

## O'SULLIVAN RUA TO THE SECRET ROSE



AR off, most secret, and inviolate Rose,  
Enfold me in my hour of hours ; where those  
Who sought thee at the Holy Sepulchre,  
Or in the wine vat, dwell beyond the stir  
And tumult of defeated dreams ; and deep  
Among pale eyelids, heavy with the sleep  
Men have named beauty. Your heavy leaves enfold  
The ancient beards, the helms of ruby and gold  
Of the crowned Magi ; and the Hound of Cu  
Who met Fand walking among flaming dew,  
And lost the world and Emer for a kiss ;  
And him who drove the gods out of their liss,  
And till a hundred morns had flowered red  
Feasted and wept the barrows of his dead ;  
And the proud dreaming king who flung the crown  
And sorrow away, and calling bard and clown  
Dwelt among wine-stained wanderers in deep woods ;  
And him who sold tillage, and house, and goods,  
And sought through lands and islands numberless years,  
Until he found, with laughter and with tears,  
A woman, of so shining loveliness,  
That men threshed corn at midnight by a tress,  
A little stolen tress.  
I, too, await  
The hour of thy great wind of love and hate.  
When shall the stars be blown about the sky,  
Like the sparks blown out of a smithy, and die ?  
Surely thine hour has come, thy great wind blows,  
Far off, most secret, and inviolate Rose ?

W. B. YEATS.