

## PEBBLES

*Lee Slonimsky*

Spectacular, the way these pebbles sound,  
when listened to by ocean, sky and sea;  
their harmony sings of geology  
to morning clouds and breezes circling round,  
interprets all the randomness of ground  
in spherical and shining purity,  
translating shape from atoms perfectly.  
Infinity, eternity astound,  
but where's a miracle great as these waves,  
that round and gloss rough stones relentlessly?  
Sea dazzles for as far as eye can see,  
and glazes salt-lipped morning's silver haze,  
but sculptured pebbles are the memory  
we take with us, framed by the rolling sea.

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