**Equinox 2**

things grow gold

I feel shabby amidst splendour

but I have a pretext for being here

I am the tree that falls

seasoned and dry to the touch.

nothing happens without me

no harvest, no gathering and

no celebration

extraordinary claims, you think

but I say no

what is true for me is no less true for you

and I am nothing without you

only you can reach the fruit

though you stand on the shoulders of the innocent

the crickets sing “hurry”

but time is never short

cannot be, is not a slave to our confusion

all things pass in the same stately procession

and we mark time with the sadness

of curling leaves

I say to the pink glow of sunset:

will you not let us impose

for this briefest of times?

may we not be master?

and am answered in the language of passage:

touch me, and I am yours

there is no other answer.