

# 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