

3. Yin and yang

Out of an even sky of indifferent blue,
the sun beats down on the rough, ochre slopes,
crag and crevices, gritty in hue.
Ancient land of hollow-eyed cyclops.

The sun-blast inflicts incisions,
sharpens edges, blisters the crags.
And where it cannot conquer
the shades, it darkens the deep.

But time, with its ruthless mercy,
wreaks a massive turnaround, dislodges
the edges, forces light to retreat, trade places
with shadows, the dark emerging to share the shine.