

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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