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You're the Earthling the Cosmos wanted –
Wild Rose clinging to a cliff undaunted,
Forget-me-not down a dusty road,
An opera, a forest ode.

Someone who reads pictures, draws on walls,
Digs language. Understands calls,
The fine lines at the heart of the matter –
Or the Gardener, if you'd rather.

That voice, that mind, echoing somehow –
Intertwined on-going I-and-Thou,
Nature only knows how you made it here,
Her imaginative symbol maker dear.

If interested in putting this place back in order,
If already past masculinity's border –
Backstage door's been left wide open,
Chains of signifiers have been broken.