

# Passing

Hay Howe

The stiff in-between  
Of today's autumn afternoon—

Time means nothing  
and everything—  
like drops of water  
from red-desert rainstorms.

I linger  
in her weaved words  
engraved like river  
on sand-stone  
roaring the path of her  
silky voice.  
until the feeling washes itself away.

The tossing of fall  
mimics today's cadence

I draw it in deeply  
  
change hurts so good,

and colors of clouds on fire drain down  
and out  
as time ignores loss.