

Time Change

1.

Evening arrives with its sorry orange glow, time and its sadness, the heavy workings, another turn of the wheel and we're off into the pastels of night-fall, always saying goodbye to the light, always goodbye, *joy-geen*, see you again

in the morning, and we'll close our eyes again and envision the waterfall and the oranges filled with sweetness and their own light.

We eat until fullness, become heavy as the moon we sleep underneath, fall into ourselves in darkness. And the wheel

revolves. I rise, dress, sit behind the wheel, clean, in stockings and real shoes again, off into the changing weather at a new hour, fall having arrived before I was ready, orange maples, full of the extra hour of sleep, heavy-lidded, full of my own dream while light

breaks on the dreams of others. Lamp-light, closed space, one red window, one hour wheels into the next, layers of mind interwoven, heavy with spectral textures. A moment again evolves into the next, a scent of orange remains from lunch, fills the room, dusk falls

early, still listening for what comes, footfalls
of the years, what sense we've made, what light
has fallen on the canyon of unknowns. An orange
lucency fills the room, one small space wheels
through the galaxy, a cube inside a spiral, again
reeling into some place new, outside the heavy

history of our journey, outside the heavy
origins of human tangents. Leaving, scent of fall
leaves, red on the pavement, rain coming again,
home to him and the cats, warm greetings, light
incense, bow to the bodhisattva, word-wheels,
chants for the liquid of compassion in her orange

flowered jar. Oranges for dessert, sleep-heavy,
the day wheels into October's dark, we fall
into bed, lights out, plunge into depths again.

Fall again—light's heavy orange wheel.

2.

Orange glow of sadness
a turn of pastels,
joy's heavy wheel.

Eyeing the fullness
inside sleep's waterfall, we fall
into sweet darkness and the light

revolves. We rise into weather,
new orange maples,
a heavy-lidded hour

night wheels, interwoven
lamp light, textured space,
red window, a spectral scent,

the downfall of leaves. One
small spiral reeling
into canyons of the human,

the rain's red greeting
on the pavement
the bodhisattva's liquid incense,

October's dark flowers
wheel into day.

3.

“See you again”
the workings of goodbye

underneath a waterfall
we eat in darkness

rise into an extra hour
of weather, orange maples

interwoven, text of lamp light
one red window remaining

lucent, listen
for footfalls of the galaxy

tangled scent of red leaves
the bodhisattva rain

day’s fall into
sleep-heavy October.

4.

Goodbye: wheeling
into watery darkness

an extra hour of maples
a woven red glow

the galaxy's small wheels
tangled leaves

October's flowered jar.

5.

Goodbye to darkness—
the galaxy's wheel plunges
maples into red.