

LETTER TO US

Lee Slonimsky

Intelligent? This sunsplashed dragonfly's
the scholar of survival. Ancient genes
that tutor how to skim and skitter, hover, glide,
make epochs out of minutes. Summerer,
she's gone by mid-September, but her kind
has flashed through simmer, outraced rays
three hundred million years, minutes their days,
three months a life. What does it say
for us to near extinction quite this soon,
so many species gone already, doom
a shadow tangible as clouds' at noon
suggesting lightning's slash? We're not so wise.
If only dragonflies could share their minds
and spirits with us, we might well prevail;
sad spectacle, when lives so simple thrive
and evolution's "genius" can't survive.

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