

Gothica, Under the Dock Leaves

You slide across the branches,
Your glitter is fertile pollen,
You're shadows in the shape of leaves.
A wind that ripples the crest of waves against the current,
You caress the rivers but you are the springs.

Your eyes: buds which are moistened by the dew,
Beyond webs of obscurity.

The branches swing you
Then you glide on your transparent wings.