

The Corals of Aqaba

Ataraxia

I drink sips of pink
never sated
tactile blunder of light
the movement calms down
I bow my head
and lay it down
on the ground
I saw too many colours
now it's blue
my steps bring me far-away
in places that I visited
in the dazzle of the sleep
or during the long summer wakefulnesses
I'd like to stick
to the skimming light
or become grassy expanse
when I don't hear the sound of the flute
on the shore of a river