for Nora Tombalakian

The Ideal

Zabel Khanjian Assatour

Dennis Báthory-Kitsz


ning flash    a splendor brief and bright    a flower whose petals drop a way when winds a-wake and blow
It is a feather    pure
and soft    blown from the swan’s white breast
A sacred kiss beneath the sky,

the open ether deep. That which the wind

the atmosphere the waters bear away.

It is the ideal the lullaby sung
It is the moon light

Northfield Falls, Vermont, February 15, 2007