

Harvest

Pumpkin season sky
unfurls like a clean fresh sheet:
palest of blue --
single song note of a flute.

Attention is riveted
by the leaf burnt, apple ripe,
tart sensation of the wind.

What whispered voice memory
of fire
compels the virulent, succulent
green to surrender?

What wind spun incantation invites
the fall
and shouts down the
fortressed and sheltering leaves?

Why has the root's driven thirst
for the sun surrendered
to the shivering naked limbs?

Why does the pumpkin season sky
bleed
into the sullen leafed earth?

And how has the moon spoken
to your ancient soul?

