

# GLEAM

*Lee Slonimsky*

The sun provides light's skin for this clear pond,  
a rouge of luminescence to attract  
these scarlet dragonflies; what wiles they lack  
are compensated for by motion's flair,  
an acrobatic grace that blesses air  
and lets them hover while they're making love,  
their iridescence rivaling noon's firelight,  
until they come to rest on raysplashed rocks,  
tradition of three hundred million years.

If genes could talk, what history they'd tell,  
but as it is their hovers, glides must speak  
for all the vanished species they have seen;  
a sudden stillness somehow seems to warn  
how quick it all can be, how brief the gleam.

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