

While the Old Men Prepare to Kill

a November
silver & gold,
shimmers & echoes
on the bark
of a sturdy Tupelo
readying for sleep & sugar making
on the hill of the sepia river.

While the old men prepare to kill,
a small insect
dressed in lemon pollen,
alights on the last wild
September rose, almost dancing.
Seducing with delicate, with many
unselfconscious legs.

A family of deer;
spotted, gentle eyed,
their necks long, curious, exposed,
nuzzle the edge of the sound of grass
as they bow in the ferns.
The late sun burns like a candle.
All is not lost.