

noon

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the sun's ecstasy of radiance,
reflected from the undulating mirrors
innumerable
of this living world,
pours through the liquid crystal
that washes unblinking eyes.

what are we
that absorb the world
into its own central mystery:
perceiving mind swaddled in singing atoms
bathed
in the joy thrown out
from the heart of the sun
in the world-blanketing
broad daylight of noon?



Image Katerina Kolosova
Poem Stephen Muratore
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