

In the Name  
of the Rose



Austin S. Torney



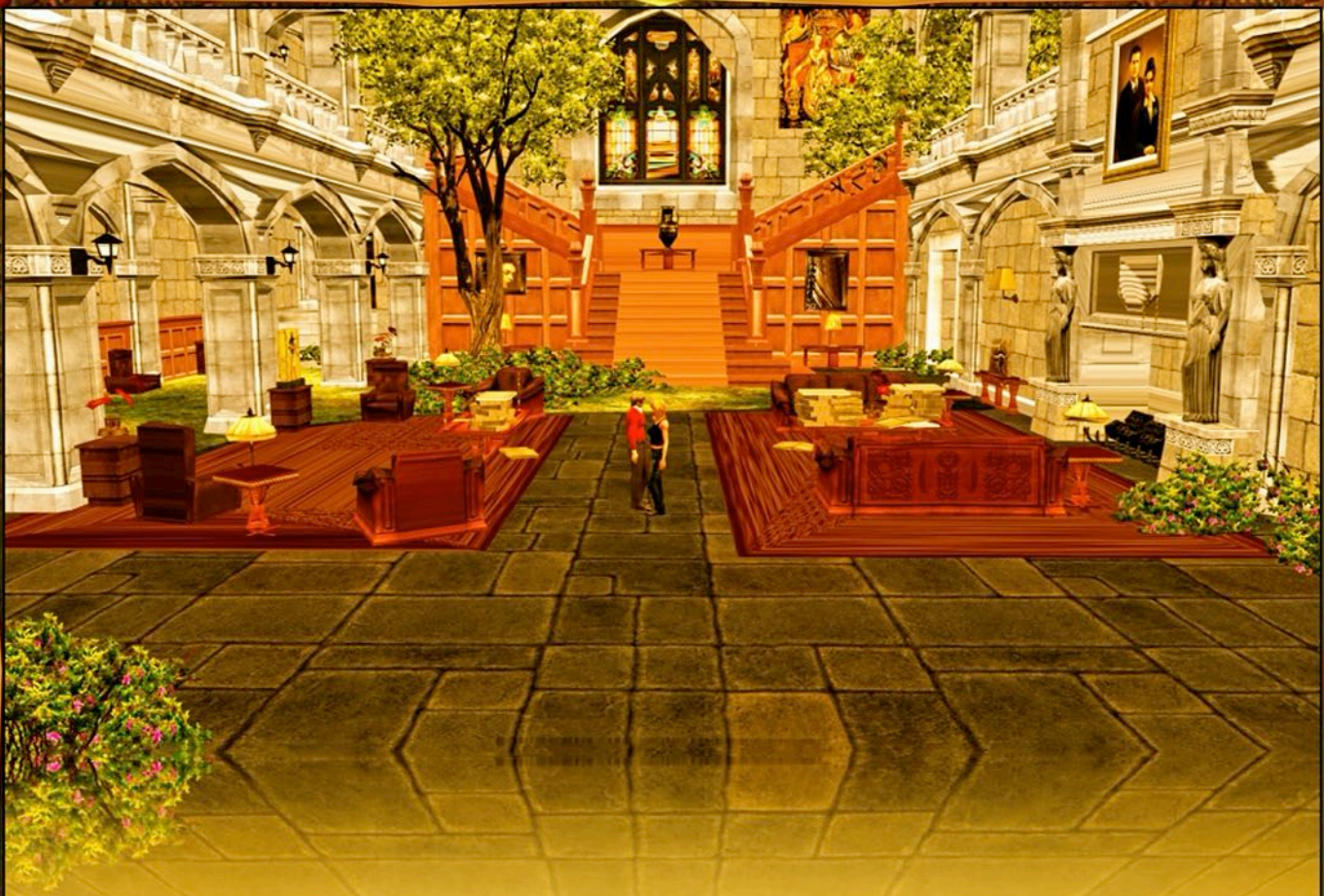
## IN THE NAME OF THE ROSE

*“Let’s much quicker, slip our notes under the door,  
Putting them under the loose stone on the floor.”*

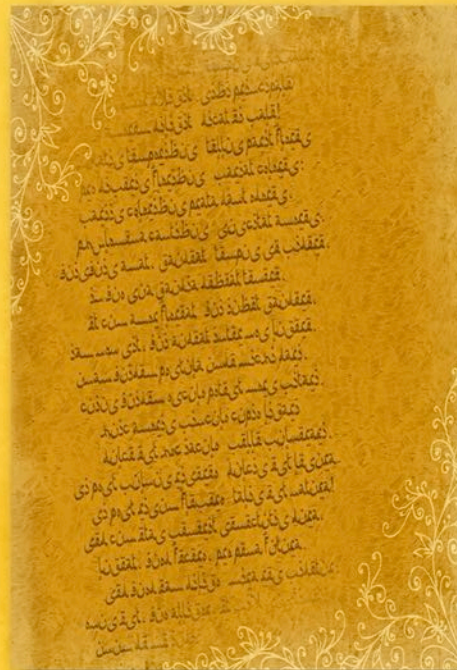


*“As well, I’ve been reading the books to date,  
Given me here to copy and illuminate.  
I’m learning quickly, through my peepers;  
Much is being withheld by our keepers.”*

*Her next note revealed, “Time flies like a bird.”*



**“So right! ‘The wings of time are black and white,  
For one is the day and one is the night.’  
—From a book of illuminated quatrains  
That I’m decorating with golden rain.”**



**“If we combine a lot of lovely days,  
It makes for a whole life, in all its ways.  
Your vision of life’s celebrative rhyme  
Is one that’s very similar to mine.”**



**“I was thinking, all through the night, afar,  
About how wonderful your love letters are.  
It makes me feel so fine to hear from you.  
My life is more enjoyable now, too.”**

**“Come to me!”**



**“Receive this note from my swelling tide,  
There is a key in a lock, on my side.”**

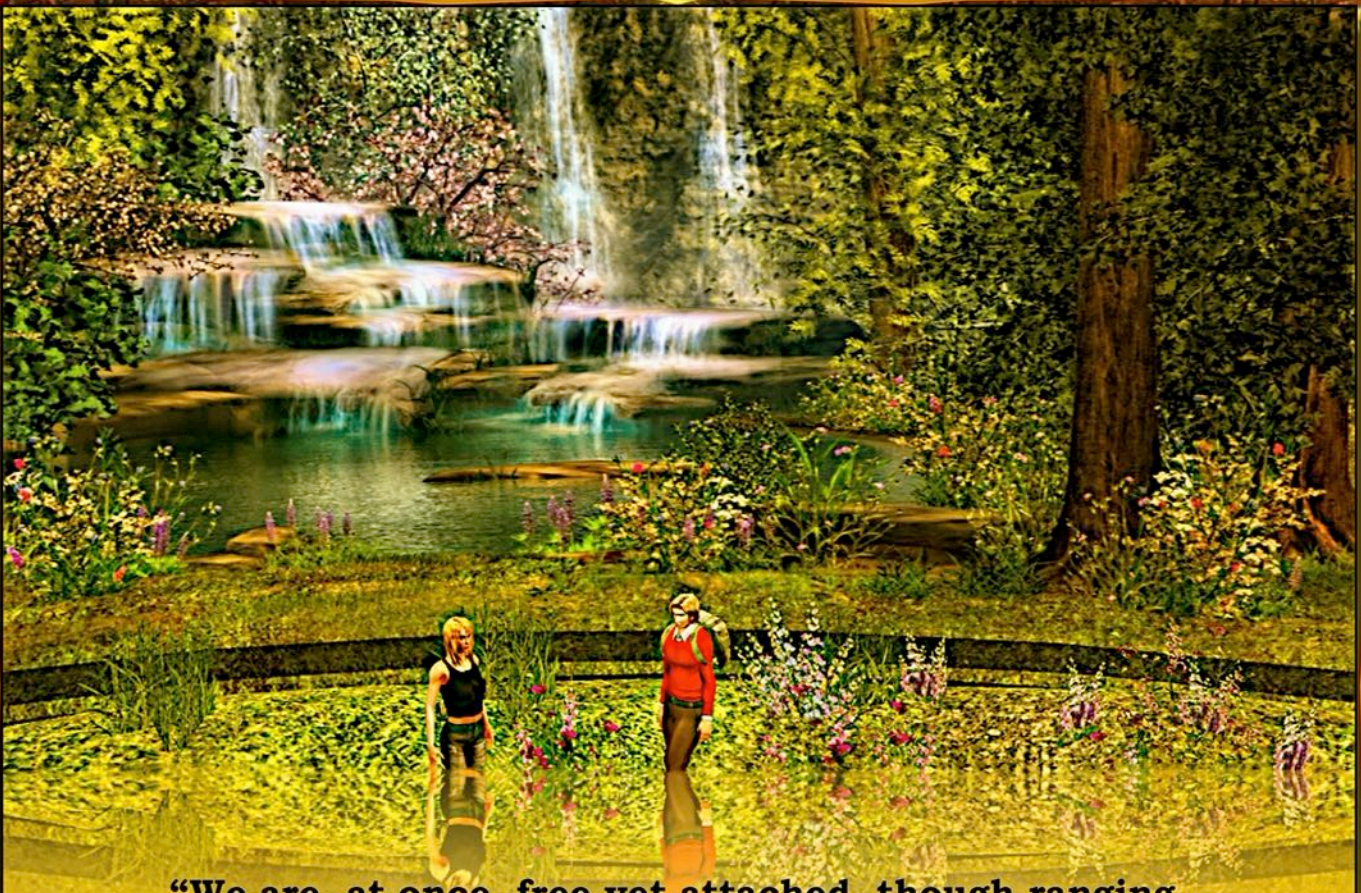


**E NOMINE**

**“Let’s walk through this fertile valley, and yon,  
Onto the misty mountains, and beyond.”  
*“We are the fugue, as two movements, so let’s  
Hum the Pachelbel Canon, through the dusk,***



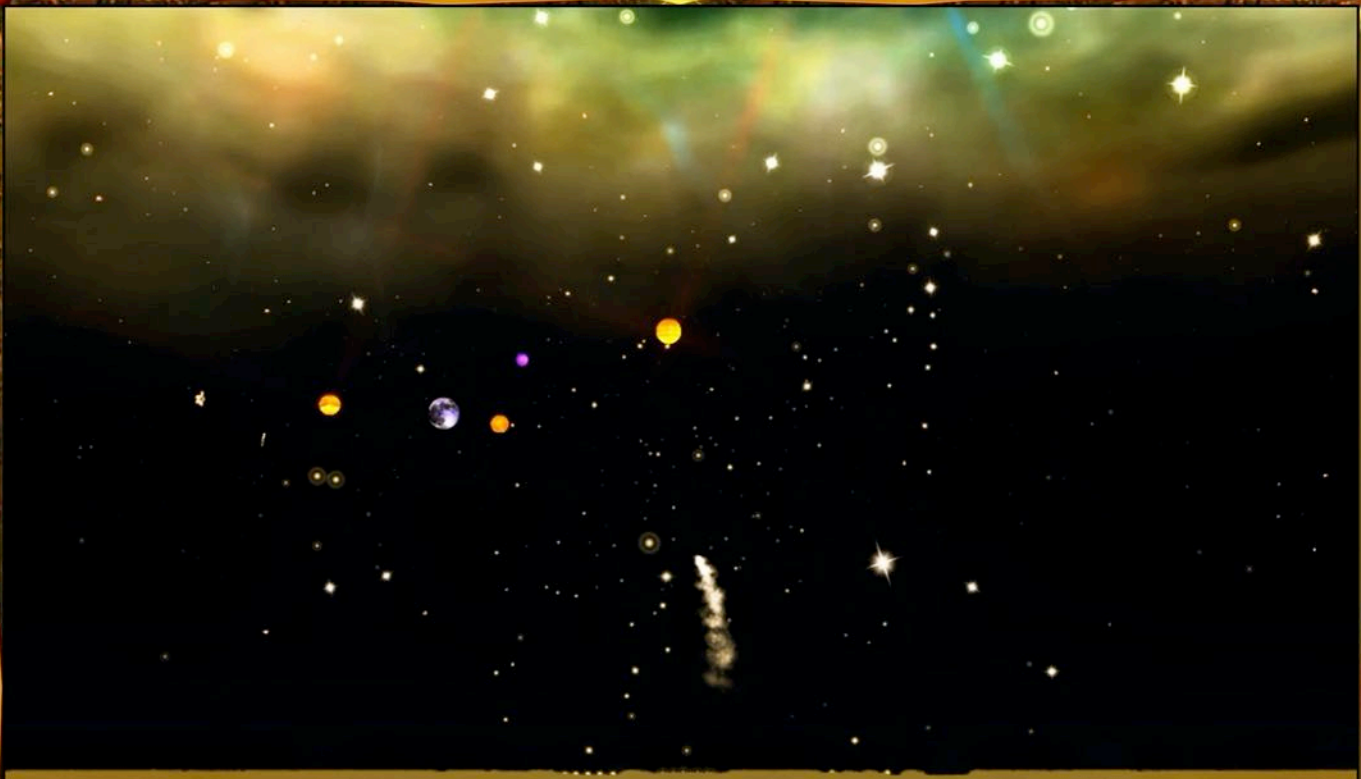
***“Each singing one of the fugal voices,  
In living as two-part harmony’s choices,  
As equal partners in life and love.  
We’ll take our rest upon the heights above.”***



**“We are, at once, free yet attached, though ranging,  
Playful but serious, stable yet changing,  
Thinkers and doers, game, but not foolish,  
While reasonable but passionate.”**



***“This smile of love passes between our lips,  
And even though we are now quite homeless,  
Our life’s become a celebration blest,  
So let’s happily walk on through the mist  
Of the valley by the light of the moon.”***



**“Ah, false dawn has come and gone all too soon,  
Yet morning twilight will glow in the east.”**



***“A lonely nightingale sings in the breach  
And it just as quickly flies away, lo;  
Whither and whence it goes, we cannot know.”***

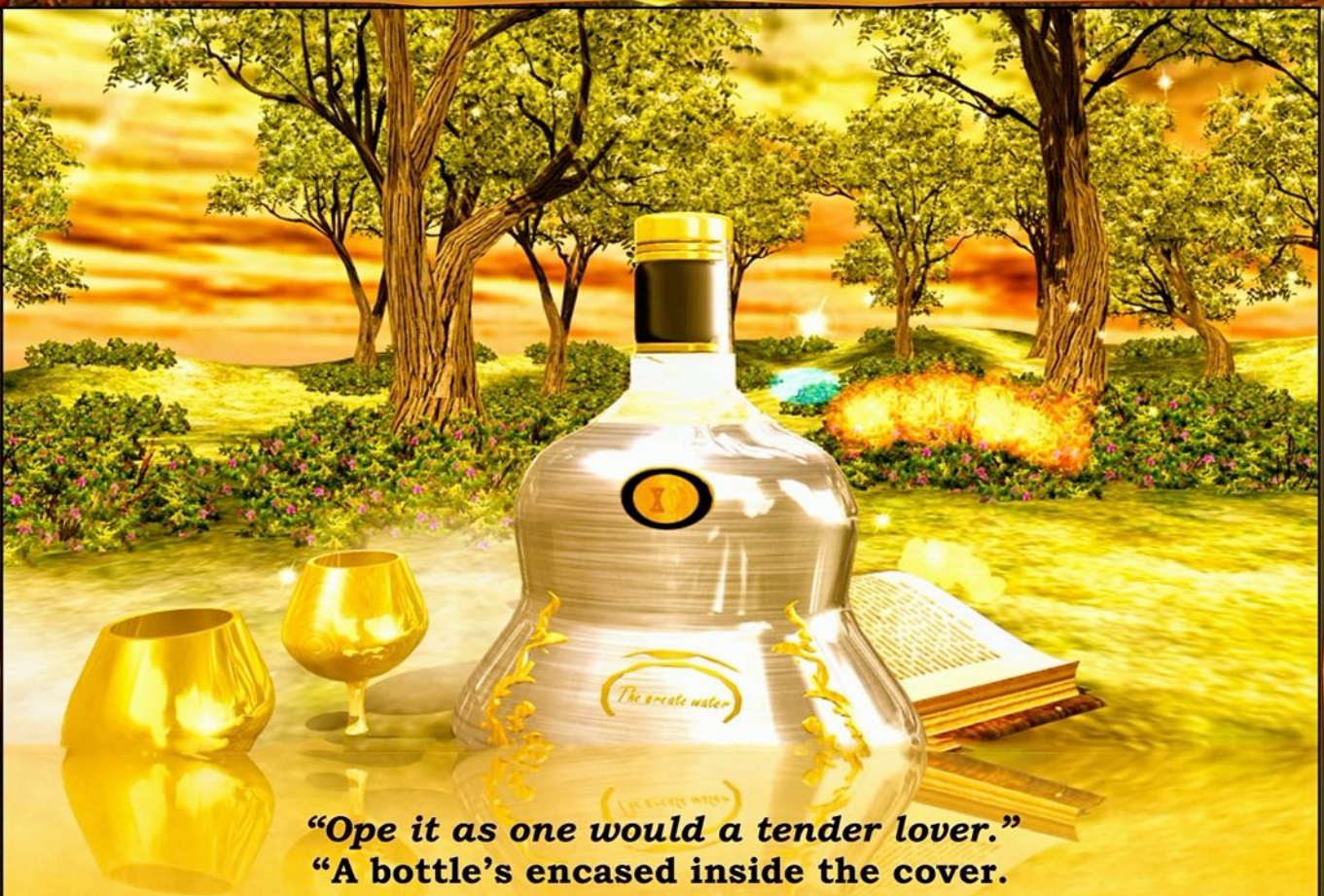


**“Now for the golden verse, as the first.  
For its olden age it is none the worse.  
Although day-tide has just barely spoken,  
I no less will open our precious token,**

