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Lingering mysteries, sacred suspicions,
Autumn time, fractal conditions,
Gold and purple mountainsides –
Roadside roses where you cried.

This stage, this play, this theatre blue,
Your part's about coming through –
Childhood fairy dust post-modern magic,
Timeless narrative this side of tragic.

Personally soulfully prayerfully intractable,
Dependably carefully totally unpredictable –
Found beach treasures serious whisper,
Yarns, feathers, beloved big sister.

Then surprise – with the scene all set,
Act three's not been written yet,
The stars and their celestial light,
Say, "The last lines are for you to write."