It hasn’t rained here for months, 
but somewhere on the planet puddles 
are mad with it, and in some otherwhere 
it hangs like fishnets in the air.

Now, like all nows, morning breaks somewhere—
cows let out to graze, runaway colors 
returning to the cupboards. Somewhere the sun 
has just vanished with a flash of green into the sea.

Right now a porter in Mumbai is asleep 
on the cement at Victoria Station; India’s pandemonium 
of heat and colored light has opened her cool 
dark mouth and taken him in.

In Guatemala, an old woman leans on the 
dock post to watch the shade of the volcano 
make its daily slide across the lake. In Istanbul, 
a grief-stricken man sings out in the streets.

Right now on this planet an olive is midair 
in its fall from the tree, a moonflower closes 
on its trellis, and a pale pomegranate root 
breaks through its seed.

Somewhere an old man falls down the stairs, 
the lost ring is found where everyone looked 
a thousand times, and the veil has been lifted 
from someone’s eyes.

Somewhere on this bright ball, women come home
with jugs of water on their heads, a family’s only camel dies in the dust, and a band of neighbors manages to put out the fire.

Whales breach, elephants kneel to drink, and hundreds of parrots drop a bright single feather—all of them aflutter now together in our sky.