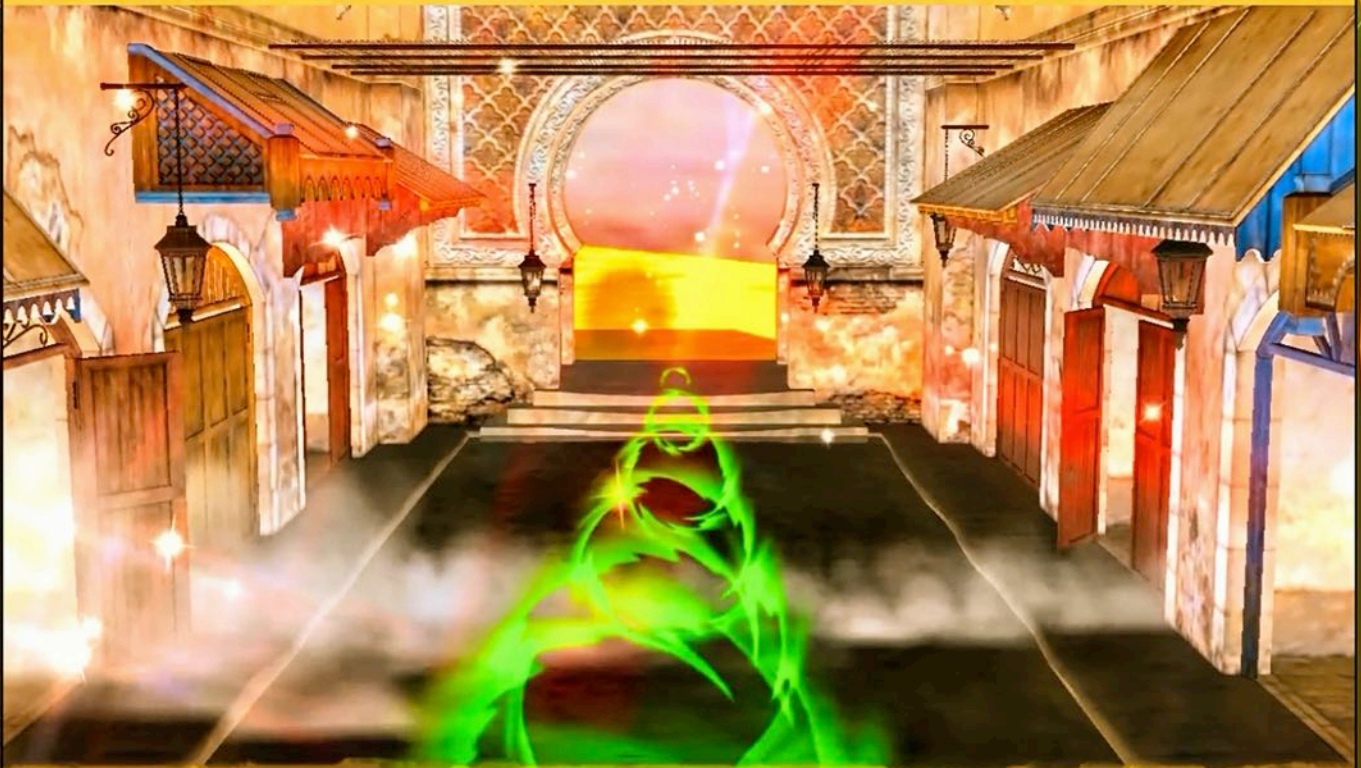


**“This mystery book of poetry sealed,  
With waxen shield, it having been concealed  
For hundreds of years in the secret chamber  
Of the old monastery’s remainder.”**





***“Ope it as one would a tender lover.”***  
***“A bottle’s encased inside the cover.***  
***Its spirit’s mist apparently escaped***  
***As our fuminous volume was undraped.”***



***“I’m captivated by the Persia fumes.”***  
***“As I. It’s the perfume of ageless rhymes,***  
***From those grand, learned Sufi looms of time.”***  
***“We’ll have to learn how to read between the lines.”***



**“The tome is written in foreign language,  
In fine verses of thirteen syllables,  
Epigrammatic, in four-line stanzas,  
It having many swirls and circulars.”**



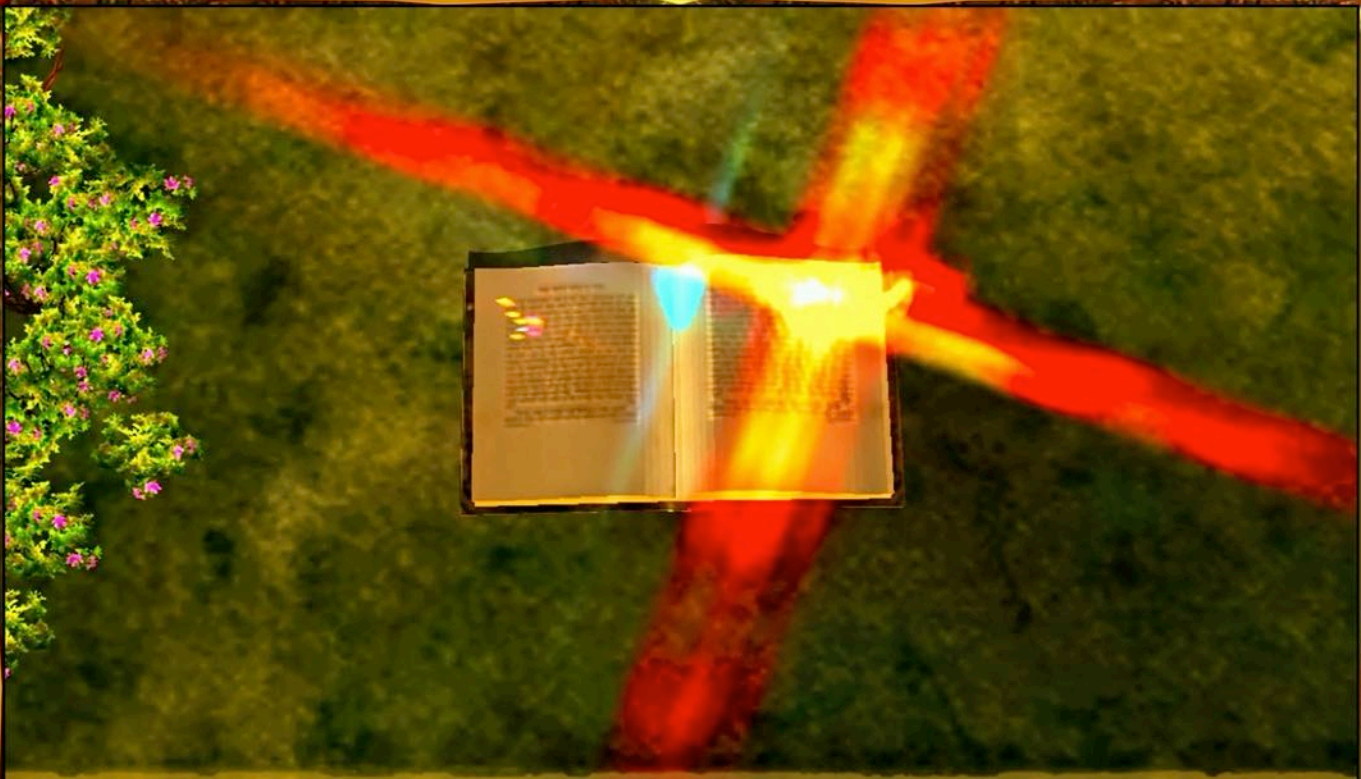
***“It’s written in middle Persian, I’ve looked,  
Having handled many such foreign books—  
My editor’s role in the abbey’s nooks;  
I thought to hide it in one of the rooks.”***



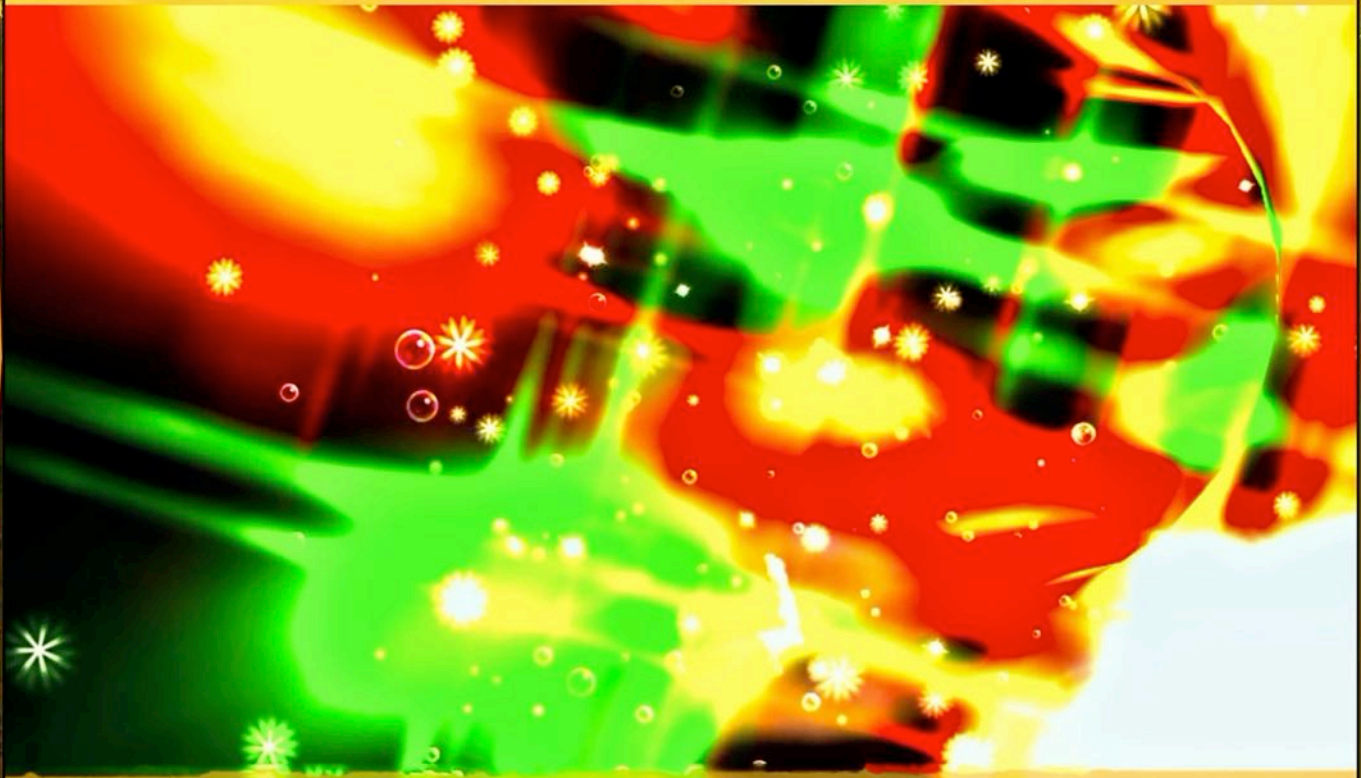
**“The library’s most valuable book!  
For I’ve illuminated and unhooked  
Many of the monastery’s great books.  
For it a long and joyous month I took.**



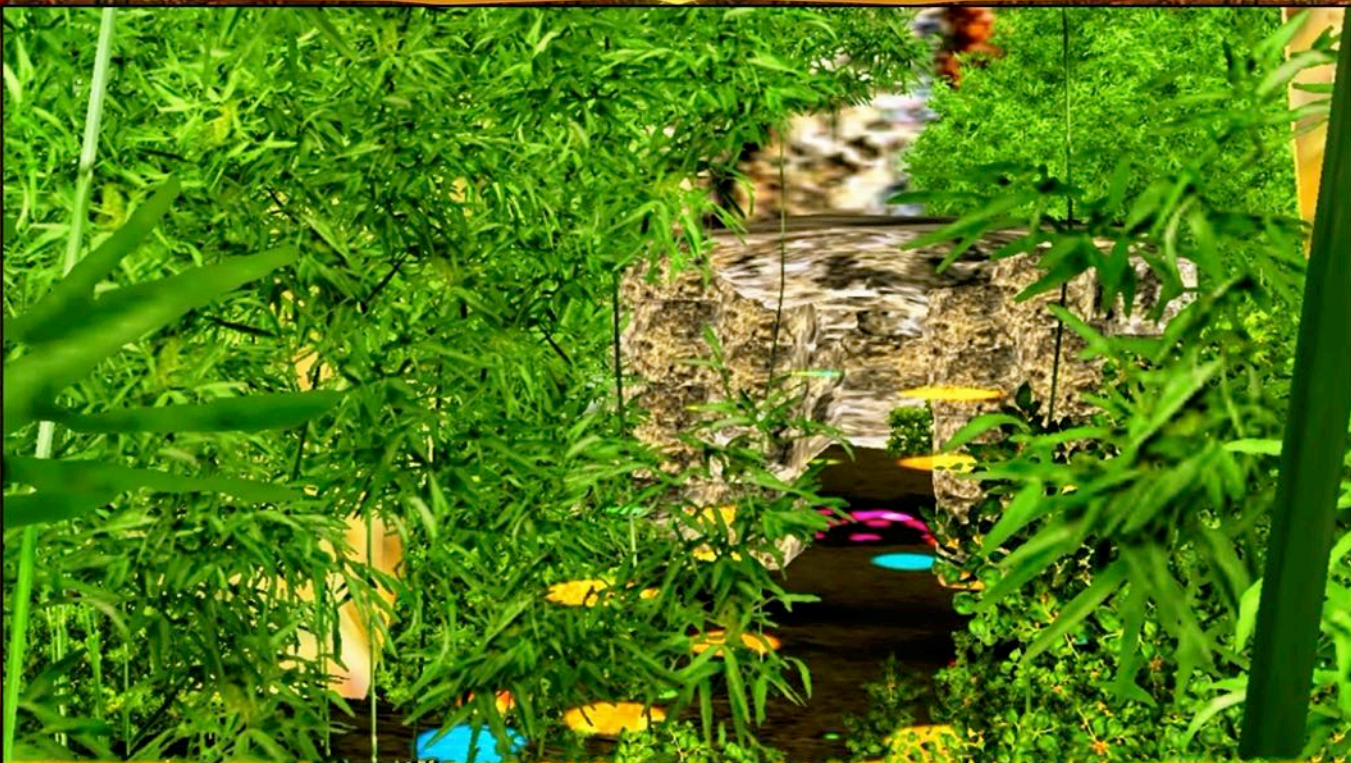
**“It was the only writing I could save,  
Yet it’s the only book we’ll ever crave.”  
They watch the book moving about, amazed.  
Sparkles and twirls whirl out of the pages.**



