

# THE LOVE OF NOON

*Lee Slonimsky*

A parallelogram of shadow wins  
the eye; a lecture on geometry  
for forest floor and dappled breeze begins,  
the source sunlight, translated by a tree  
whose convoluted branches can design  
a multiplicity of shadow shapes,  
froth of dawn's wave from curve to perfect line  
upon cold ground. No fallen leaf escapes  
the teachings of branch angled shimmer rays  
instructing frost scarred pupils in their math.

Pythagoras has walked this route for days,  
collecting angles near the rocky path  
that back his theorem for the thought of sun,  
explain the whys of slant, the love of noon.

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