# [poem] How many of these stones are in the color of your eyes ?

I strolled along the shore
waves beating, shoes wet

The Maker has been making beads
in a million shades for a billion years

If monkeys could type out a Shakespeare's verse
given enough time

These waves might have delivered a stone
in the foreign sonnet of your eyes*

So, I searched
bending over, squatting down
fiddling through the gravel in the fading sun

I collected a handful of green —
translucent, slippery, erratic, speckled,
and beer bottles shards of age

I discarded the ones —
too pale, too blue, too dark, too bold,
too much of definable features to be akin to you

Still, the rest in my palm bewildered me
That I had to refer to your pics

And that's when I see
Just how elusive your iris is

Of all the candidates
None seemed to catch —

The hint of cyan, the cosmic gleam, the poesis bearing an inland sea, a forest rain, a hard-boiled tenderness, a continental majesty

As a shadow from the image
They evoked my memory

I gave in

But I'll keep search

If I find a good one
I'll give it to you as a souvenir

A souvenir for —

When those eyes
The green light from within
Left their impression on my shallow soul

——

*written after having not seen them shine in life for a fortnight

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