

*If Mother Nature were a bachelor*

If Mother Nature were a bachelor  
(whose language were the universal) and  
were smitten by the soul of a maid— or  
a man (and either, I would understand)—  
he couldn't do much better than this rose  
garden of fourteen lines of bushes, each  
appealing to the heart and mind through nose  
and eye (as silence gives the stir to speech),  
where dirt's distilled to beauty through the un-  
seen process. Ambling up and down, I can-  
not help but rub a petal here and there  
and think it feels like rain caressed by sun  
and wonder on what nature makes the man  
who has to plant a plot like this, somewhere.

by James B. Nicola

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