

SERMON AT QUOGUE, NY

Lee Slonimsky

The curl, collapse, smash-surge of foaming waves,
so glossily relentless, just at noon,
is rhythmic gospel, scripture of the moon,
a silver-salted miracle that saves
blue air from industry's monoxide slaves:
the bitter dark of smokestacks' ashen swoon,
exhaust pipes piping greenery to doom.

Read carefully these parables of spray
and coil and smash and surge, swift overlay
of waves, each sermon equal to the next,
wind driven respite for a frail earth vexed
by traffic ooze imposing night on day.

Waves' Aramaic passion for the earth
explodes and bubbles now in sermoned surf.

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