

STORM PASSING OVER WOODS

Lee Slonimsky

This swirling greenery against gray sky
suggests a wind tossed ocean of thick leaves,
its surf the rolling clouds now passing by
a wan pale yellow sun. A damp breeze weaves
its way about these shadowed woods at noon,
their tapestry of bark and leaf awash
in mist and drizzle's dank. And then the tune
of warblers summons sun. Response by thrush.
Their inspiration looms: the reign of light,
anointed by bird song, returns above,
and gilds the greenery, astounds the sight
with bright leaf-latticed gold, a kind of love
the sky must feel for swaying crowns of leaves:
what beauty sunlit wind so swiftly weaves!

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