

Equinox

It is believed by most that time passes; in actual fact, it stays where it is.

— Zen master Dogan

Sycamores in bloom, and still more new leaves
unfurl, green as antifreeze.
Cicadas buzz like antique refrigerators.

We shift ahead another year, our shadows
longer and longer. We try to downsize,
slough off old clothes, bad books,

mementos we nest our houses with
to anchor us to where we've been.
It doesn't matter that this never works.

We can't even stand still without conversion,
turning out cells like new leaves,
the carousel of seasons tilting above us.

From a shrub, two sparrows fly up
in a double helix and dart away.
We repeat ourselves endlessly

and are never the same.
Forecast: clouds
and persistent rain, persistent rain.