he knew
How to make that rose's disease pass.

IV.
Through the woods he rambled round
Until that unhappy rose he found
Dying blackening on the ground
He bent to it at first
And said "I will soon liberate
You from this most awful fate
With wit and love and this plate
You will be un-cursed"

The rose it said not a thing
But sparkled whimpering
A dim reminder of it's past spring
And he climbed up the trees
He swayed to and fro as he climbed
He felt no doubt within his mind
Dragging the plates of glass behind
Wagging in the the breeze.

Carefully he placed each plate
The small on bottom, large on top
Then slid back down to wait
As light came through, drop by drop
And from a nearby running brook
Some water in a pouch he took
And fed it to the rose
And it rose up once again
And became a beautiful woman
with crimson petal clothes.

"Oh thank you knight,
From fields so far,
To raise me back to bloom
For I was not right
Only a fading star
'Til you brought me from that tomb

"As you have brought me the light
I will light you, my knight
And we will be enmeshed
I'll kiss you for eternity
And we will marry you and me,
As you have no doubt guessed."

V.

These words she spoke so soft
As she kissed him in the lips
They rose entwined, knight and rose
Into the bushes slipped.

They built a house in the woods
Rooted where the rose-maid grew
She was healed, and he could say
He loved her as much as I love you.

