

The season begins with the dog roses.
Beloved by the bees,
their scent is fresh in the first sunlight.



A catalogue of roses
by mazaher
XX yyyy, 2013

Later on come the cultivars,
old and new,
dressed in the colours
of fashion past and present.



Pomifera duplex, with her two proud
crowns of petals and the motto
Non bramo altr'esca;

the hundred hungry
blood-red mouths of *Eva*;



Scepter'd Isle of the soft pastel
shades and wafting perfume
of myrrh;

the thin incense of *Chinensis mutabilis*,
twelve feet high toward the sun;



the elegance of the tight *Imperial*,
dark crimson and *passé* like an issue
of Maison&Jardin from the late '50s;

late-flowering *Blumenschmidt*
with its pale green heart.



Later still, in November, the thin fogs
in the early morning,
the smell of decaying wood,
and the pale lilac
premonition of *Rosa calvaria*.

