



#FLORSQUEANIMEN

RAFAEL CRUZ

"A rose is its own universe"

A rose is a generous flower. It offers itself in early June like a promise of long evenings of endless summer gaiety. It has given name to a colour and it could easily give birth to a galaxy. I am convinced that the whole cosmos is contained within the cup of a rose. It comes out like a Big Bang, originating from a tiny bud to infinitely expand, before it contracts again and fades, leaving behind the lingering memory of a whiff that feels like a kiss. It takes the shape of a Holy Grail that, when you take off the lid, releases into life a vast assortment of faculties: sight, smell, hearing, touch and taste.

When we look at it, we peer on the mysteries of Aphrodite's love; if we stay still and listen carefully, we'll hear the buzz of the bee, for which the rose lives; with our eyes closed, it is the fragrance of angels that we receive; when we touch it, if we are good, we'll feel the velvet sweetness of its petals, but the prick of its thorn if we don't deserve its gifts. As for taste, do not allure me with the oriental aromas of Jasmin, fine as they surely be, but let me inebriate on the flavour of the rose petal tea.

6a edició
Begur en Flor

HOMENATGE A MARÇAL CERVERA