

# Something Beautiful is Going to Happen

Poetry — Eric Neumann

Fallen leaves brush up  
Against the aging wood  
—notice the crack at the end  
And the harsh split in the grain

Rain beats against  
The dusty window  
Stained with mildew  
And ringed by spiders

Furniture, battered and  
Decaying is revealed by  
The flashes of light  
Striking the ground miles away

Yet there has never been more  
Life in this old place

Hear how the mice  
Move underneath the creaky  
And warped boards  
—hear how they cling to breath

See how the grass  
Grows up the remaining  
Few white wooden steps  
—see its transcendent green hue

As the last wooden plank  
Has rotted away and  
Returned to earth  
Appreciate the forest that had grown beneath