

*Warming to Gold* by David H. Rosen, (2019, Resource Pub.)  
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*Reviewed by Robert Epstein*

*Warming to Gold* may be a spare book of 33 poems (one poem on every other page), yet it contains more than a few haiku nuggets worth their weight in gold. A psychiatrist, professor and haiku poet, David H. Rosen has honed his art over decades, enabling him to pan for poetry wherever he may be.

Rosen, the author of nine books of haiku, has either been blessed with the Midas touch or has mastered the art of alchemy through his longtime immersion in the psychotherapy approach of Carl G. Jung. On second thought, it could very well be that Rosen's secret gift lies in his childlike innocence, which paves the way for observation untainted by preconceptions. For years now, I have been impressed by Rosen's guileless poetic perspective. Consider these disarmingly simple poems:

Spring...  
serenity  
sparkling

Sauntering  
hollyhocks and marigolds,  
nodding

Innocence knows no shame; for Rosen, closing in on 75, there is nothing to hide.

He has no self-image to maintain, and it shows in his courageous candor about falling in love again or bearing existential loneliness:

Never again... four  
years later  
will you marry me?

Spring snowfall  
much loneliness

It is also innocence that leads the author of *The Tao of Jung* and *The Tao of Elvis* to embrace his surroundings, just as they are. Despite the constraints of age and illness, Rosen's love of nature—whether domestic or wild—is evident throughout the book:

Drizzle—star  
magnolia  
glistening

Cold grey wind...  
warming to gold

Only the cynical or jaded would have trouble understanding the intimate relationship between ingenuousness and love. Rosen's adoration for his third wife gushes with a sweetness centered in innocence:

Went down under,  
fell in love  
nature goddess

My wife saved a bee...  
more honey  
David and Lanara Rosen

Have you been sifting through sand and soil for a little gold? Look no further than David H. Rosen's book. Though a few may sound prosaic or commonplace, most of his poems will fill your pockets with inspiration and delight, pointing you in the direction of your very own source of innocence, joy, and love.

