

"Water Lilies at Giverny"  
C. Monet



Give me a pond where I'll melt  
With the lilies, the vapor and showered recalls.

What do I see in the pond?  
A flower, a cup, a mirror of mine -  
Why should there be moss  
Escaping a void?  
I know it not for its depths  
The power impotent in flight;  
Why is the loss to stand  
In the upright for what is believed?  
But its peace  
I see it subtle improved  
Divorced from the harshness in judged.

Moving we feel there's a depth  
In the tolerant find  
The depths of the mind.

Recalling reflects  
The holes on the moon, venus trays,  
The oysters in shells of the mind  
Pearl - the flight of our fish from the scales  
That programmed machine and tapestry of mind.

...

our history -  
Lilies - tangled and rooted  
Bealoned.