

Every sun  
that rises looks down  
on a different world.  
Every planet  
has its own year.  
No two instants  
are the same.  
That is universal life.

The sun is older  
(trust me I can  
measure the decline)  
although still there  
remain eons  
of light,  
of warmth .

The earth turns more  
slowly than before  
(Even though we don't  
feel it so,  
I warrant the earth  
can tell)  
that rumbling sky  
oversaw our brief wedding.

Do you not know  
that no thing orbits alone?  
Always, each  
follows the other,  
the dance of  
mutual attraction-  
twin stars,  
binary systems-  
defining for both  
what is a year,  
what is a day.

What sort of magic  
day passes by  
and leaves no more  
trace than this?  
Yet how measured  
and stately the grand  
waltz of the world  
spinning around us  
at its center,  
the music reaching us  
from every bright  
corner of the universe?