

ALICE MAJOR

Ten days past the equinox

This, the moment when morning sun
 extends its pointer far enough to touch
 just that place at the far edge of carpet
—the point to which it will return
 twice a year, on its slow sweep back and forth
 south to north
along the horizon, then back again

making my small house a sundial,
 a henge, a stone circle marking
 light's travelling calendar.

As is the whole of this round globe
 everywhere an altar, everywhere
 an opening where light will come to touch
a surface, waiting.

Tomorrow, sunlight's finger
 will slide a little sideways.
 There is always something—
a chair, a bookcase, a trailing fern—
 waiting to be noticed, patient,
 at its accustomed spot
in the circling geometry of light.
 Whether I am here to witness it
 or not.