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Home

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GLEN V. MCINTYRE

HOME

Animals have holes to crawl to,
licking their wounds as they go,
sniffing the still threatening air;

Even the dead have homes of earthly clay,
packed down and secured
by passages of time;

But autumn leaves have none,
are carried up into the midst of the sky,
spiraling in whirlwinds
till they disappear
into the immense abyss of space;

How like an autumn leaf
I feel today.

GLEN V. MCINTYRE is a museum curator in Kingfisher. His poetry and articles appear often in WESTVIEW.