

JUNE 2018

A ROSE'S DREAM



A touch of summer weaves through dawn. The cool fresh air brings the last notes of nocturnal sphere music with its bitter sweetness of jasmine. On the eastern horizon allures Mrs Venus, trembling and flickering. Her round white body tolerates only sweet scents at this hour of the day, of jasmine or lily of the valley.

At the first reddish gleam on the horizon the scents of Reseda awaken, the scent of the blossoming vine, hanging tenderly and softly in the air, not intrusively and yet temptingly. In the dry dew the first pungent scents of mint mix with the ones of honeysuckle. The warm light keeps spreading continuously over the world and with it the exquisite perfume of the rose. It is there at the first ray of sun, spreading out powerfully and ubiquitously, this scent of the gods which makes the heart beat faster and lets us feel tremendous joy and happiness.

Like fluttering butterflies the singing of the harvester women hovers above the field, as slightly melancholic as the colours of their headscarves. The song tells of love, happiness and death, all wrapped in the wonderful perfume of the rose.

It is the song of the rose.