

## 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