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Sonata

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Sonata

by Maxima Kahn

Feast

your eyes on the gold
and silver of the morning
light in these trees,
your ears
on the rhythmic drumming
of the woodpecker, the funny laughter
of some little bird
snickering like a mischievous boy.

This is the balm of morning,
its healing salve,
everything in cahoots:
the dark purple
petunias shuddering
to the same pulse
as the clack of insects,
a persistent cheep
from the canyon below
punctuating at
precise intervals,

and when the leaf lets go
the branch, when the neighbor
sings out to his dog, the way
someone's radio makes
a low undertone, or a cloud drifts
like a high soprano
over the whole arrangement,
even the infinitely slow
bass carillon of new
growing trees is part
of this harmony; nothing mars
the perfection
of the score, nothing
dampens the day.