***“It’s rising, breathing, and coming to life,  
As a husband in the presence of his wife.  
Words bounce around; over the page they run,  
And often changing into English ones.”***

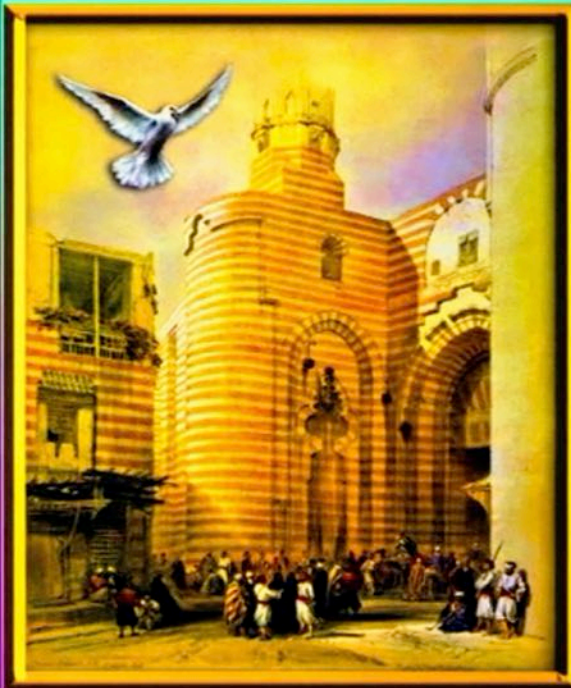


***“Even whole verses are now roundly dancing—  
Of the Arabic worlds—dervishes whirling.”  
“They’re trying to settle from the struggle,  
But the words yet again jump and juggle,***



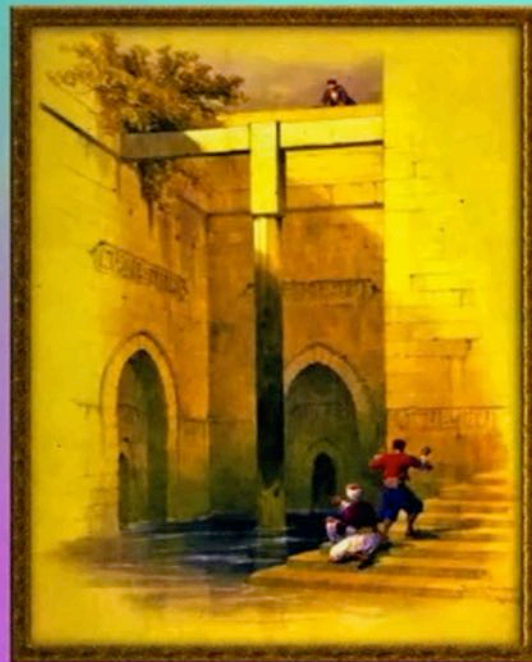
**“Some hanging back, then ever surging forth,  
Darting around through the poem’s long course,  
Then make stanzas, to form a brighter source,  
‘Though aspects of the pervading concepts.”**

*The Bird of Time has but a little way*



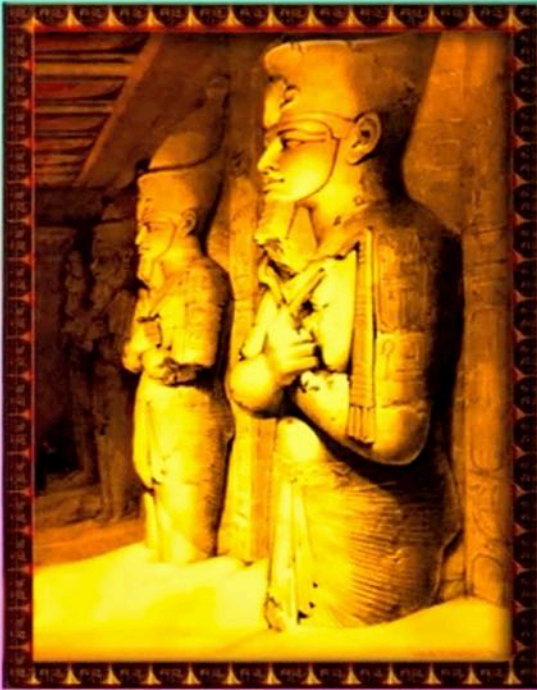
*To fly -- and Lo! the Bird is on the Wing.*

*( It was Persia-fume )*



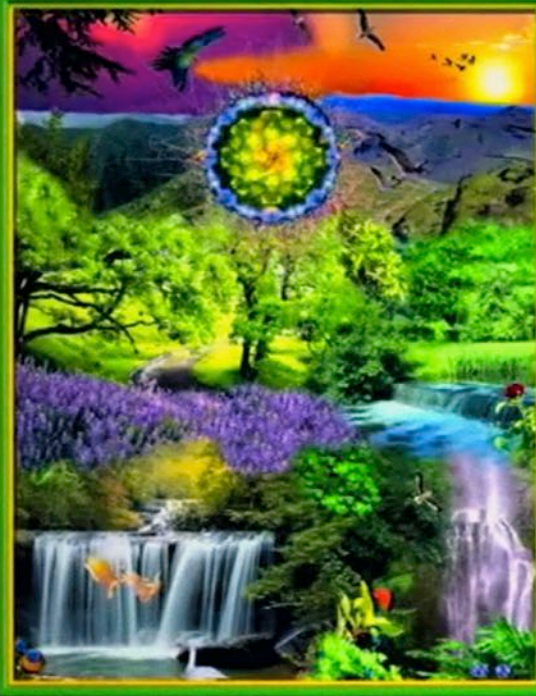
**“Tis as if this transmogrification  
Is trying to preserve the relations  
Of the original schema throughout,  
The whole translation process devout,**

From Heaven's stars came our dust eterne,  
As time's seas nurtured thee and thine in turn.



From time, death, and dust we thus became,  
And by this, thus, and that we must return.

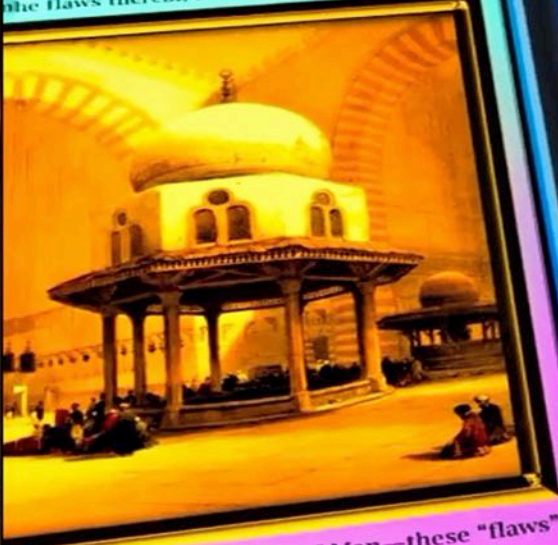
Omar's Persia fumes caught me unawares,  
Unveiling Sufi mysteries of theirs—



Eternal spirits recondensed from  
Universal wisdom he'd gained somewheres.

***“Including literal means, rhythm, rhyme,  
Melody, syllable, meter, and time;  
But this doesn't seem to be workative,  
And so it follows that something must give,***

Only a Fool would blame His own creations  
The flaws therein, for His poor craftsmanship.



voice, there's no Maker of Man—these “flaws”  
interesting character types!

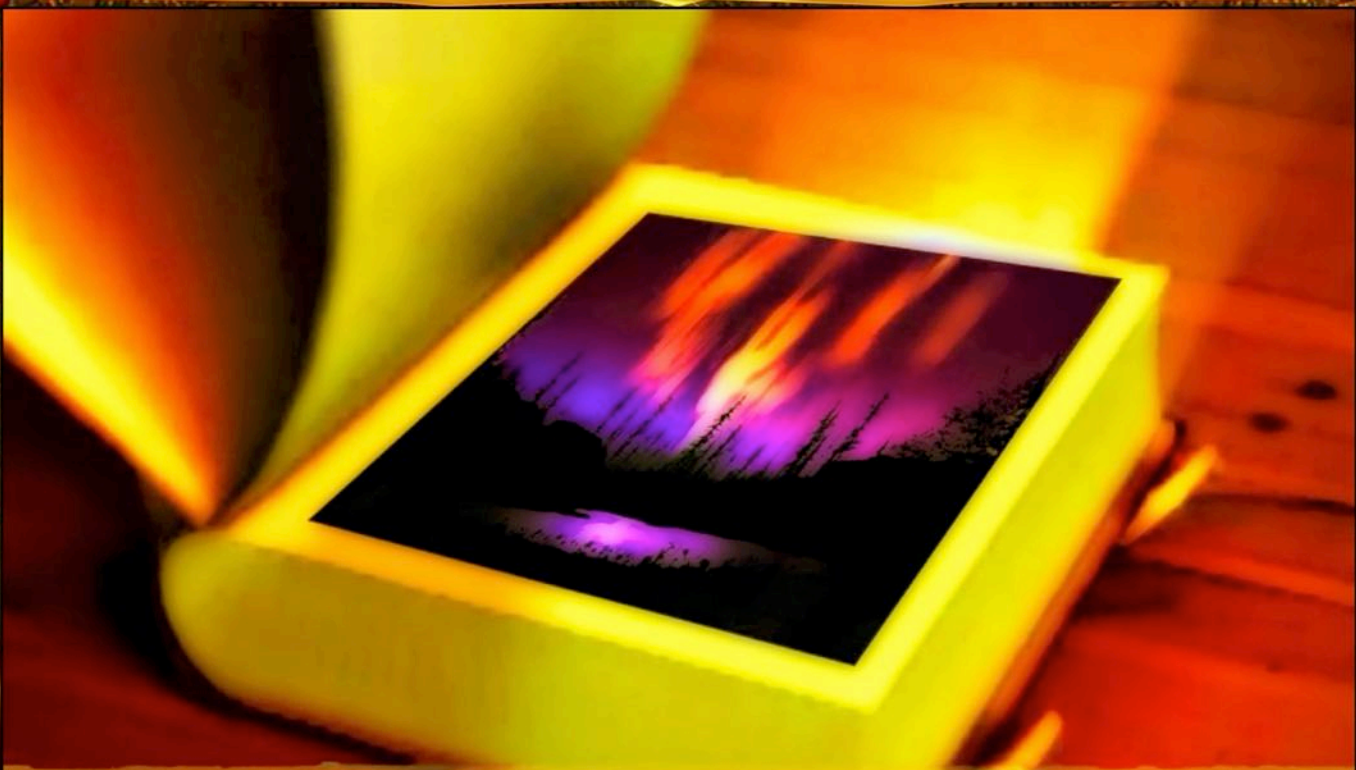
God said to Adam  
“Do what you like, but

Heaven  
Hell

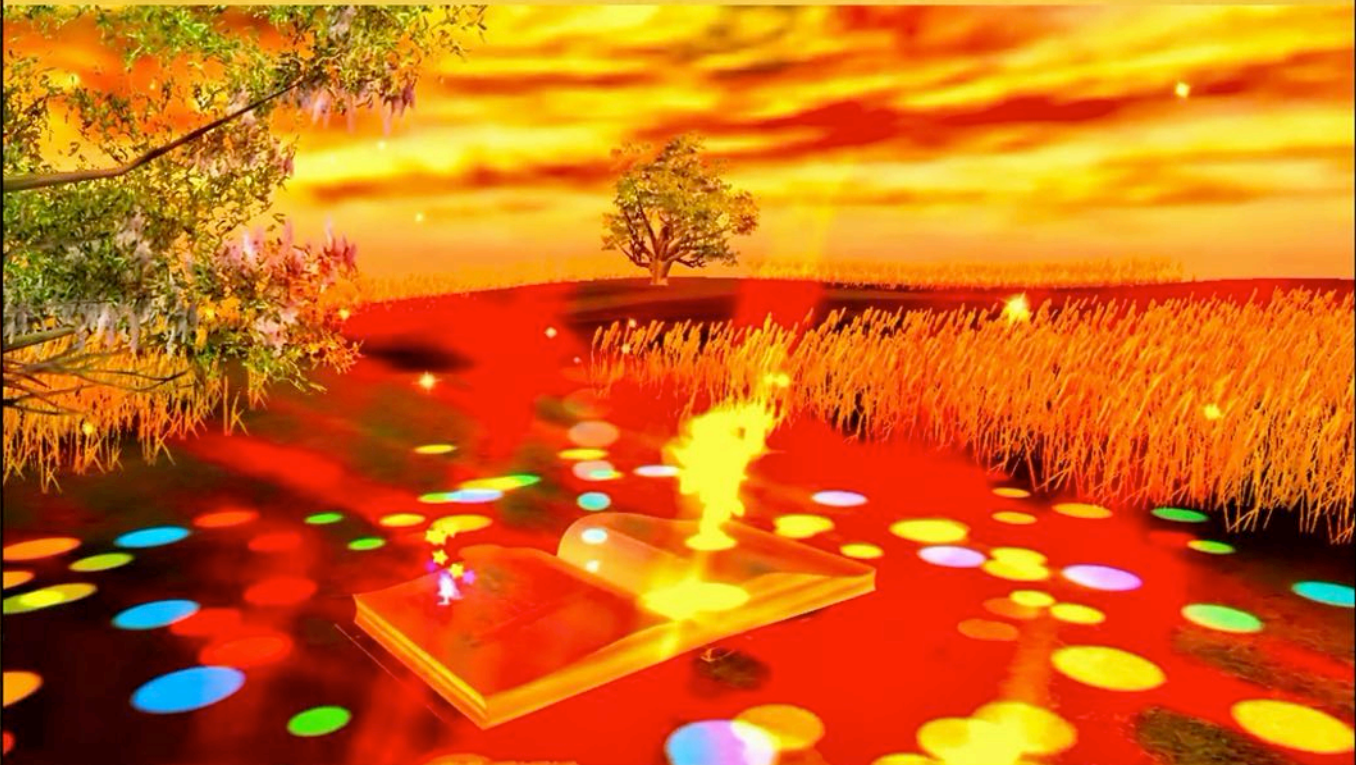


Now we know that when you tell children  
Not to touch something, they certainly will!

