

LOVE AND VANITY

Lee Slonimsky

The word I choose to illustrate a beat
is “window,” “accent on first syllable”;
my class works sonnets till iambs complete,
while dusk falls slowly, then darkness is full.

Class ended, I stroll due east toward the Arch
to meet you for our dinner date at Cher’s;
yet lit up hosts of windows spark alarm,
as if the city’s too complex to bear.

These gold and orange squares of evening light,
geometries of secrecy, intrigue,
seem private veils for lives beyond my sight
in numbers that evoke some wild unease,
as if sheer city size undoes my name...

but then you come to view, my sun, my fame.

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