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Hear The White Rose, The Black Candle

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Hear The White Rose, The Black Candle

Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"I the White Rose and that Black Candle - we are mere nothings, and yet we represent something of life and death. I the White Rose was born from a seed, grew from earth into life, and blossomed into flower. My friend the Candle has body and has life, too. Its flame is its life, and others have noted that it dies as it lives. We both rest in a dark and somber place, and we hear soft, sad weeping."

Cover Page Footnote

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HEAR THE WHITE ROSE, THE BLACK CANDLE

I the White Rose and that Black Candle — we are mere nothings, and yet we represent something of life and death. I the White Rose was born from a seed, grew from earth into life, and blossomed into flower. My friend the Candle has body and has life, too. Its flame is its life, and others have noted that it dies as it lives. We both rest in a dark and somber place, and we hear soft, sad weeping.

I the Black Candle bring forth light, and my friend the White Rose, too, reflects life in its way. But now we play a different role. You see, we are death, too. For beneath us lies a boy whose budding life has withered, whose dancing flame has wandered off into darkness.

So you see, we both represent death and life. And when the casket is borne away, my friend the Black Candle is snuffed out, I the White Rose wither too away. And thus ends the life of a boy and a Black Candle and a White Rose, that lasted but a day.

John Roselli