***“And this might well sadly be the ration  
That is usually lost in translation.”  
“Look! Out of that desperation, uncaged,  
The verses are jumping right off the page,***



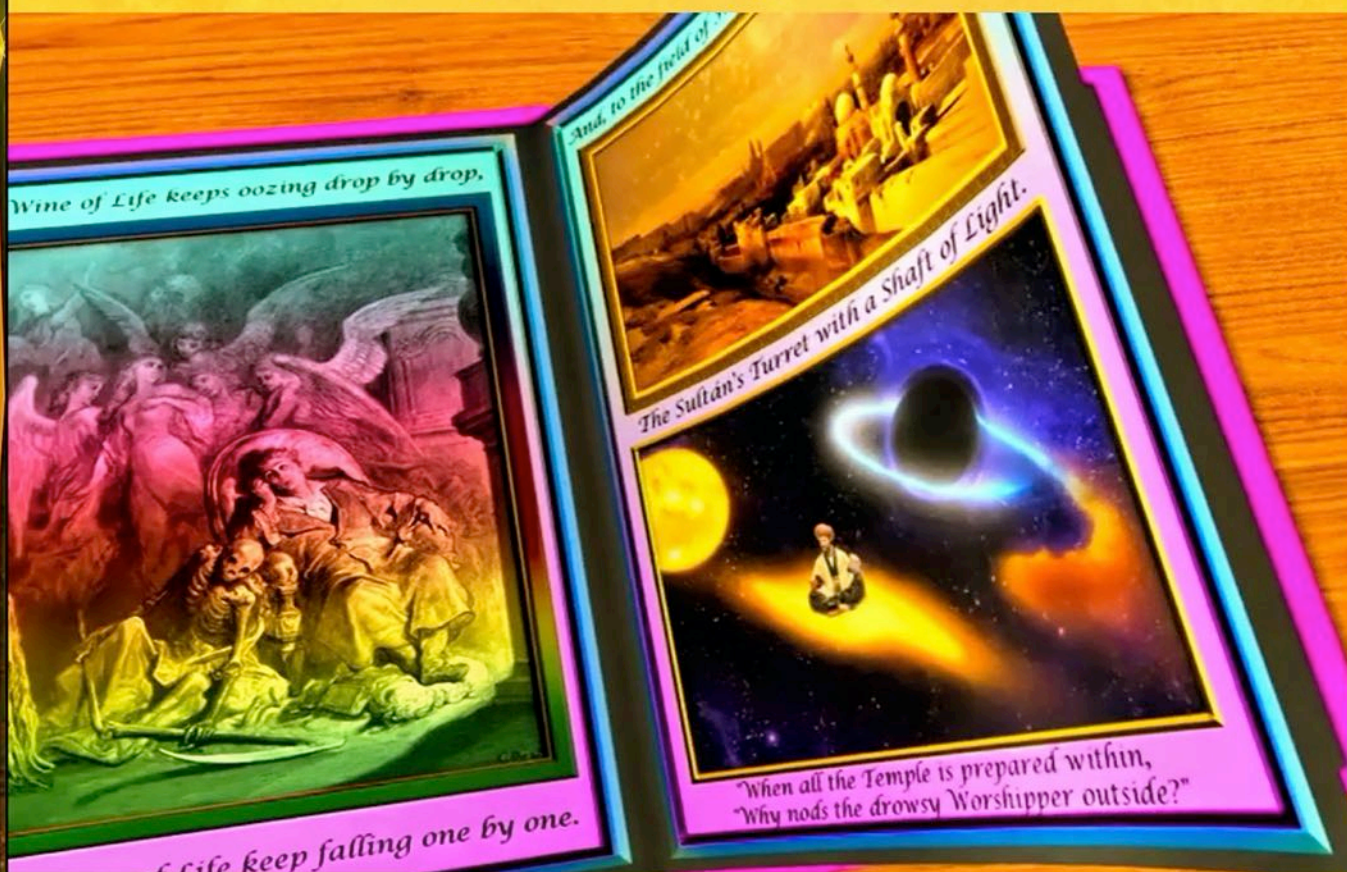
***“Splashing into the bottle of perfume,  
Wherein they are redistilling, subsumed.”  
“Now they’re leaping back out, onto the page,  
Recomposing themselves, for this time—our age,***



***“Whereupon they’re condensing, restaging,  
Into Victorian verse, over paging—  
Original concepts forming new quatrains  
In which Omar’s meaning’s essence remains.***



***“The lines are now ten English syllables,  
Rather than in thirteen Arabic quills,  
But holding even more related meanings,  
Heretofore unnoted, yet the verses***



***“Are still in groups of four lines per stanza,  
And the correct lines still rhyme, per lingua,  
Although some of the ending quatrain schemes  
Don't seem to have quite the same rhyming means.”***





**"Yes, only the unneeded has been lost;  
A charm has been added, the good not tossed;  
It is something somehow much better told,  
Yet ev'r within the spirit of the old."**



**"What are you, old work?" she asks of the book.  
I add, "Are you alive? By you I shook."  
The book replies, "I am the book of life—  
Pages rife with the antidotes of strife;**



***“I’m a truth, a living philosophy.  
I live forever through my words, wholly.  
On my pages are found man’s joys, follies,  
Sorrows, wisdom, and all of his jollies.”***



***“Read me and my ideas will come alive,  
Demonstrating the best ways to survive!  
It is by experiencing my words  
That you shall know them, backwards and forwards.”***



"What is your name, might I ask of the same?"  
 "My true name is but a question only,  
 A mystery you'll have to solve, namely,  
 'What is the name of the Rose?', strangely."

Let not the certainty of the present be  
Held mortgage for the Deed of Futurity,

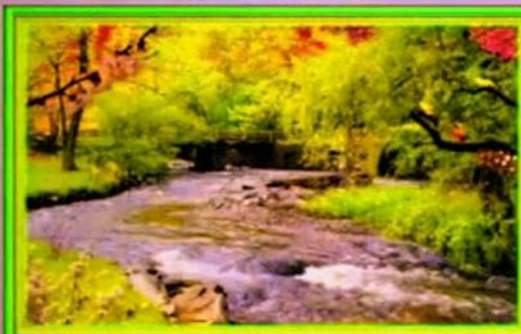


For tomorrow's just a gleam from afar  
And yesterday's but a cold ash of thee.

Vague and unrefined did the secrets of existence remain.  
Unpierced did that highly revered pearl remain.



(by Abunahr Farabi)



Each person said something according to his reason.  
Yet untold did the point which was of essence remain.

They look long at the now quieted tome,  
 Deeply inhaling its heady perfume.  
 "Oh, that heavenly, earthly scent," she sighs.  
 "Oh, book of quatrains, you are Persia-fume!"



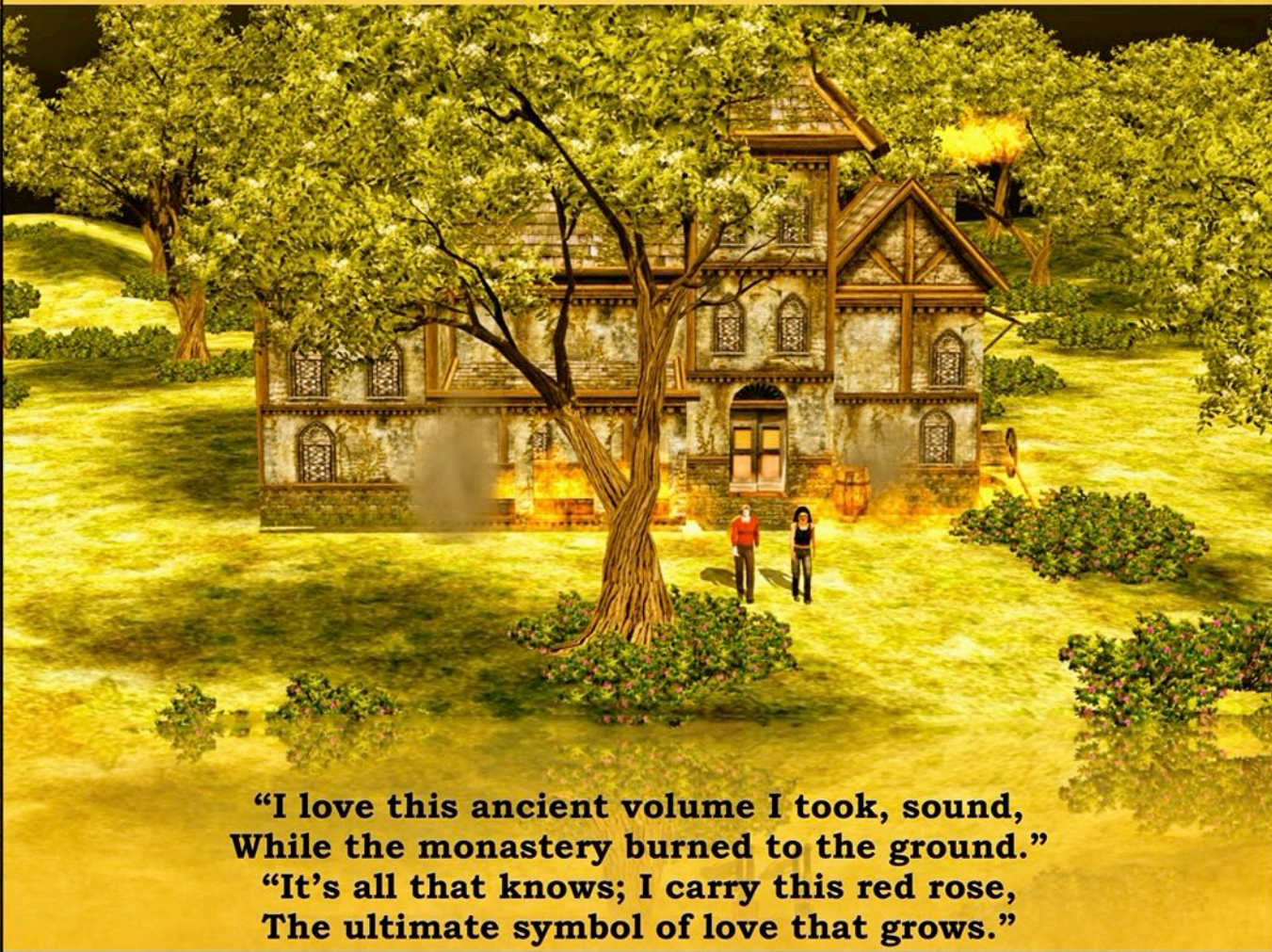
**“What is the name of the rose,” I wonder?  
“I too was to say upon that ponder.”  
“On that we’ve been as silent as a cloud.”  
“Yes, until we each just spoke it aloud.”  
“I’ve no answer from the depths unplowed.”**



**“What is that flower you’re carrying, nun?”  
“It’s a rose. I don’t know where it came from!”  
“Perhaps it has bloomed from our building love.”  
“I am your rose; that is what it’s speaking of.”**



**“Where does the rose bloom? In love’s hearts posed?”**  
**“Yes. What else do you know about the rose?”**  
***“It’s considered the most beautiful of flowers,  
The ultimate beauty in life and nature.”***



**“I love this ancient volume I took, sound,  
While the monastery burned to the ground.”**  
**“It’s all that knows; I carry this red rose,  
The ultimate symbol of love that grows.”**



**"I feel it. Some refreshment is anticipated.  
I now reach up to this rose bush, unsated,  
To bend down the olden branch of Moses.  
Here, let us drink the dew from the roses."**



***"Inhale the fragrant rush, what is and was!"  
"It's the most beautiful of what nature does."  
"It could be that a rose smells just as sweet,  
Shakespeare said, by another name or tweet."***



**“Perhaps the rose’s name doesn’t much matter.”  
“Maybe not, but we’ve our reading matter.”  
“What if a rose is a rose is a rose?”  
“That answer is much too easy to pose.”**



**“When does the rose bloom?” I rue,  
Seeking a general botanical clue  
To the book’s mysterious school,  
And of our quiz its questionable rule.”**



***“The rose blossoms on the summer solstice,  
Arising thus from spring’s only given kiss  
To arriving summer, from vanishing spring,  
The kiss of which spring must die from giving.”***

**She continues and then sings, “I, a-rose.”**



**“Here’s a graveyard,” I note, “I love the song,  
But, ah, we come upon the cemetery’s yawn,  
Unexpected, so cold and so abrupt,  
And here’s an inviting grave, opened up.”**





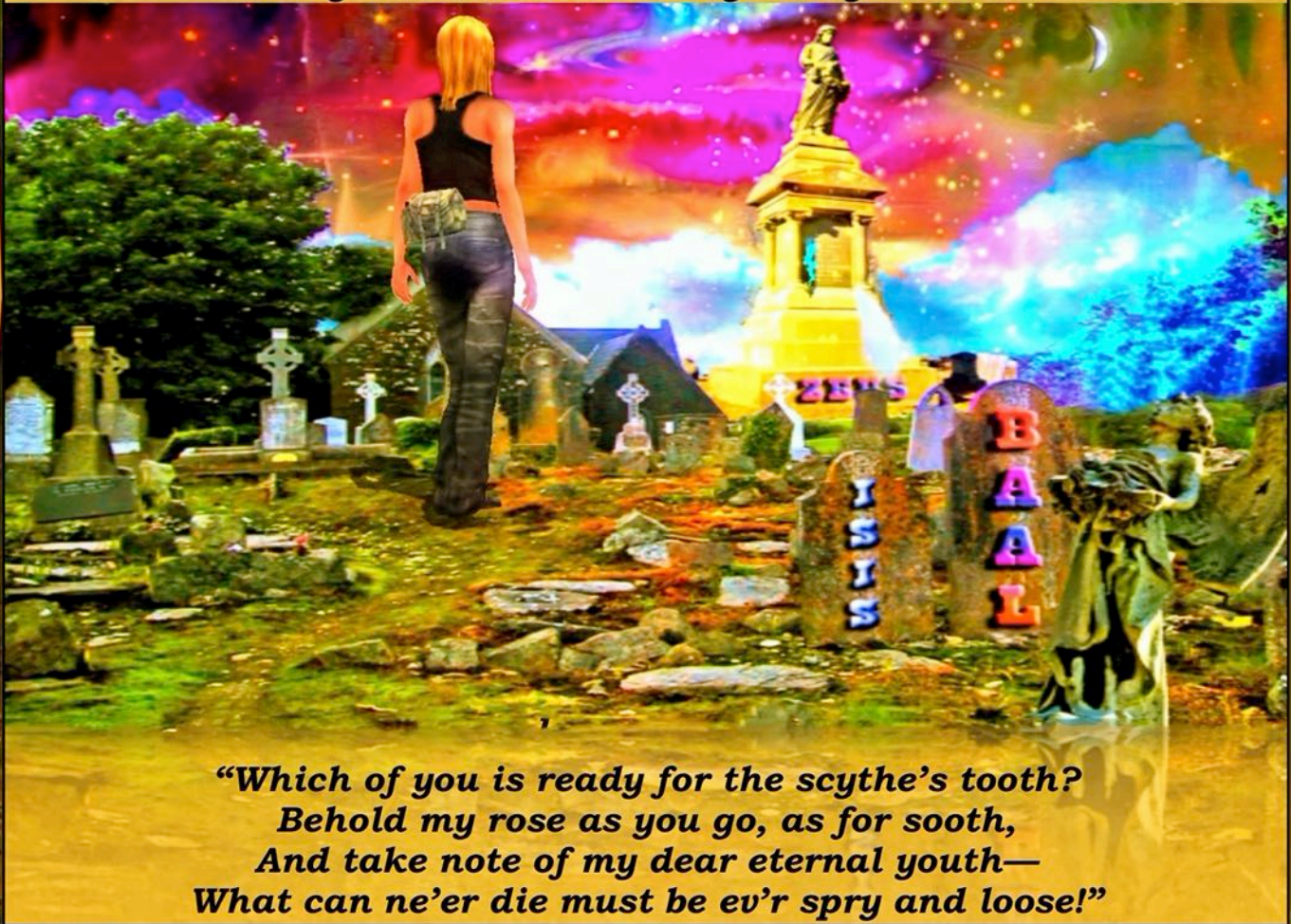
***“With roses on the stone. Jump into it?  
To better read the marble’s engraven script?”***



