

Today, simply
Feels like change.
The air with its
Fingers tickling
Every atom, the wind
A German folk band,
Oompa, oompa, oompa
Waving like wheat.
Today, even bald people
Have hair, for the breeze
Makes them whole,
Pushing out whatever
Stunted growth, calling
Forth new cells to do the work.
The sun played hide and seek
Like the sleek-cheeked child,
Mirroring vanity in the trees,
Standing by for further instruction.
Today is rare enough, oh, yes,
Change is eternal, and summer sun
Hangs its biceps over tanned
Beaches while the razor thin
Blades of cold creak their way
Across a 12-month tundra, but
Nowhere has fall all year long,
With her shameless welcoming
Doorstep and storied promise,
Opening our back doors to
Whatever we had forgotten to hear
Right there before our eyes.