

Mary Siegrist

A flower from Heaven.
A breath of pure air
Wafted amber pollen from Sukhavati's fields
To the lips of a praying rose.
The rose conceived,
And when Spring's wand awakened slumbering Earth,
Her eyes beheld this strangely blooded foundling.

Half-remembered:
Her Sire's invigorating élan
Scents her petals with its transcendent fragrance,
But Mother's earth-roots hold her to the ground;
Flower who would hold her head above,
To fly away and frolic with the Upsaras,
Restrained in spite of self.

O ye knight-errant bees and butterflies!
Come whisper in soft language to yon blossom
Of the suffering souls scattered over the world,
Of the drooping hearts, the saddened bosoms,
The trampled slaves of man-made despotisms,
Knowing not how to loose these ensnaring nets;
Joyless, sunless, hopeless, in despondency.
Such she-flowers by a single full-fledged nod
Can save them from their thought entangled doom.

Flower of Earth and Heaven,
Perchance for some such mission wert thou born,
To bring some substance from the encircling spheres
To lead the caravans anon.
So live,
And having lived, thou shalt return again,
A faultless daughter of joy and love and truth.