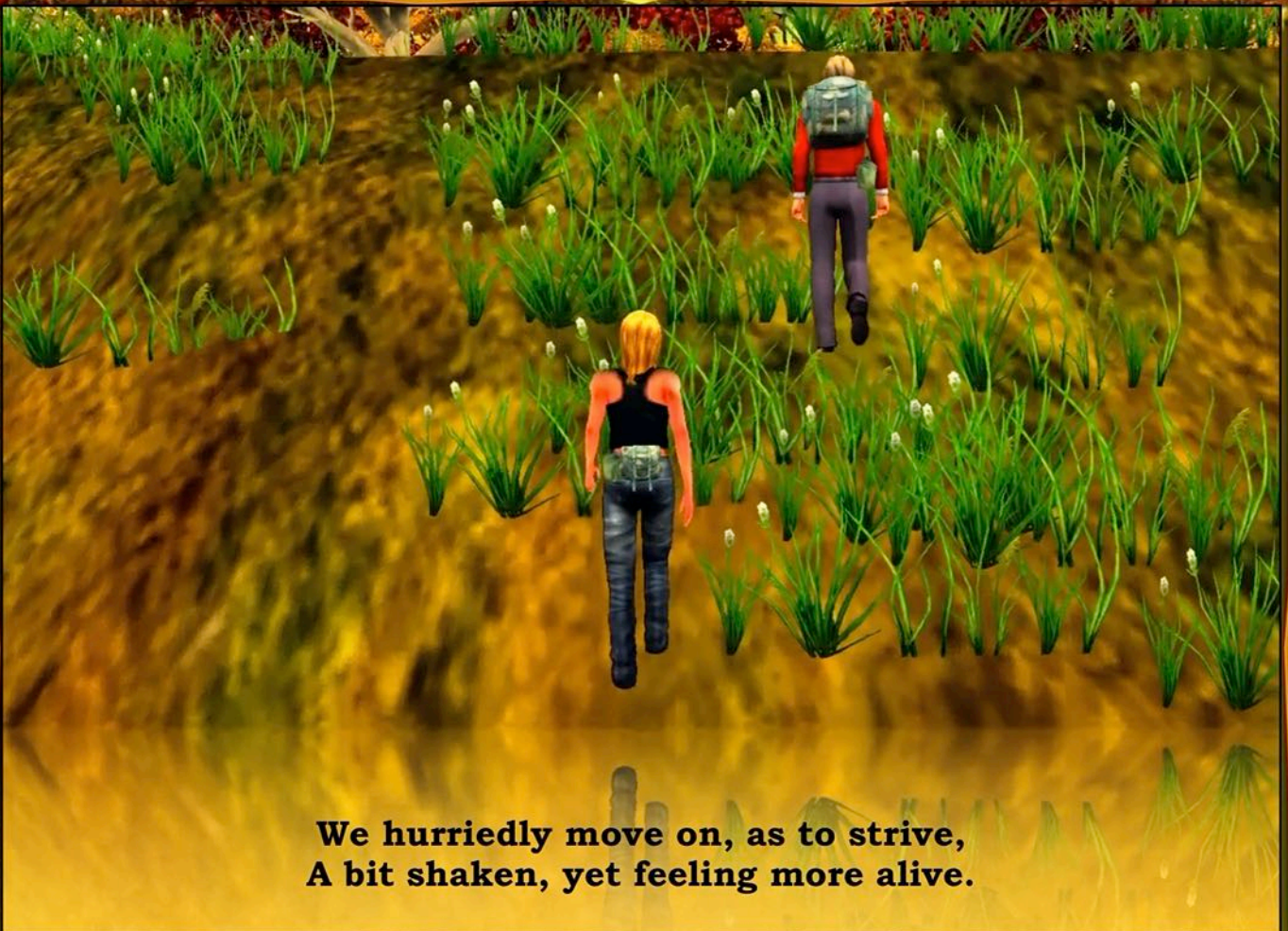
***A little girl arrives, with withered rose,  
As the messenger of the one that knows,  
Stating, “Those who live must learn of death told,  
So all the better they may breathe toward old.***



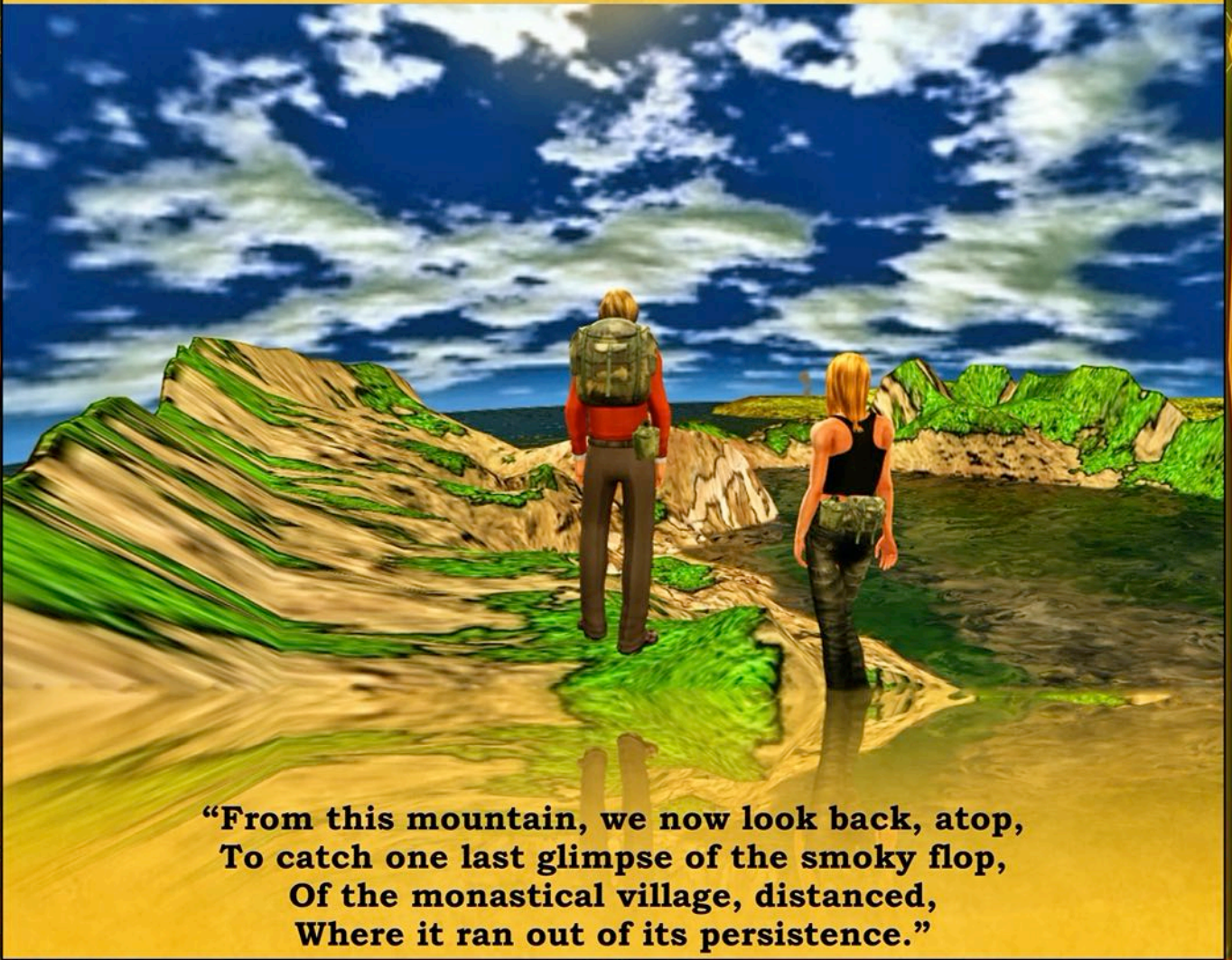
***“Run along now, you two, before, alight,  
Death himself, as quite the corrupted sight,  
Arrives to ply his ending shovel’s plight,  
For you are both standing in a grave site.”***



***“Which of you is ready for the scythe’s tooth?  
Behold my rose as you go, as for sooth,  
And take note of my dear eternal youth—  
What can ne’er die must be ev’r spry and loose!”***



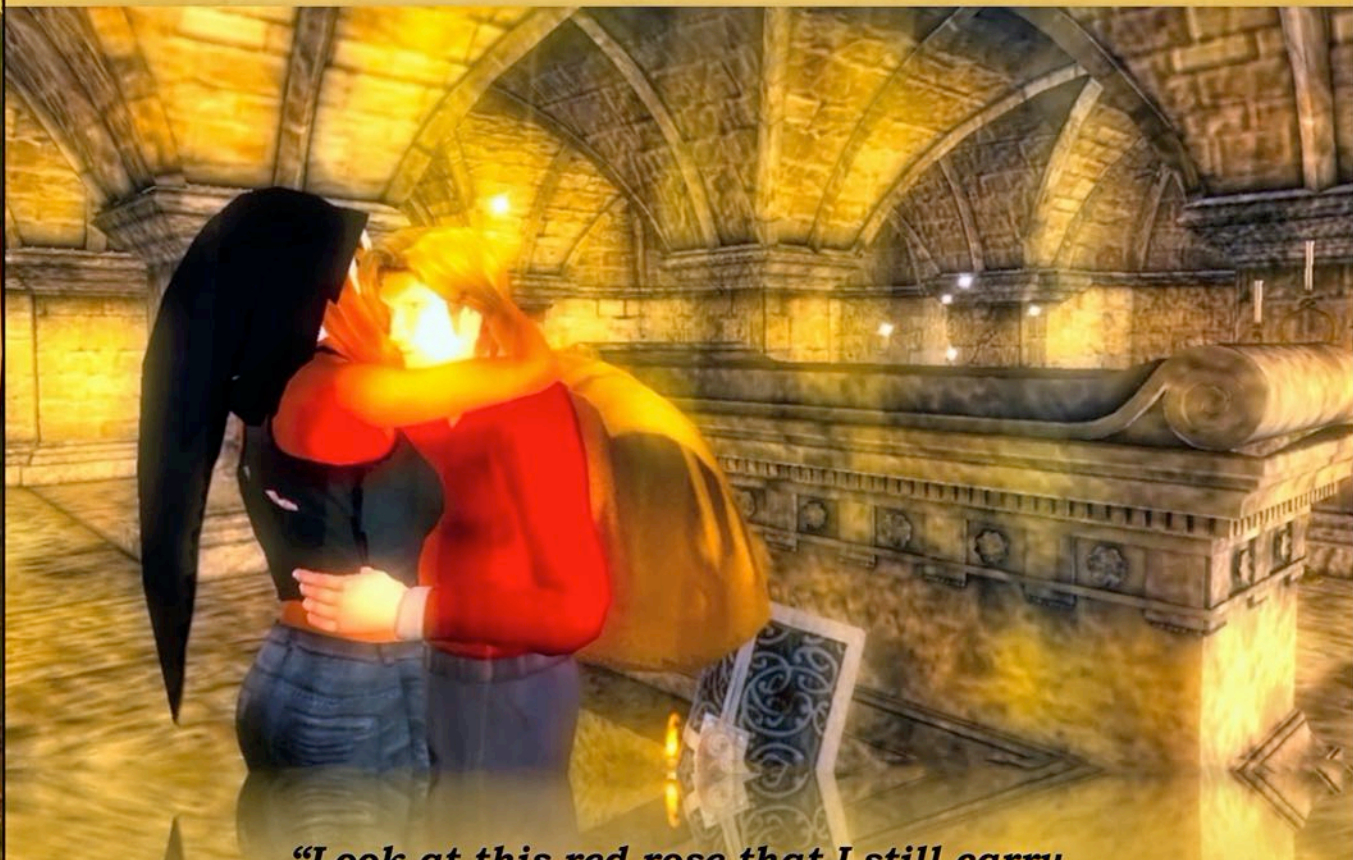
**We hurriedly move on, as to strive,  
A bit shaken, yet feeling more alive.**



**“From this mountain, we now look back, atop,  
To catch one last glimpse of the smoky flog,  
Of the monastical village, distanced,  
Where it ran out of its persistence.”**



***“There! Yesterday’s ash; it’s still smoldering.  
And away’s the gleam afar of morning.”***  
***“I stare at it grand, but just half fondly,  
As there too is where I met you warmly.”***



***“Look at this red rose that I still carry.  
It’s for you and me. We’re getting married.”***  
***“I’ll surround the blossom of your flower.”***  
***“My blossom unfolds over you—love’s power.”***



**“We’ll refold and enfold each other’s home.”  
 “I’ll enrapt you, like the words of a poem.”  
 “Let’s again open the livening tome,  
 The mysterious book of the poems.”**

The cemetery was where the ducks were fed,

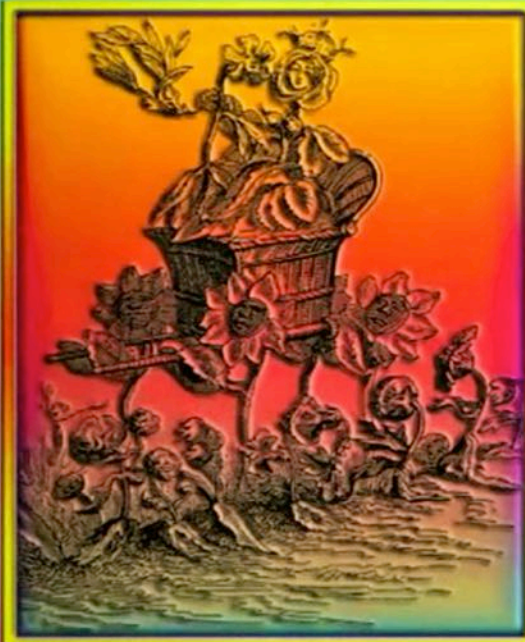


Where we friends feasted on wine, verse, and bread



Amidst the flowered trees and quiet streams—  
 The home for both the living AND the dead.

A rose’s prime lasts for but an hour of morn—  
 Flowering and free, then fragile and forlorn,



The petals float to earth, and there signify  
 That beauty’s past—for all that’s left is the thorn.

**“Oh magic book that everything knows,  
 “Can you tell, ‘What is the name of the rose?’  
 Can you not explain now what’s proved and true,  
 After all that we’ve been so lately through?”**

ink the lifeblood of the grapes you've sown  
before pressing time squeezes out thy own.



Do toast with thy chalice and all inspire:  
I give all that I own!



Insight defts night's skirt with its radiance—  
The Theory of Everything shines through!

The book replies, again very alive,  
"There are more picaresque tales to arrive.  
You'll answer yourself as time's learning sews.  
It has to do with the life of the rose,  
And so you'll see—it's of the thorn that grows."

could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn



of their Lord forlorn.

For I remember  
To watch a Potter thimble

Is your past hyperfine?  
Is your future tense?  
Give yourself a present.



And with its all-obiterated Tongue  
It murmur'd—"Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"

I answer, "I am eager for the quest,  
To deeply enter into the bowers' rest—  
The symbolic flowered spirits' yin,  
Savoring there all the flora grown within."



