

Rilke's rose *Rosa alchemica*

easy to become a poet
you venture into your unease
it is a naturally occurring disease
developing into a facility to praise

constantly extending from old wood
longer sentences grow like trees
their silhouette against the sky
still there after you die

2 December 2012

*I would have to learn the steps
of an exceedingly antique dance*
W B Yeats *Rosa Alchemica* 1897