

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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