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Autumn

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Schumann: Autumn

Autumn Tina Schumann

You know how the world comes at you like that? You're driving down some tree-lined street with Vivaldi or Corelli lilting their way from the radio. The sun casting prisms on the leaves, the leaves easy in their fall. All questions have quieted. You are convinced that even the asphalt is happy to be what it is: solid, stoic, the backbone of a day. Up ahead the next three lights are green, you are passing the schoolyard at St. Paul's and all the kids in their blue and green uniforms are bright angels, bearers of light. There goes Stone Way Cleaners where they are steaming and pressing, steaming and pressing just for you. The world is stuck on go, proceed, avanti. No one could imagine how enlightened you've become in the cabin of your car, on the rim of tears with your velocity, your clarity at the wheel, your rapid rolling toward some small truth, on and on like that.

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