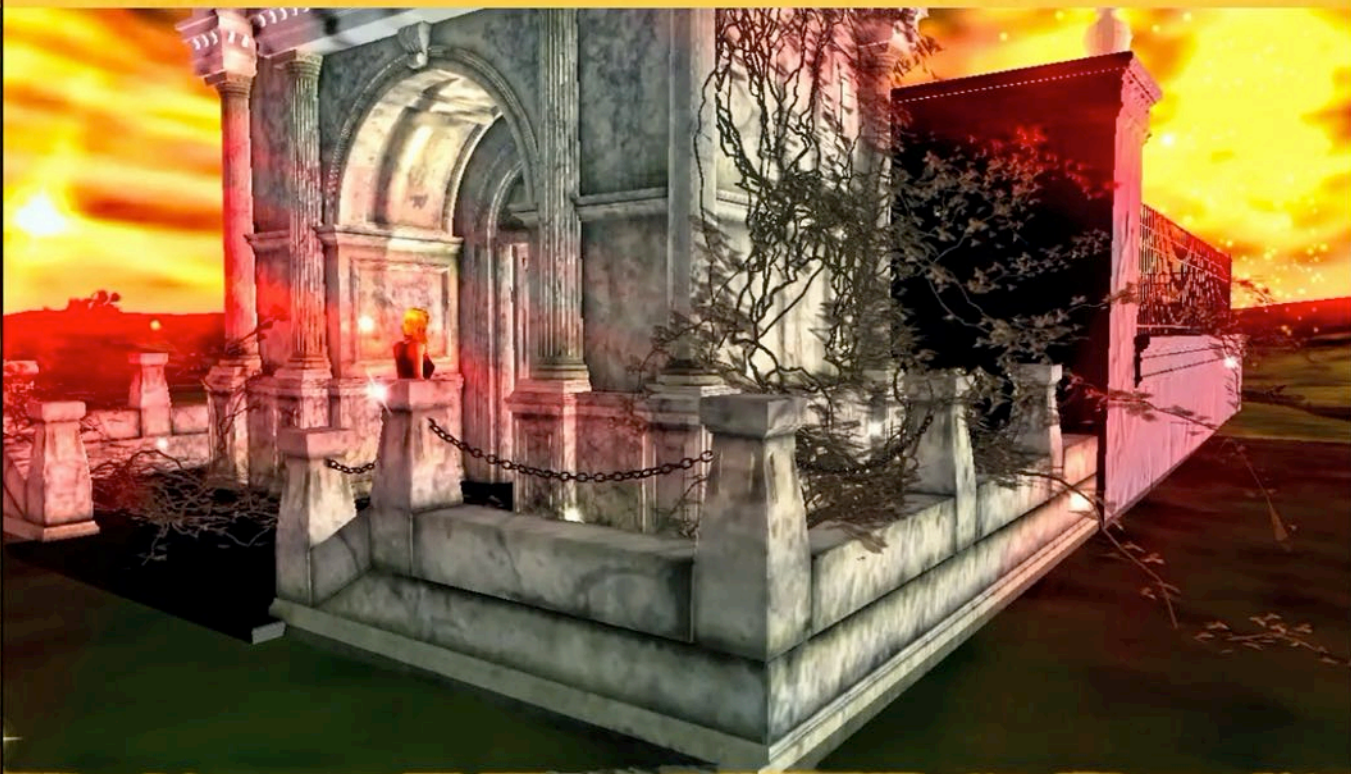
***“I can now almost understand the flowers,  
And much that speechless memory devours,  
Which life’s drudgery steals and overpowers.  
The new rose abloom withers all too soon.”***



**“Upon that hill, I see a lady, passed,  
Sleeping in the middle of the faint path,  
So let us stop to look at what she hath,  
And to you, my partner, I say it free:**



**“In my mind I see a flame growing dim;  
It’s the spirit of that drowsing woman.”  
“Tell her, tell her! Bring dear life back to her.”  
“From me to your ear: I am Life, my dear.**



**“I lay you sleeping in your mother’s womb.  
One day I’ll have to leave you all too soon,  
When you sleep in the earth’s silent tomb,  
Yet now I find you here, so much in bloom,**





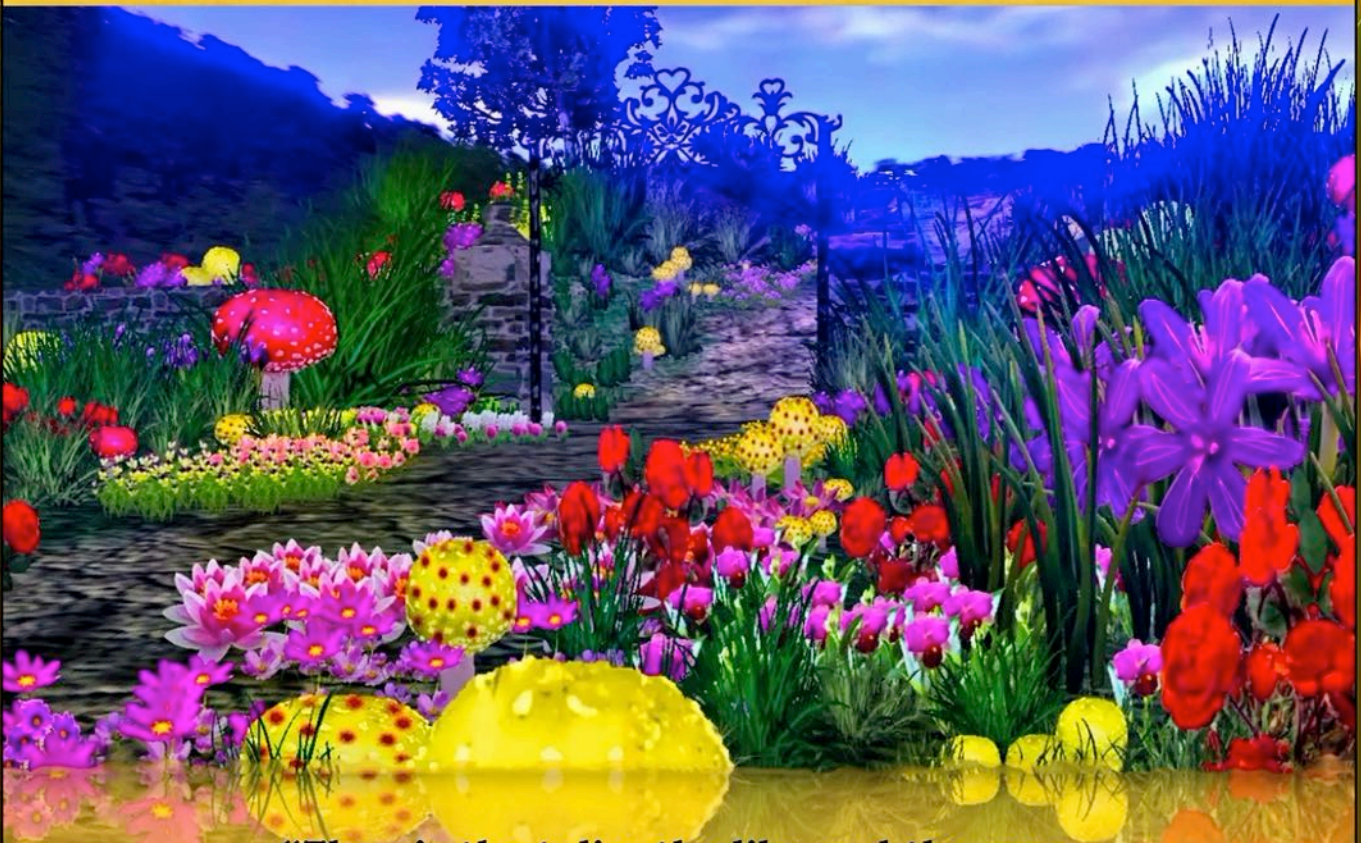
**“But sleeping away the time, all a-weeps,  
In between those longer and deeper sleeps.  
I’m whispering a lovely dream for your cheer.  
Wake! Live! Life is a dream come true here.”**



**She lays the rose on the woman’s chest.  
“My rose to you; we’ll continue our quest.”  
“Oh, look back; the sleeper’s wakening pose  
Is now sitting up and clutching the rose.”**



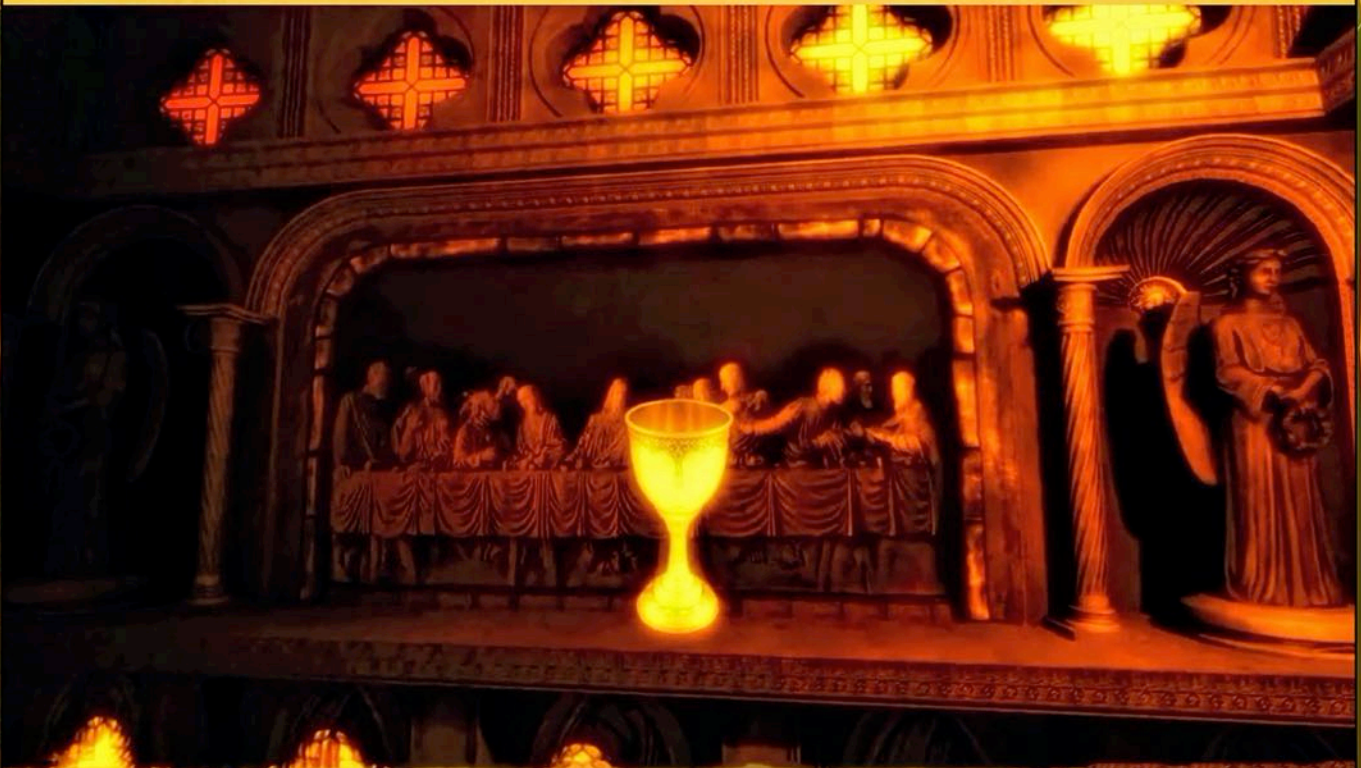
***“The woods and the meadows are bursting bright,  
With the sun-filled joy of life’s delight.”  
“Is beauty’s pose is the name of the rose?”  
“Could be. Look at those plants along the side.  
The flowers are starting from the ground their slide.”***



***“There’s the tulip, the lily, and the rose,  
Growing together—no separate rows!”  
“What does it mean, as it must be rarely so,  
When they so intertwined all together grow?”***



**“The tulip’s a dependable sign of spring;  
One can always count on the news it brings;  
So tulips have always well stood for truth.  
The lily is often white, as the proof,**



**“Representing purity and goodness bright.  
The rose is the symbol of beauty’s might.  
So these three combined together here  
Means we’ve grown love’s bouquet with great care.**



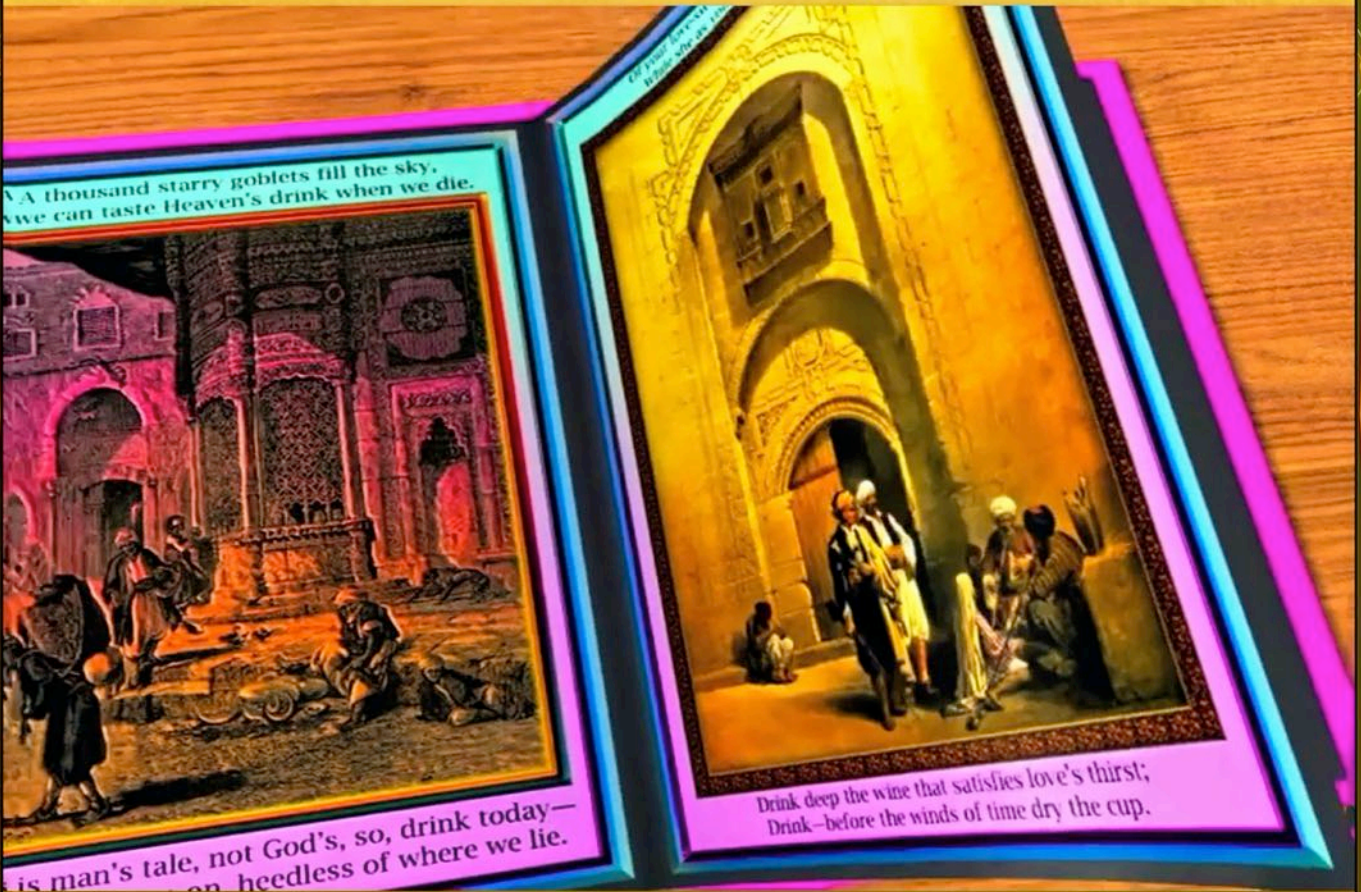
**“Truth, goodness, beauty—of their braided length,  
Make for lasting love, giving it its strength.”  
“So life’s storms can never scatter them bare.”  
“Love’s not an easy thing to grow, anywhere.”**



**“That’s good, because if love were just as so,  
It wouldn’t be worth much more than woe.”  
“Raise a cheer, my dear, slap the hands to pledge,  
Refreshed by the book’s insight to the edge.”**



*"I'll wink at you, my good monk, very soon,  
After this young nun puts on the rare perfume  
That we found encased in the book's remains,  
Which I see is called 'The Book of Quatrains'."*



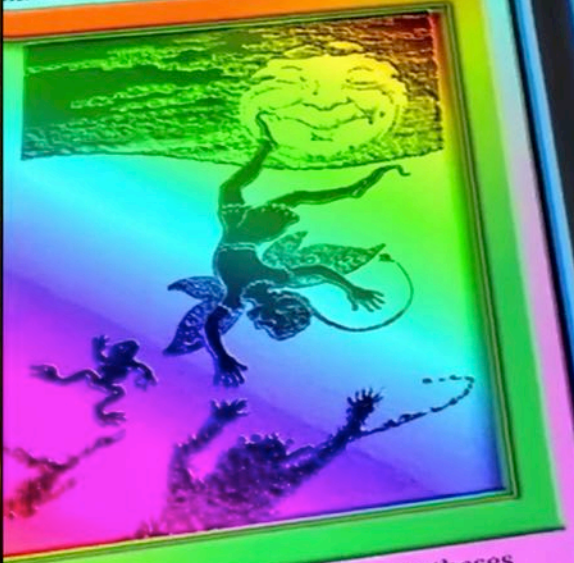
*A thousand starry goblets fill the sky,  
We can taste Heaven's drink when we die.*

*This man's tale, not God's, so, drink today—  
heedless of where we lie.*

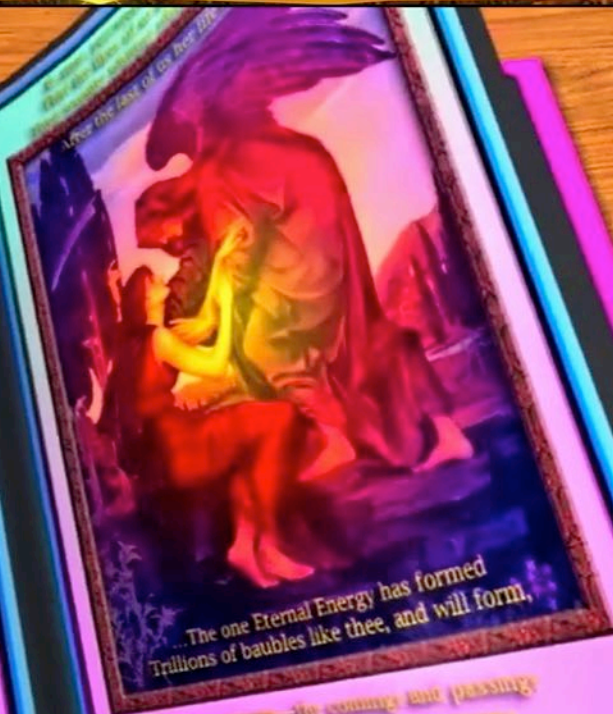
*Drink deep the wine that satisfies love's thirst;  
Drink—before the winds of time dry the cup.*

*"The scent's name is printed on the bottle  
And is called 'Omar's Enchantment', that's all."  
"It's delightful. I savor what it supposes.  
It's a mixture of incense, wine, and roses."*

... from nothing was written our account,  
... and to nothing we'll still have to amount—



Put in between those two parentheses  
... on us from Nature's fount.



