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.