

Fountains

Ataraxia

Arabesqued damasks,
pillows of liquid and clear eyes
shining intense mirrors
of green silvery recesses,
tangled gardens,
emerald water-works,
old crumbled balaustrades
where ivies and ferns
fresco in the wind
spiritual thrills of bluish-green contrasts.
My liquid and clear eyes
grasp and welcome
the bright run-after
of immanent fountains.
My eyes now and ever
dilute in circles
of yellow-ochre water and flora
and vanish off-shore
brushing surfaces
into threads and fibres
of rainbow peacock tail.