

PYTHAGORAS IN HALF

Lee Slonimsky

How beautiful this truth, that when hawks scythe
the vectored dawn-rich air, they must obey
geometry.

And sunwrapped clouds that bloom
a second time in mirroring pond, display
principles of light;

warblers' songs divide
a breeze into harmonic functions. Gleam's
arithmetic for ash-bright schemes of fire.

This world's an abacus of shadow, spark.

Abstractions, though, can't still his vague unease
that truth and beauty may be enemies,
unlikely marriage sundered long ago,
true beauty near impossible to know
and truth math's art. His One desire:

hear logic's chorus in the lilt of larks.

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