

## Dusk at Laguna

water

limpid

tint by a light cyan

caresses the golden sand

tickles the tender foot of a toddler

knocks down the barricades and

washes over the flimsy castle

sky

vast as the sea below

its hue of lilac complimented by

the fierce amber gleam of the setting sun

fulgent as it hides behind the horizon

and the subtle ivory tinge of a few roving clouds

drifting without destination

seashells

strewn unevenly across the frothy shoreline

that stranded a few foams left by the receding wave

and tangled in between the seagrass

its dainty shell pirouettes inwards into the twirls

of a fresh-out of oven croissant

at the corner bakery

kissed by the last rays of light

its iridescent fade of turquoise shimmers in the distance...

## **Dawn at Santorini**

climbing over the tip of the distant ranges  
the first eager beam of daybreak  
pecks the azure cathedral top  
with a subtle lightheartedness

the lilting lullaby of a windchime  
the fitful chirps of a chaffinch  
the gentle rustle of a Santorini olive tree

accompanied by a flock of seagulls  
a lonely ketch quietly pulls away from the dock  
embarking on a voyage to the uncharted seas ahead  
bounded only by the rutilant horizon  
and its florid, canary glow

fluttering at the brush of the soft vernal breeze  
its beige sails morphs into the mane of a mustang -  
unshackled and galloping...

## **Lotus**

Out from the mire it  
sprouts its seeds  
and through the bog  
they thrive

blooming despite

the muddy water  
white pedals they blossom  
unsullied by the filth  
beneath.

## **Narcissus**

the pellucid waters once mirrored  
a face of mesmerizing glamor  
limned against a backdrop of  
a cobalt sky and a few tinges  
of pearly white clouds

blighted by the curse of self-indulgence  
his heart became stony and frigid  
beguiled by the world of fantasies  
his mind failed to discern the cruelty of the world  
frenziedly he sought  
for something of ultimate intangibility

yet as the maw of time  
gnawed away his youth and beauty  
as his long, lustrous hair starts to lose its sheen  
and as the pale flowers of his name  
blossomed on the spot where he had  
once stood gazing so dotingly

the serenity of the forest had remained unaltered  
the verdant grass still bowed at the

hefty weight of the dewdrops  
the dainty hummingbirds still trilled  
their mellow hymns of bliss  
and the thin willow leaves still swayed  
at the light brush of the summer breeze...