

ETERNITY

Lee Slonimsky

One may imagine, peering into clouds,
that secrets of eternity lie there,
some map of atoms, matter that will show
the ways to travel on without a “where”.
A glossary of thoughts to make use of
if questioned at the gates to endlessness;
a vantage point so very high above
that one forgets a fate that’s bottomless.
But clouds can move, revealing more blue sky
than one would ever want to sail into;
in much the same way that a truth can lie,
the brightest dream of cloud can wither too.
Regardless of how beautiful the wind,
in some still sunlit hour it will end.

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