

**ROBERT THOMAS**

**Sonnet with Abalone and Glue**

You say it doesn't mean a blessed thing,  
but don't you see—that's what I want. That's what  
I envy. The ocean ebbs, revealing  
blue anemones, yellow barnacles,  
a lone, iridescent abalone.

It feels nothing for the moon, whose being  
transformed it into this revelation  
in tide pools. What human being would say  
it means nothing? What it means is the most  
blessed thing imaginable. The hide  
of a noble horse becomes glue that holds  
the ribs of Itzhak Perlman's violin  
as it sings Mozart and Rachmaninoff.  
Tell me what he does to you means nothing.