LESMIAN, Bolesław

**Rose**
Was I strewing red poppies

Over a dark, barren field?

I can remember dreaming

But I’ve forgotten the dream.

Were these your lips I then kissed?

Were these my hands you did hold?

In my garden – only mist

At my gates – a crescent gold.

Every day my yearning grows;

I spend every night afloat.

When do you blossom, my rose?

‘I never blossom, my lord’.

‘I never blossom, my lord’

Speak, is it your voice, my rose?

I try to catch every word...

Every day my yearning grows.