

THE SQUARE ROOT OF WIND

Lee Slonimsky

“A fantasy,” his brightest student said,
“a concept like square root applied to wind.”
Undaunted, he is storm bound once again,
to let the wind spark numbers in his head,
so theory and velocity are wed.
The merge of matter, thought’s where he begins,
but he can hardly think; the windy din
is like the anguished shrieks of the undead.

The forest, winter gaunt, protests to air
against December pain of ravaged trees.
Pythagoras, fatigued, falls on his knees
and begs the god of wind to show a sign.
And suddenly, the wind stills everywhere.

“The spirit is to wind like math to mind.”

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