

# Neruda's Fountain

By Glenn Currier

Its mouth gurgles Gregorian chants -  
no half notes or quarters or sixteenths -  
but from its bowels steady-flowing vowels  
leaking, laughing over stones shaped and smoothed  
by eons' incarnations of seas and sands.

Its loins sing and hiss the hymns  
of cells, and tissue,  
their issue rained softly into the soul,  
cosmos songs haltingly hurled  
clear of the grasp and snarls of life.

Its heart beats its bloody rhythm  
ticky ticky tick  
slither slidey slip  
pushing pushing  
gushing gushing  
up and over  
edge to edge  
it's relentless surge -  
so that heart and mind  
ease their edgy throb  
slowing, staying, stilling  
whispering, sighing, filling  
emptying, and restoring.... peace.

*Dedicated to Pablo Neruda whose poetry awakened in me in 2001 a dormant poetic muse which has never gone completely away to this day 5-7-18*

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