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Cycle of Time

First light of day
17 below zero
Fahrenheit

I step
to the front porch
to see this day

An old woman,
old-fashioned clothing
dressed as if she cared
not at all
about the coldness
of the morning
pedals down the hill
bright orange, green, and red
old-fashioned bicycle
enormous front wheel
small back wheel

voluminous
old-fashioned dress
soft gold tones
black leather boots
gold ribbon trails behind
her
in cold morning air

front wheel
a clock
whose hands
say midnight.
back wheel
smaller clock,
whose hands
say twelve noon

Startled and cold, I call out,
“What is that?”
She answers
“We are the cycle of time.”

her voice trails
behind her
wisps of her breath
visible vapors

in cold air
grey light
of first morning
she rides
into the next minute
toward the next hour
next year
eternity

evenly
inexorably
as the second hand

as ice must
form
on water
at seventeen below zero
Fahrenheit