

# Come Again

(A birthday wish)

What is this thing  
in which the smallest hands  
of our wristwatch  
or great stone calendars  
wave and turn  
like air?

It is no thing  
this steady breath  
that moves from gravity  
to entropy  
to match the heart.

The thing we least  
can stop—the thought  
bears all  
beginning  
middle end.

But we awake  
and in the blushing sky  
the sun our faces  
turn to meet  
rolls on  
to join the night  
and wait  
for what  
will come again.

