

## 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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