

Aphrodite Smiles

Through soft rain water,
the depths of mythic seas
where golden fish gleam green
in the dark lavender as Iris pure,
the mature heart, the generous soul,
Our Lady of the Snows
robes wave with
remembering to forget
here in the ripples
of winter melts
greenhouse warm
as love accepting
our pleasure to face sweetest
sorrow for all this swimming
Fortune the good goddess gives