

# Ataraxia, Fountains

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.