

## THE WHITE ROSE

I am dumb before  
The fusillade of fireworks  
That is the world; before  
Its grim cacophony of disasters.  
Henceforth I will live without  
Tongue for utterance, without ears  
For the harrowing clamor of time.

Perhaps then in some chamber,  
In some inmost garden,  
A door will open  
In the confusion of my soul,  
Clarity spreading its solace  
Like sunlight after rain.  
In this secret garden  
I will seek the white heart  
Of silence.  
In the maze of confusion  
That is my soul, I will find  
One rose.

*For Nana*