

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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Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 3 No. 2 Spring 2006