

NORA'S SEVENTEENTH BIRTHDAY SONNET

Lee Slonimsky

So many years ago, this sea was land,
and pterodactyls glided through the air;
Tyrannosaurus Rex stood on the sand,
and raptors hunted in the sun's red glare.

We blink our eyes—a hundred million years—
so what are we to make of seventeen?
Time's so elusive in what's far and near:
the reign of dinosaurs seems but a dream.

And yet that land was just as real as sea;
the sunsets followed dawns as they do now;
the future then as now could not be seen,
and life prevailed whenever fate allowed.

Congratulations to you, well deserved:
live each new year that comes with zest and verve.

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