

## The Garden

From the plentitude,  
a bedraggled iguana  
    tongueing  
the orchid open,  
an invisible chameleon  
hugging our will-  
    imposing divide,  
each yellow lizard  
emerging from every hole  
is a fraction of moving stone.

The garden is lava flow  
from Epomeo  
into whose gullet  
(where the symbiont  
builders dwell)  
Zeus threw  
the burning dragon;  
its spinal ridge  
above  
the landscape architect  
    mirrored,  
curving  
this rivulet's  
tail of water  
    back to the source.

This must be the creche,  
    you say,  
of our peaceable kingdom.

Determinedly  
gripping its long back,  
the myriad plants, animals,  
and fungi reach out,  
the frogs  
    harrumphing  
the ecotropic channels  
ever mindful  
of what belongs  
    [or doesn't]  
where.

From a composer's ashes,

a carpe diem  
in the rock,  
a temple to the sun  
rises--its link with the stars  
comically remarked  
by the simulacrum  
of a crocodile  
angling the cistern  
nearby.

The streams are girdled with misty palaces.  
The waters are full of padmas.

Is there nothing we won't do,  
to cushion the fall?

Inside,  
the Sybyl of Cumae,  
preparing to announce  
her findings,  
breathes fumeroles from one  
of Typhon's 1000 mouths.