

**YVAN GOLL**

**Rosedom**

Moon-rose  
That burns in the heads of beasts  
Brain-rose  
Skinned from skulls  
O hot-tempered rosedom

As long as the wheel of the rose  
Turns and turns  
The noonday rosary  
Raves in fevered fields  
And the rose-eye bores  
Into my waking sleep

Yet woe if the Unrose  
Ascends from the metals  
And my rose-hand rises  
Against the sun-rose  
And the sand-rose withers

O rose rose of roses  
That alone blazes for the roseless

**translated from the German by Nan Watkins**

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