

Weeping Joy

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willows weep draping their sorrows
along the bank like curtains that do not shield or cover
as the curtain itself weeps

the breeze is gentle and lifts the willowed curtains
in perfectly coordinated harmonious movements

people promenade along the bank like fixed dancers on cuckoo
clocks
going nowhere deluded by their apparent free movement though
completely out of sync with the harmony surrounding them

impelled by the breeze leaves and hanging branches sweep across
the water of the lake
creating tiny ripples,
water-birds navigate thru the temporary obstructions easily,
loose like broken clockwork crucifying time

at once branches move backwards and forward according to the
breeze
all the moving forces create a silent visual symphony
orchestrated by the harmony of existence though the orchestra
seems uncoordinated
but its harmony is unmistakable to a patient, observing eye

a young woman fascinated it seems by my contemplative quiet
positions herself next to a willow
on the opposite bank and sits on the green grass lifting her summer
frocks to expose her uncovered vulva
no doubt hoping to distract me from my symphony, i smile
nevertheless to which she responds immediately
though unaware that my experience with female crotches has left
me
on the opposite bank delighting in my silent, symphonic, weeping
reverie

<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-476.html>

