

## **For No Reason At All**

**For no reason at all the happiness  
has come upon me again.  
It's not yet even fall,  
but a rustle of color is in my heart  
and everything sounds like a New Age piano,  
an accompaniment to a tune yet unsung,  
unending runs, chords  
as bright as the underside of leaves  
that turn in the wind,  
taking silver from the night  
and giving it to the day.  
It is enough:  
all that can be, and will ever be  
in a world whose eternity  
is of my own making,  
a moment fixed  
in splendor,  
finding and holding  
what need not be reached for.**