

## 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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