

Autumn

Shake the wild apple tree.
Remove the bread from the oven before it burns,
then cross yourself as you cut the loaf.
The dead have bloodied the maple's branch.
Ruin is more beautiful than drooping July.
Sleeplessness purples my eyes, crows cast shadows.
The mockingbird continues its monologue,
as though summer weren't already stalking
like a cat around the corner, swishing its tail.

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