

The Waterfall

At the waterfall the wind ruffles
the hair of water, shaking off drops
like flakes of dandruff from the head
of a crevice top. How unkempt?
It befits the rugged terrain though,
where sprays of Dionysiac thoughts
get frozen in the cold lake
by the hill like thawing frost.
And under a violet sky
with the air of smoke-like clouds
there flutters with a greenish tinge
purple faith of a violent heart.

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The Pangolin Review; Issue 6, 8 September 2018