



WATCHER

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Old Botany,
discreetly poised
among the trees and shrubs,
surveys the passing throngs
with weary stoic eyes
that open curvingly
beneath the summit comb
it wears exotically
like an ancient shaman
above its grey-tiled roof.

Janus-like, with
looking eyes close to sky,
on both its roofs,
well beyond the milieu,
constant and unflinching,
ever open and receptive
on two sides
to all modes of life,
waiting for it all
to happen,
to see

--image submitted by poet