

# Lane



**Y**ou'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.

**O**ne who reads pictures draws on walls,  
Ours language understands calls,  
The fine lines at the heart of the matter –  
Or the Gardener if you'd rather.

**T**hat voice that mind echoing somehow –  
Intertwined on-going I-and-Thou,  
Nature only knows how you made it here,  
Imaginative symbol maker dear.

**I**nterested in putting the place in order,  
Already past masculinity's border –  
Backstage doors been left wide open,  
Chains of signifiers have been broken.

