

EXILE WITH WINGS

Lee Slonimsky

Triangles merge, as mallards swim ashore,
their gleaming rippling wakes phenomena
of angle, like the “v” with which geese soar,
or heavenly trajectory of star,
or variations in the sun’s swift rays
which, arrowing, can measure each new hour.

Pythagoras has spent so many days
observing mallards swim and gray geese soar
that mastery of winged creation’s math
has come to him, as if his mind grew wings.

So solitary, this trans-species path,
which makes him long to tell his thoughts to birds;
if only wind could translate a few words,
his flesh would feather, dullest speech would sing.

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