



Swirling

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Among the seven colors
Of the paint, the painting
Gives rise to a swirl
Turning fast enough

To send you up to a little cloud
Like an eagle gliding through
The serenity of autumn sky

Neither the eagle nor you cast
Any shadow down as the earth
Keeps rotating as leisurely
As any other day beyond the black hole

When you return and stand on a
Hilltop, the painting is still
Unfolding itself, but the eagle has
Vanished high up into another sky