

THE CALENDAR: A ROSCOE, NY SONNET

Lee Slonimsky

How perfectly sunlight makes love to stream,
this afternoon, the rays embracing so
their giddy luminescence seems a dream
of summer dreamed by autumn light; trees know
a calendar they page in orange, gold,
vermilion, beige, and yellow; yet this breeze
that ripples chill-edged radiance agrees
with rays to warmth; they'll both defy the cold
until the violet shadows of twilight
efface the soft pink remnants of this day,
and slowly darken stream to vein of night,
as far from dazzle as is fall from May.
For now, in radiance, let time stand still
in sunkissed peace no calendar can kill.

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