

# PYTHAGORAS AND APOLLO

*Lee Slonimsky*

Speckle, shimmer, slash, the sun's a fool:  
it can't decide if it's a grand artiste,  
or warrior of fire, or sage of rules  
which order ray-latticed geometry,  
hypotenuse the air, divide all breeze  
into fractions of summer heat, wet glaze  
and still green pond.

Bright ratios suggest  
a theorem for the seasons, calculus  
he can perform upon his abacus.  
Now he knows whom he wants to be:  
diviner of math's mysteries, savant  
protecting animals, Apollo's man  
with just a tint of supernatural glow.

How beautiful to know what sunrays know.

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