

MOOD ON A PARK BENCH

Lee Slonimsky

You are awakened by a sudden crash—
a quick-winged gull has seized a silver fish—
you blink back sun, that sparkles off the splash
as if gold light and water have just kissed.

You've never napped on a park bench before,
so splashing gull was quite a sharp surprise;
you think though of the fish, its brief life torn
away from it by laws the wild lives by.

You fault yourself for eating slaughtered food
so often when you sit down for a meal;
this sunstreaked kill of fish seems somehow cruel—
you have no sure idea how a fish feels—

but guess suggests that stab and slash cause pain.

Some clouds are coming, and it soon will rain.

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