

## Comparing Ordinary

The gods bite a three a.m. apple,  
orion hangs his belt to dry,  
the sun set upon the moon with washed hair orange  
    dried on the earthy continent across the world.

Deep in a saguaro hole, twelve birds ramble on about the desert lights,  
an orange leaf from ten falls ago, three thousand miles, upon a texas ranger in arizona;  
Death promises just a few more days, standing in the field across the snow, and  
the ghost of the girl that waited fell apart,  
music danced alone not a celebration but a joke,  
mint and a second sprig mocked responsibility from the bookshelf,  
and I -  
wiped yesterday's mascara down my cheek with the salt,  
utterly human.