One-Way Litmus

Lifting in the morning sky
Their color of the evening sky,
The jacarandas time-warp time;
An ultra-violet of trees,
Of cobalt cut with amethyst,
Or gas jets, lowered, going blue.

Passing, the season damps the flame,
Corrects the spectrum, dims in dust
The vividness of mineral:
Puts into proper order time;
High heaven falling to the earth,
Two skies descending back to one,
A double vision twice undone.