

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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Contemporary Rhyme Vol. 3 No. 4 2006