



How can one describe a beautiful rose? How can you convey the joyous sensation evoked by the light green leaves stretched out in the early morning sun, wet with dew and holding up for your admiration pale yellow bunches of crumpled petals, each folded around a dark green eye? And in between, the crimson buds pouting from flaring grey-green sepals, waiting to be kissed? Kiss the bud and breathe the fragrance of the smiling bloom, face to face, cheek to cheek. Savor the fragrance of the soft silk petals and say, 'Céline Forestier'.

—Gwen Fagan

*'Céline Forestier' in a private garden in South West Australia (photo by Odile Masquelier)*