

The Thirteenth returns... Once more she is the first;  
And she is still the only one, or is this the only moment;  
For you are surely queen, first and last?  
For you are surely king, O first and last lover?  
Love the one who loves you from the cradle to the grave;  
The one alone I love loves me dearly still:  
She is death - or the dead one... Delight or torment!  
And the rose she holds is the hollyhock.  
Saint of Naples with your hands full of fire,  
Mauve-hearted rose, flower of Saint Gudule:  
Have you discovered your cross in the desert of the skies?  
White roses, fall! You offend our gods!