

## OAK POND FROM HEDGE HILL

*Lee Slonimsky*

The sun and water long have been in love,  
since well before the merge of molecules  
to form first living cells. Love without rules.

Their passion bursts at dawn in fiery gleams,  
announcing primal vows, displays the way  
their love has always been. Its shimmer-theme  
conjugal bliss of atoms, bright rites of  
matter longing for transcendence. Rays  
that splash upon this pond sweet-seethe to kiss  
its shadow stained slick greenery; then chills

come rippling through the marriage bed when clouds  
disrupt a rudimentary glimmer-bliss  
and agitate for gloom; cloud presence shrouds  
immodesty.

Yet brazenly green wind  
still hugs and loves these dewsoft autumn hills.

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