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On This, the First Day of Class

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On This, the First Day of Class

Our sun rises
reluctant, tingeing the trees
a blood red
before draining down
around us.
But by noon, clouds glisten,
separate,
in an aquamarine sky, and sunlight
pirouettes
from the hoods of a thousand
emptied cars.

In Blake's "Song," a winged woman
chirps her rage
from Love's gilded cage,
while young men
and women flash their teeth
at each other—
sunbeams, death-rays—
sitting cross-legged
on Nature's silken lap.

I walk over
a shaded bridge, watching,
far below,
the water's patient trickle.
My feet shiver
on steel and concrete,
bound to
a familiar world
by force
of habit—strange alchemy,
gravity.