

equinox

if we were greek gods,
a single lifetime
could last
an eternity

but we are rib bones
and pomegranate seeds
bronchi
and cold earth

with only one spring
and just one winter

i've been taking long walks,
blood moving
through tributaries
beneath my skin

i don't have to drink
from the river lethe,
or pace the surface for months
before seeing you again

in the underworld here,
dark soil and arterial roots
hold each other steady,
reach and intertwine

beating, persistent
quickenings

this waking
is my own
pomegranate-heart