

LIGHT, PAINTER, ATOM

Lee Slonimsky

A mirror draws a perfect, painted face,
its canvas glass, its brush made out of light;
in tandem with the ancient spark of sight,
it conjures art from silicon's blank waste.

The mighty universe is artwork too,
composed so long ago by atoms' spin—
that fundamental whirl of creation—
yet atoms don't resemble what they're in.

Invisible, blur-quick, they hide inside
the works their sculpting hands present to view,
as far removed from mirrors' swirls of light
as abstract modern forms are from the Louvre's.

Our mirrored selves can't think themselves pure art,
but we are atoms' works, both minds and hearts.

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