

## 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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