

Walk in Streetlight

After the rain
blackness and white light
sky the road.

These are all the stars tonight;
the sky is dark as sleep forgotten

Here, below, the streetlight sprays world
illuminating ways for eyes to seize
and call their own.

Let a different scene arise
when what were stars
glitter as a river's surface:

light streams along the faces of the pebbles,
gathers along edges
and spills from vertices out into the night;

the water's stillness
and the walker walking
move the river.



We are so quietly bodied forth
what we are
is hard to see.

The other in us sees what we will not.
Yet waking dreams such as these
become the street at night—

a rain change
a rain change

to bring the stars to earth
and show us what we are.

I thought it might be,
when the lamp sprayed stars
and the stars formed rivers
that worlds revolve each in each

and we could speak
of them at once
and bring the stars to earth.