born alone and incomplete

a child rises to its feet

looks around to see and know

absorbs and grows

receives its blows

takes its chances like a rose

growing in a crack in stone

its thorns protect from the unknown

that marks the world beyond the womb

the child stands the flowers bloom

but soon the garden’s overrun

by competition for the sun

the child’s man must leave and wander

his inner child’s loss to ponder

while at the bottom of the well’s

another tale of loss to tell

he leaves the garden, walks the wood

forgets the white and black, the good

and bad and worse will find him soon

howling at the ancient sky

and dancing to another tune

alone, a loon, a man, a moon

the golden light, the magic rune

when next he visits in the garden

feels his mother’s presence, pardons

all of his own sins for her

let roses rise and red blood stir

so let my thorny surface harden

my inner self to cure