

T
H E D A Y

The day did its new thing,
saying, here, you're starting over,
not again, as though it were
before, but now,
arising out of forever,
washed clean, washed out of
emptiness, the freshness
of the never-there, now,
into its miracle: here,
what never was, though
your mind tells you it's a
memory, from when you were
young, when you were a child,
toddling on two legs,
into the hollyhocks, into
the iris—but that's not the past,
it's the creation, swirling around,
everything tumbling in,
your mind giving it a place:
every bird, every tree,
every thing that will happen
today: presents unfolding endlessly,
placed on your orderly shelves,
labeled and stacked
in the preciseness of order,
dissolving completely
as the next one becomes,
for this moment, real
in your hand.