

Ataraxia, The Tale of the Crying Fire-Flies

Strange acorns of goose-grey laurel
brushwoods, branches and insects
laying down the border of the brothchannel

beside the eyes
an asphalted emerald hill
studded of intermittent lights

fire-flies and syrens
sea-urchins and fire-flies
fire-flies and wagons
hedgehogs and fire-flies

but whirls,
the funeral umbrella
of your gowns,
my dear, my dearest
my dear, my dearest
you fire-flies who cry