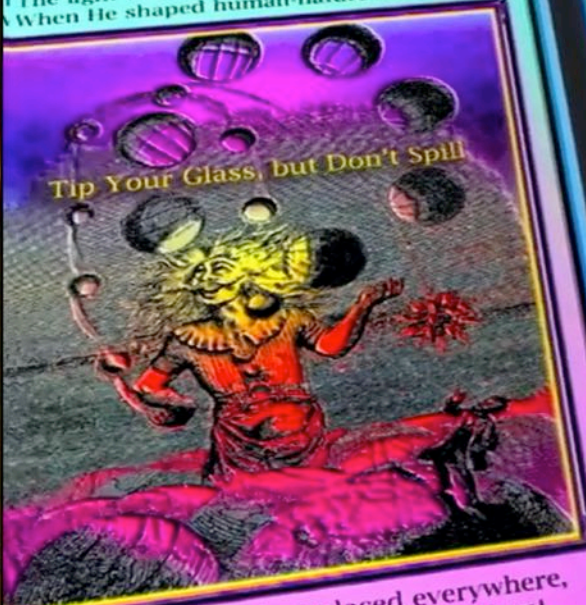
... The one Eternal Energy has formed  
Trillions of baubles like thee, and will form,  
forevermore—in coming and passing  
Of which Energy sends to numbers  
As much as it's self needs bubbles blown and burst!

**"It's some sort of an elixir of time."**

**"It well composes, potent and sublime."**

**"It also has hints of sandalwood, jasmine,  
Lotus, and bits of golden saffron fine."**

The light of Heav'n did the earth illumine,  
When He shaped human-nature's acumen.



Tip Your Glass, but Don't Spill

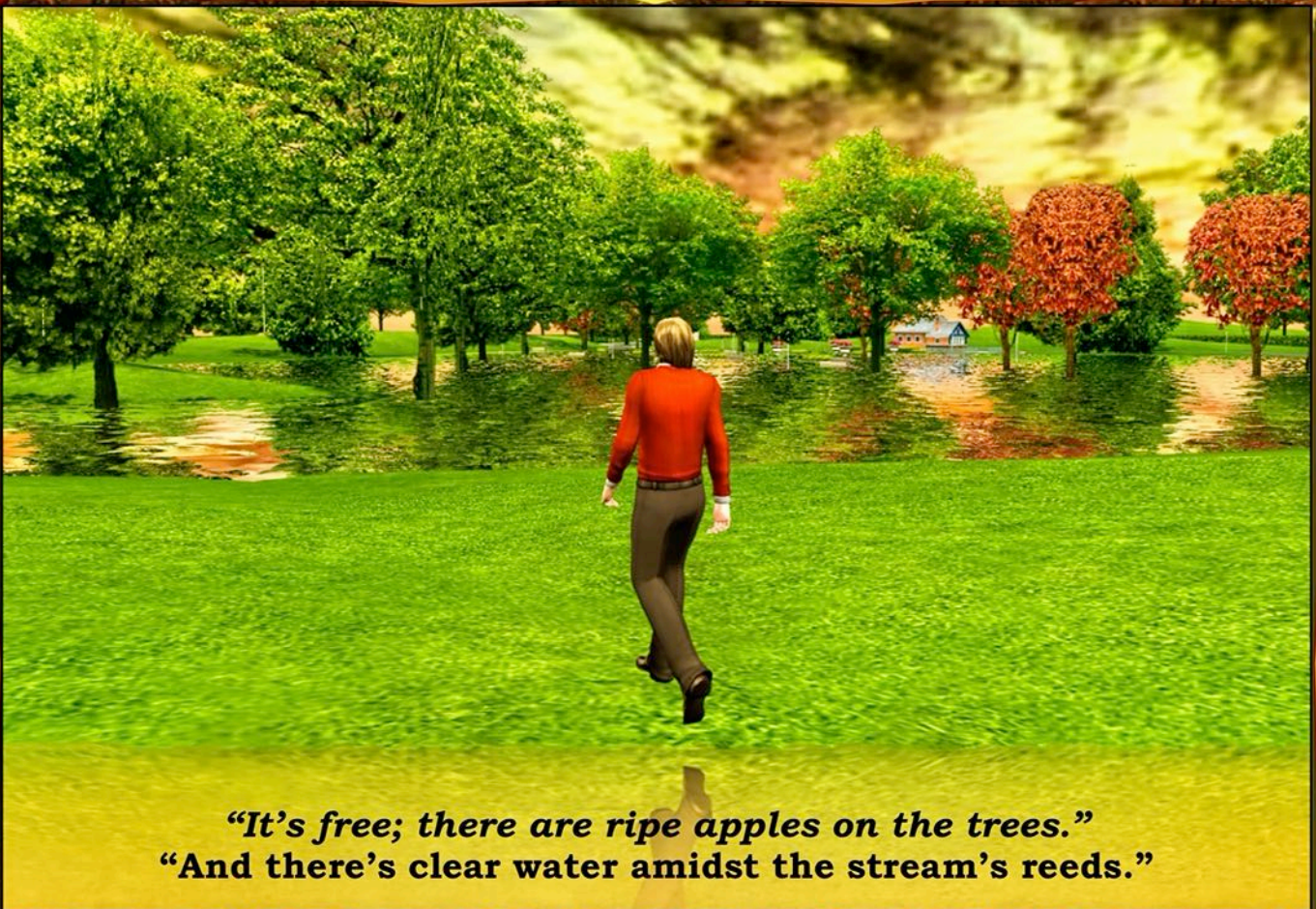
... Temptations He then placed everywhere,  
... which us for being human!



If Earth is Hell for love's adventurers,  
Then I wish no more for God's Paradise.

**"It says on the label that 'fumes' therein  
Have escaped from an interment within,  
That it shall take the passerby unaware."**

**"Oh, I'm already affected by it! Lay here."**



***“It’s free; there are ripe apples on the trees.”  
“And there’s clear water amidst the stream’s reeds.”***



***“Sultan after Sultan rises to the throne,  
But after they’re gone and so briefly known,  
The summer still blooms with the lovely rose,  
And still the water in the river flows.”***



**"Here are some roses; one speaks some sayings."**

***"I am the rose and I am here, staying."***

**I say, "We're surprised, beyond our noses,  
When suddenly to us speak the roses."**



***"Where did your rosy life come from?" she asks.***

***"Once I was a sparkling, buried in the soil.***

***It was my darkest hour, burning my oil.***

***The world around me was cold and lifeless.***

***I was only a seed then, yet, no less.***





***Growth, which I can't begin to decipher,  
Started me moving, so, as a wild flower,  
I burst from my soil of toil, full of power  
Radiant, glowing. Weeds can't touch my flower!"***



*Worldly hope men set their hearts upon  
In ashes - or it prospers; and anon,*



*Now upon the desert's dusty face  
Of charred four or two - is gone!*

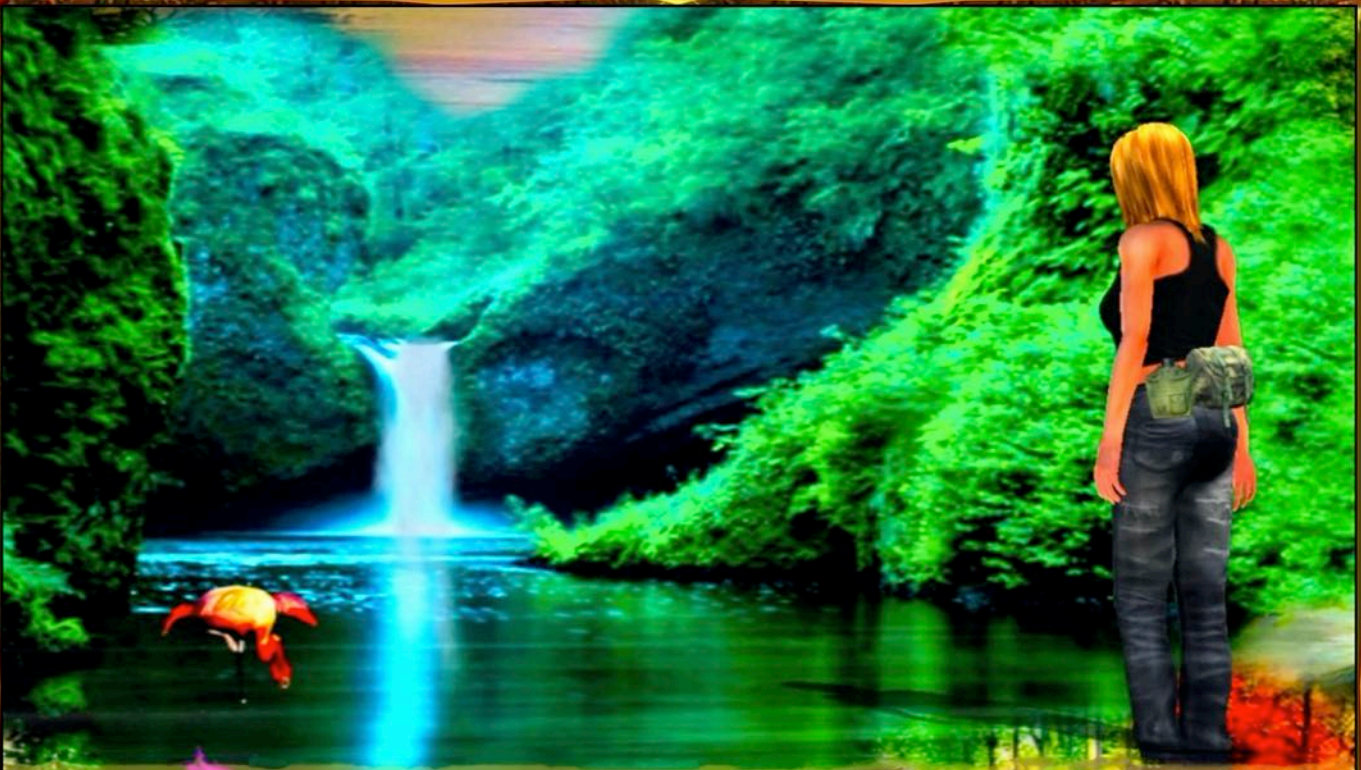
***"What shall we call you?" She asks, half in vain,  
As a clue to the book's questioning name.  
"What's your nome de plume, your ungiven name?"  
"It is not that easy—as giving name,***



***“You must learn my name through wisdom’s living;  
Can’t simply reveal it to your wishing!”***  
***“I’m satisfied,” I say. “So let’s walk on,  
In the name of the rose we might seize upon.”***



***“We’re unbowed, living in the here and now,  
For there is nowhere, no-when else, nor how.”***  
***“‘What’ could be the name of the rose.”***  
***“‘What’ is the name of the rose?”***



**“Maybe, but that would be a funny name!”  
“Unless it was a trick question made plain.”  
“It’s of truth, goodness, and beauty, the proof;  
As three are clearly seen within its roof,**



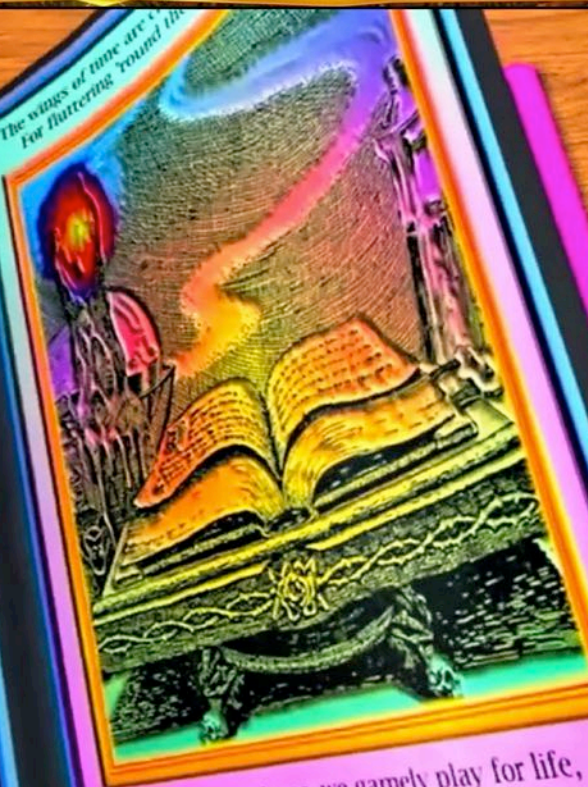
**“Intertwined in the eternal triad,  
Woven into the perfect romantic braid,  
As the weft, warp, and woof—love’s wave made,  
Each different aspects of the same respects.”**

ar not death, Heaven, or even Hell—  
or death is only life's natural knell,



Heaven and Hell are within myself;  
I fear is not living well!

