

OUR VALLEY

Lee Slonimsky

The speed at which the atmosphere declines,
reflected in hot weather's fresh headlines,
I see this afternoon in waves of warmth
that roll from the horizon toward our porch.

Then sunset's redder than a liquid fire
which burns relentlessly in the coal plant,
whose plumes of ceaseless smoke tonight push higher
than mountain drifting clouds which nature planned.

Right here amidst a war by ash streaked mauve
to be the conqueror of twilight sky,
frail air is savaged by slick coils of smoke
which know no other nature than to climb.

A few decades ago, our valley's green
would shimmer in cool dusk, like summer's dream.

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