

The New Criterion

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Happy

by Luke Zilles

Painted in Chinese,
her wind-chimes tremble
their thin fragilities
of tinted glass,
hung in the open window
to be a trinket
of music,
a trivial chandelier of glint.
Made for the eye and ear together,
primly
it tinkles,
glitters its chill icicles
of jingling lusters,
tingalinging prisms
in kaleidoscopes
of breezy canticles.

She spends her lyric summers
on the beach,
her life of flowers,
verses,
small sea-birds,
of gathering pretty pebbles,
perfect shells,
while all the while,
set in the winter tower
of ocean,
blown and buffeted by tempest,

her island trembles
like a stricken ship.

—*Luke Zilles*

Bio

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