PYTHAGORAS'S FIRE AND ASH

Lee Slonimsky

He's heard rumors from Persia of a sage
for whom all halves form wholes, whose dark and light
make earth a battlefield, whose great insight
reduces many gods to one divide,
a war of shadows, gleam.
                He can't decide
if semi-metaphysics corresponds
to Order, Chaos struggling on this pond,
how perfect oval's fractured by the splash
of heavy raindrops just past noon, deluge
effacing symmetry in slant of wind.

He's never taken math as moral:
                ash
and fire are his opposites, the end
of one the other, transcending all pain
and pleasure.
        Deep shadows? Sunlight explains.

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