

REMEMBERING TREBLINKA
(Rosa centifolia, pink and white)

Each cabbage rose, said Beth, reveals a face
She knows. Before the starry stamens show,
The outer petals collar it like lace.

Sometimes it takes a week for her to place
The name, identify the cameo.
Each cabbage rose, said Beth, reveals a face.

They curtsy when she passes, fill the space
Between her thoughts, the gate and her chateau.
The outer petals collar them like lace.

Each day she carries in another vase
Of pastel images from long ago.
Each cabbage rose, said Beth, reveals a face.

Pale mooncups form a satin carapace
For sorrow, hold it out of sight below
The inner petals, collar it like lace.

Perfume conspires with size in final grace
To bless each breath and set each sense aglow.
Each cabbage rose, said Beth, reveals a face,
The outer petals collar it like lace.