

## THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE FOUND IN JANUARY

It's a day when the obvious  
is incredible; a sunny winter day,  
a day to hang the laundry,  
for the farmers a day suited  
for pruning almonds and cherries,  
a day when a walk full of forks  
turns into a new great circle,  
the mud cakes on my boots, and  
between me and life there are  
no windows. A boy stacks cut  
branches neatly by each tree: red  
that was up, red rejoins earth. If  
I were an alchemist, I would say  
on this day the work is perfected.