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Soleil Levant: Zabroskie Point

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SOLEIL LEVANT: ZABRISKIE POINT

The landscape like a skein unwinding,
or a litter of piglets pushing at pink teats
—this hyperbole not equal to the actual
grandeur—meanwhile each moment,
a transient sun is making it new.

You know Monet was right: nothing
exists but that the light engenders it;
nothing stays solid as the light liquefies.
Or put it this way: moment is movement;
not sunrise, but sun rising.

You dart about, camera and eye responding
to it all, a compass needle obeying
the pull of iron. But even what you think
is your will is a current trumping
the self, a tropism bending you.