

The Fountain

This fountain, never still,
Like Love it tosses free,
Like Love it will return
In ceaseless energy,

Washing the granite
stones,
Spilling its ample spray—
Though heavenward it
tends
Earth claims its fretful
stay.

Ah, love that climbs the air
Seeking some greater
prize,

That paradise that
looms
Beyond this world's
surmise...

Ah, fountain of desire
Tempered by
gravity...
This love that seeks
the stars
Must bide Humanity.



*Poem & Photo by
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