

October

I lie on my back
In October's river
And let the pull of the new moon
Wash over the rot in me

The trees shed unwanted foliage,
Unpicked, dried berries and
Branches too weak to see
The first frost

When I met him, the blossom was coming in
The gentle rays of the sun
Teased me with a promise
Of more to come

Fledglings – small and terrified –
Greeted me as I began
A journey of
Introspection

He stayed through the warm months
The beers by June's river months
The still light at eleven months
The this feels like heaven months

But he left before the harvest.