

Ataraxia, Aquarello

Your hands and my words trace circles,
Lines, volutes, assonances,
Fragrances of sonorous abstractions
Atmospheric nuances,
Tenuous impalpable motions of spinging chords;
Cerulean, overseas-blues hover and twist
In floating constellations

We open the dance like unusual
comedians or sylvestrian
interpreters of a bizarre picture.