

The Most Red Rose

Oh, how difficult it is to compose
A poem, a message, or a prose
On the unstoppable growth of the rose
And the masonic symbolism it can propose.

So supreme are all those
Who create worlds without flaws.

Oh, how noble are those
Who have smelled the red rose.

Every time the soft wind blows
It communicates with my nose.
How powerful is the one who knows
The secret intelligence its layers disclose.

The rose grows as time flows
Whatever is hidden, she can expose
How powerful is the one who knows
That secret intel its layers disclose.



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2015