

LETTER TO WHITMAN

Lee Slonimsky

Awake aflame with electricity,
as if in touch with circuits in your cells;
your synapses now sparks that you can see:
these hieroglyphs of DNA read well.

You feel your fingertips alert with quarks,
the molecules in toes erupt ablaze;
the atoms in your veins spin pulse and soar
so dizzyingly your gaze begins to sway.

This isn't Lawrence's wild mind of blood,
but rather eloquence of bone and gene,
a history of life from cells in mud
to poet's modern mind, a science dream.

Your truth's that books of flesh, fleeting as grass,
have leaves which turn from eons of our past.

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