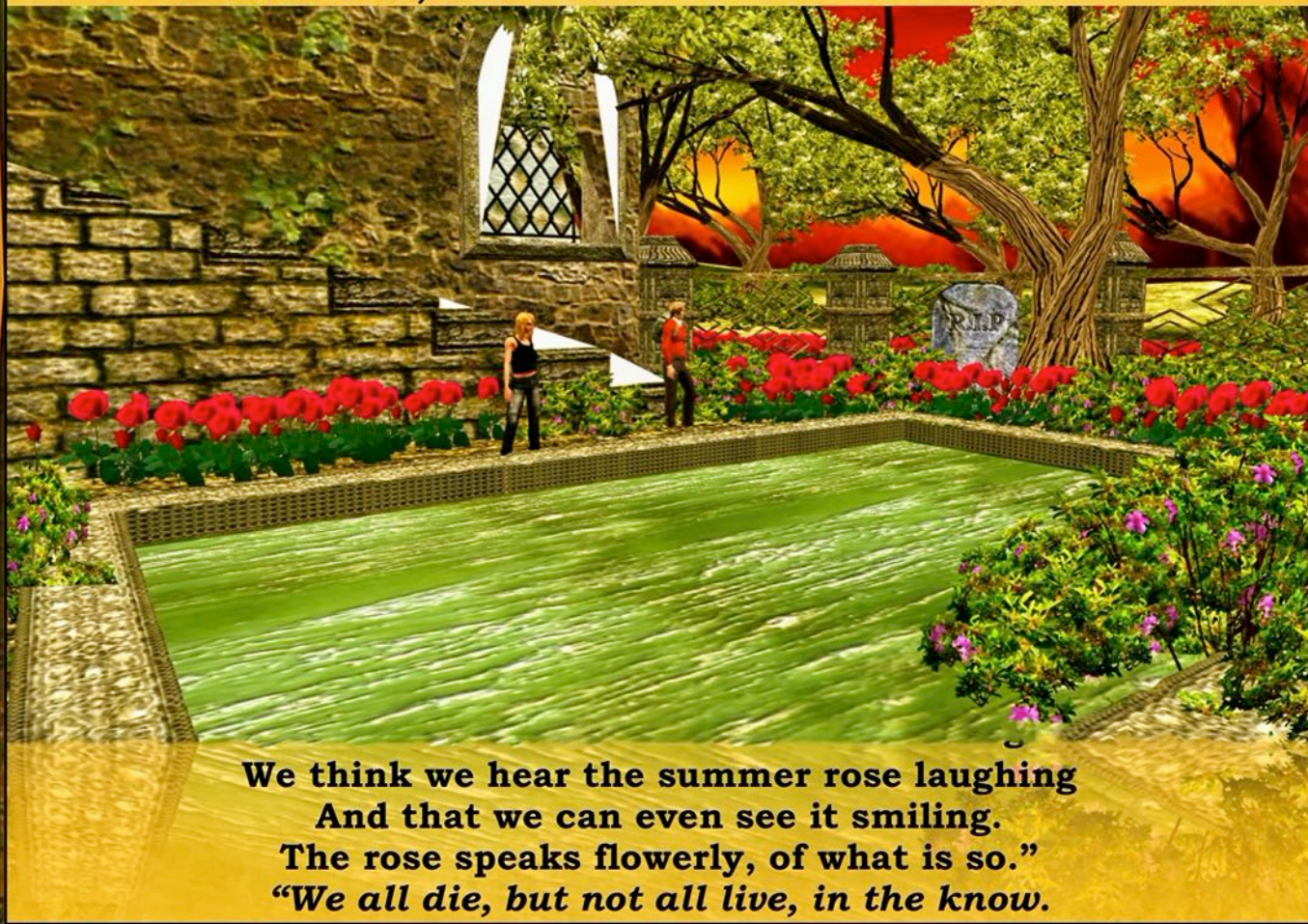
The wings of hope are  
For fluttering round the



Like chess pieces, we gamely play for life,  
Until into the box we return—quite!

***“Beauty’s the reality of truth’s meaning.  
Is this the name of the rose’s gleaming?”***

***“I don’t know, but beauty blooms, for ruth,  
As it were, like a rose from the well of truth.”***



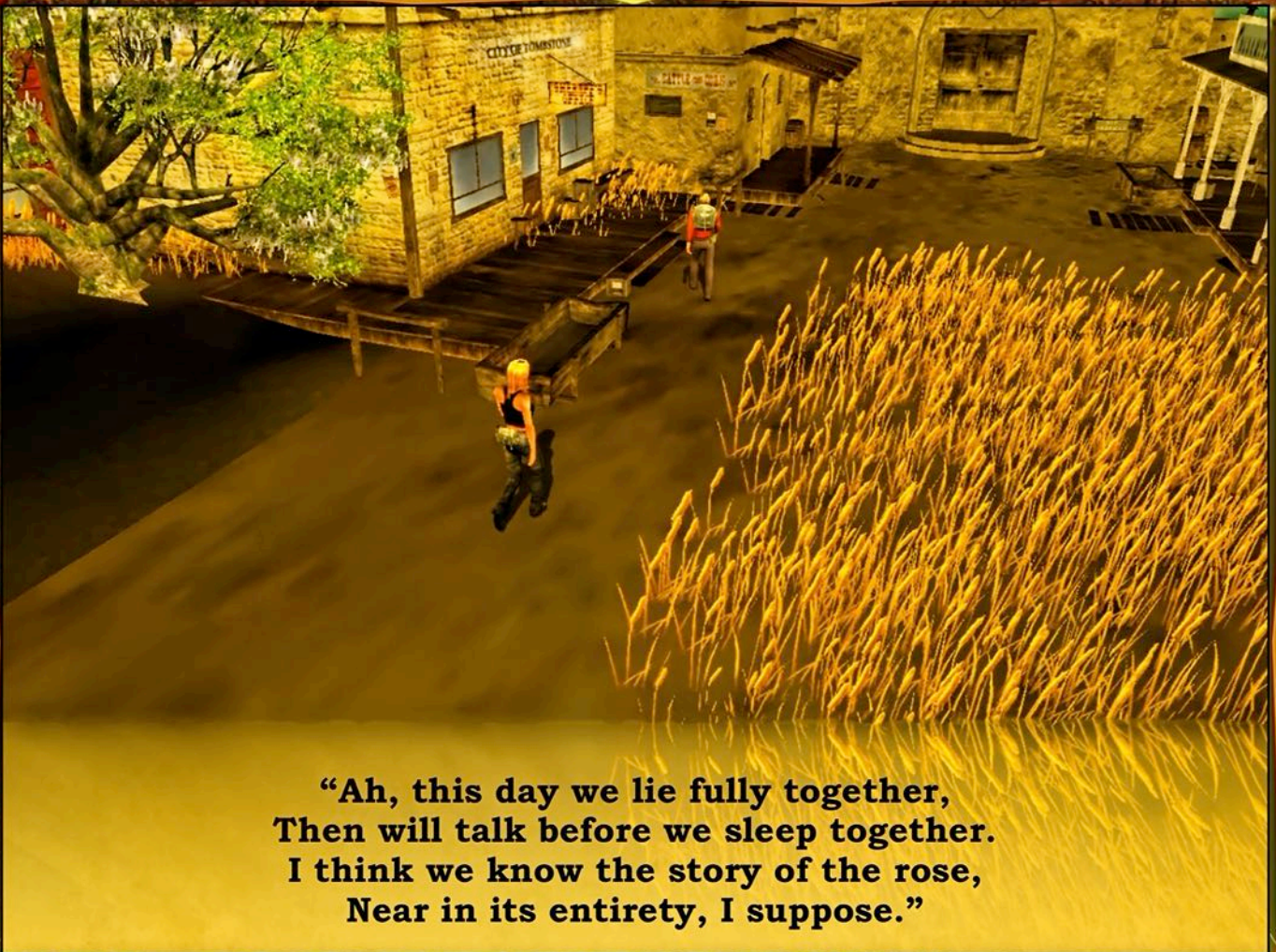
**We think we hear the summer rose laughing  
And that we can even see it smiling.  
The rose speaks flowerly, of what is so.”  
“We all die, but not all live, in the know.**



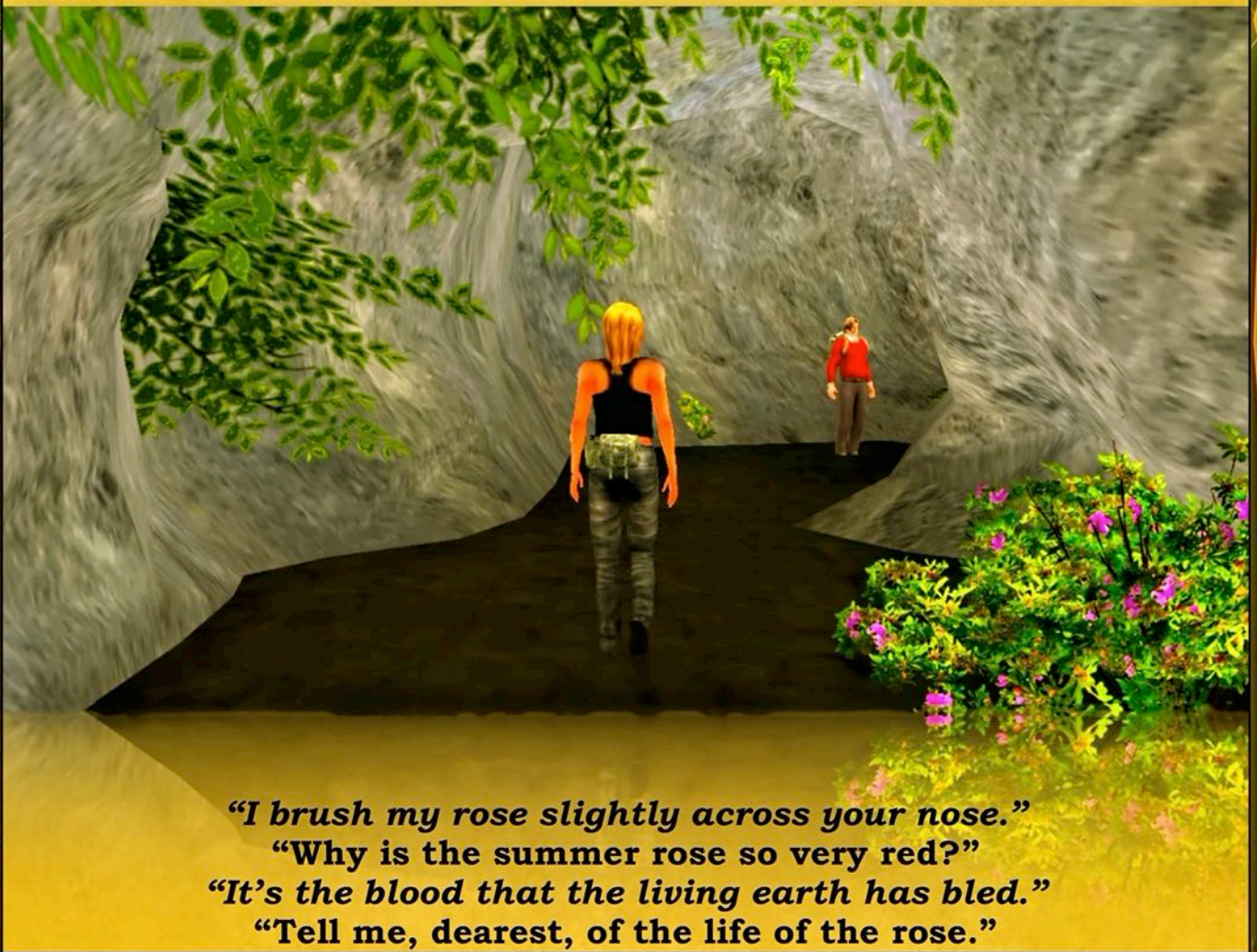
***“I live in my prime but for just a while.  
First, I’m flowering and free, as a child,  
But I’m fragile, and finally, forlorn—  
My petals torn—all that’s left is the thorn!”***



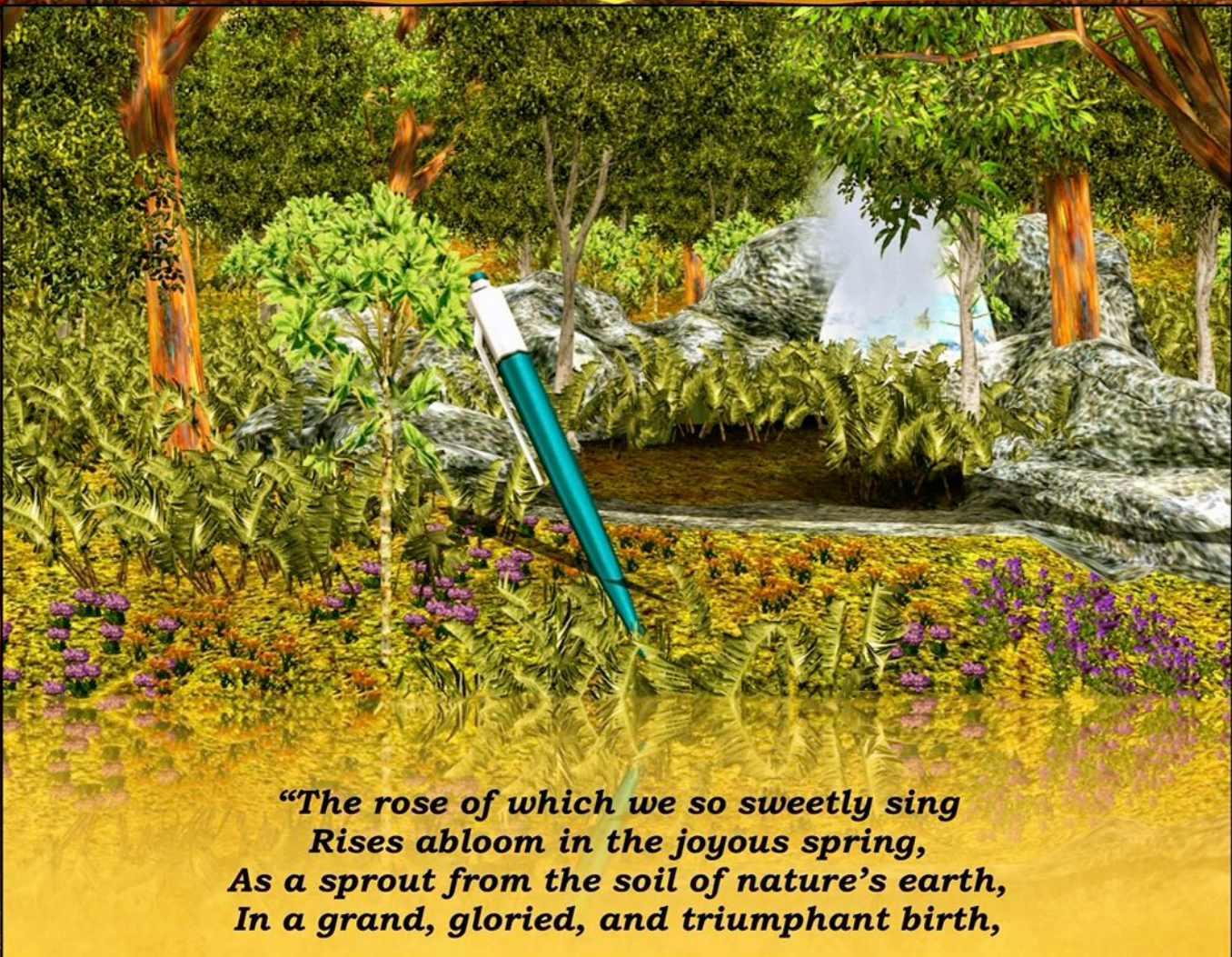
***“But while I live I am full of power,  
Reigning as the queen of all the flowers!  
In my high time, among nature’s flora,  
I’m the regent over all the bowers.”***



**“Ah, this day we lie fully together,  
Then will talk before we sleep together.  
I think we know the story of the rose,  
Near in its entirety, I suppose.”**



***“I brush my rose slightly across your nose.”***  
***“Why is the summer rose so very red?”***  
***“It’s the blood that the living earth has bled.”***  
***“Tell me, dearest, of the life of the rose.”***



***"The rose of which we so sweetly sing  
Rises abloom in the joyous spring,  
As a sprout from the soil of nature's earth,  
In a grand, gloried, and triumphant birth,***



***"On the first day that the summer blushes.  
It blossoms red, as spring vanishes,  
From its one and only kiss to summer.  
Then the summer rose reigns, near forever,***



***“And laughs with the mirth of the long season sent,  
Somewhere between happiness and contentment.  
Golden autumn slowly creeps into the scene,  
And then the autumnal rose withers, lean,***



***“Its tearing petals falling, from its toil,  
Enriching the potpourri of the soil.  
Then comes the winter seen, shutting the scene.***





***“That’s the living life of the rose that thrives.  
The flower that once has blown forever dies.”***



**“What then, is the name of the rose?”**



***"We are the rose."***



**The Final Report**

***"A flower is life, but in time that flies.  
It buds, blooms and dies right before our eyes.  
It's a lesson to learn in beauty's form;  
Yes, we are the rose, in different guise."***



**“What’s here now has to be as that long before,  
Not new out of the blue, for there is no more;  
So we and all are akin to what is,  
Not less—we’re united beyond the door.”**



***“Dreams are the starlight of our minds,  
A canopy of hope that shines  
Above our lives to light our days,  
And prove we are more than our daily ways.”***







Finis