

Each Morning

During a time of great need
we came easily
under the influence of light—

the idea of pattern disappeared
into the patternlessness of gathering
leaves wet in the street.

How could it arrive even here,
where we were wondering how,
in this house, one among many

rows of reproduced foundations.
How could it not? we seem to
ask of the window. Our faces

look out on a garden
once strange to us. We have
trimmed it back *and yet*,

and yet. The wooden fence
greys under the canopy,
softens in returning

winds through the middle
of each season. Here, we watch
what we are doing. Each morning,

if only it could be so, would find
you and me stepping around
the trees, the first taste of

sunlight dripping off
our lips,
both of us raising our hands.