

ONE

Lee Slonimsky

A cloud suspends itself against a cliff,
lithe acrobat of fog and snowy mist
whose wind charmed somersaults have just begun—
when it succumbs to swords of sudden sun,
leaving wet stone behind—

 this light exists

to cultivate approaching spring, as if
the glow of shimmer-sky itself can dream
ebulliently, of chances for rebirth
by bud, stem, shape-rich leaf in coming May.

And where light's awareness lies science can't say,
no more than for the rain or grains of sand,
intellects beyond the grasp of man.

How deep the thoughts of star refracted gleam
expanding still from Big Bang's dazzling froth.

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