

hardly believing it, even as it happens.
the sky turning blue; this is life
when life is being lived as it happens.

what we are made of. what we are.
we are what we say to ourselves
at moments of becoming like this one.

autumn is beyond us, winter far ahead
though the earth is growing colder now
and the leaves are turning colorless instead.

to see it is all, is every everything
we can think of, every deadly burgeoning
as it occurs behind us and before us:

it is for us. it is for us this world
remains alive and lives through it.
believing it is for us the world will do it.

and it does: does so with the faith
of every tree in the act of dying into life.
pushing into the air what it pulls from the earth.

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