

## 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.