

RIVER SONNET

Lee Slonimsky

The clang and splash of river ferries, late
June afternoon in 1893;
amidst a whiskered, sweating crowd you wait,
transported by some time telepathy
to board the next Weehauken boat and stand,
amidst a jostling crowd at starboard rail
to rendezvous with last night's dream-met friend,
Phillipa, glimpsed just once, black haired and pale
but radiant enough to draw you in
beyond the curve of time, toward late day light
whose rapture's beauty. Time's unreal within
your blazing thoughts, though very much in sight
in antique fashions, smoke and planeless skies;
a lace gloved touch, your pivot: violet eyes.

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