

Sonnet

by [Anthony Opal](#) in the [September 18, 2013](#) issue

joyous G-d with a diphthong for a heart
speaking guttural utterances
and finding some soil to dig into
calls man up like a whirlwind from the dust
to name the animals and watch the rain
from within the cleft of a sheltered plane
like all reality entering in
to a room at once even the windows
are unable to stay shut and the grass
all around bowing down in the breeze lies
plastered to the ground laughing all the while
“and what my love do you want to call this
cloud of dust” a hippopotamus
Adam says jokingly though the name sticks