

A Sonnet to Igor Stravinsky

Stravinsky's measured steps--halting by A
cross an autumn-browning field of sound--
accent his humming of tomorrow's hymn on
yesterday's three-octave voice of string.
He ran away from sentimental ground to wA
r against its farmers on a dim internal B
attleground, and thence each spring has F
ound him planting in new five-row fields.

When blackbirds mimic from the field's ri
m parading red and yellow on each wing (F
or innovation raises greener yields), he
styles himself Beelzebub in brown. Acros
s the breeze Stravinsky halts by--his gro
und will soak the blood of birds that diE.

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