

## All the Colors Happening Again

Light widens the horizon.

The sea reverses; the waves

push backwards from the shore,  
the beginning starting from the end.

It is not yet 3:00 a.m. I think  
of going out, as if I might

live longer from this glowing birth  
and the night's shrinking. This morning

everything and nothing are possible,  
all the colors happening again.