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Leaving

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Leaving

I pass a tree, naked of leaves,
On Autumn walk today;
Its brother, clad in crimson, grieves
As *its* weeds fall away.

One jagged spade weaves a path
—Tossed by Spirit of Fall—
And gently lands, to float in death
On water's mirror pall.

The dry wind harsher blows;
—So *skeletal* seems the tree—
Away the bed of dead leaves flows
From the Bones—and from me.

Wind, perverse, climbs the bank,
Raises a hundred undead;
They charge, chattering file and rank
Then routed, drifting, spread;

Each soldier gnarled by death
As if by lightning smitten
Discolored wrinkled; rattling breath—
Parchment too vehemently written

Rich Miller
RC '92