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And Still

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And Still

and oranges fall from trees
and leaves roll rolling
dry across pavement
cracked forced
by unseen forces or
not beyond the boundaries
blurry and blurring

but painted blues and
greys and yellows
offer no substitute

and must we continue so?
and still there is no green //

crisp leaves roll rolling
sky clouds (boundaries fuzzy
sky to white)

and not white grey
grey leaves

we cannot contain
nor command
the ceasing of catastrophes

and distant blue is
not blue but small

and those small betrayals
trifling inconveniences
still stuffed in your pockets
rise yet distract
and do not fade but reflect

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and do not attempt
our white palms flashing
fingers wrapped
in rings, concerned
beyond rolling clouds

cornered across the span
cornered in bends

here the river beds are horizontal
and dizzying steep
the orange of evening
wraps forcefully

56

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