

The Rose Window (for Rowan Le Compte)

Suspended above the nave, this morning
glory of light boils above a rock arc
till diffusing green along the floor's shallows,
it reaches the apse and sinks to violet blue
We stand here staring
as threads of light weave the floor
like our first flight over Dresden
when trailing thunder, we droned on
praying that the night was dark enough
to hide in.
And in the light we left behind,
incinerated in the moment,
a fatal beauty and lament
in the marbled shoe and roadside stain.
Now, beneath these rose-hued ribs
and arches, below this sanctified eye
of light where I pray for our salvation,
in a circle of light
no bigger than a face,
a blonde haired
child her hands above her head
dances in perfect circles.

based on stained glass window entitled:
The Rose Window
in the Washington Cathedral
by Rowen Le Compte

C. Hood Frazier