

Wild Rose –

You are no tulip, no rose
No small soft mammal.
You are no porcelain doll, no plaything,
No decorative pet.

You are a wild rose, thorny and fierce
You defy trellises
Tear them apart with ivy
Turn them to earth with moss.

Your roots crack rocks
Your leaves search the sky
You breathe rain.

You are no quiet dewy dawn,
You are the moonless night,
The howling wind,
The cold ropes of lashing rain.

They say that you are too much,
Speak too much
Move too much.

They say you have too many edges

Tell them you are full of edges,
Crevasses and canyons and cliffs
And that your curves are too big for them to see
Rolling plains and verdant cradling valleys.

If you are too much, they are too little
You powerful, thorny, wild rose.