

Rambling Rose

There are thorns plenty, bewilderment amongst the human gaze
It is the fruits of Our labor, an endowment with Great Merit



The rambling rose bush is putting its fingers
throughout her channels to see Light, *Glistening*
Gold... His Light is touching her Beauty
It is *Distillation*

It's Her own Time Piece ...

He opens Her up to see Light; It's Discovery...
Soot; an unbelievable amount of toxins lay
hidden beneath the deck

A thorough cleaning needs to abide by Her truths in solidarity; an Aloe
Vera wash will minimize her pain... *Chit Chit Sat*

This all lays buried deep within the Sushruta within its own translation