

## Planet

There is no number  
for the number  
of planets  
in our universe.  
Our earth is one  
of an infinity.

This is  
where we live,  
billions, trillions of us,  
in shapes undreamt of,  
colors of the rainbow  
and then some,  
over, under the horizon,  
but always in  
the planet's skin.

Our home has no walls,  
no boundaries,  
its foundation is rock,  
its roof the air,  
getting thinner  
emptier  
into void.

It is hot here,  
and cold,  
and wet and dry,  
and dark and light,  
fast-moving, slow-.

Our earth *is*,  
as the sun is,  
and islands,  
as thunder is,  
and rain is,  
as gravity is  
and light is.

My body is —  
what else?

My feelings,  
sorrows, my joy,  
pains and aches,  
my judgments,  
dreams and  
my reflections,  
even memories perhaps,  
exist outside the “is.”

Where?  
Who cares.

They are mine  
only for now.  
And when I go  
they transform  
into drops of dew  
on the tips  
of palm leaves  
at 5 a,m,