

'We are the bees of the invisible...'

Rilke, Letter to Witold von Hulewicz

*'We've never, no, not for a single day,
pure space before us, such as that which flowers
endlessly open into ...'* Rilke, *Duino Elegies VIII*

THE GLORY of the rose
revealed in time,
minute perfection,
born from a freedom
limited yet pure;
while we, with our
so celebrated liberty,
cry freedom, yet find
ways ever more complex
to restrain the other,
out of step
with creation's healing touch,
made for the invisible
yet, despite our longing,
clinging
ever more tenaciously
to the visible.

With our divided minds
distracted by the past and future,
unable to abandon to the eternal present,
out of tune
with nature's rhythm,
yet we must find
that undisturbed space
at the centre of the rose.

For our task is God-given,
like Rilke's bees
to transform the visible
into the invisible,
the growth of love beyond desire;
the poet's task
to glimpse the eternal
behind the flux of time,
living in two worlds
until both
become one.

* Please see note on page 46 for further details of David Hodges' work.