

The Feast of the Red Falling Leaves

by Ed Steele

I sit
on early-morning
park benches
sharp dawn
winds crystallize
the dew
at my feet
I listen
for your
warm voice
in the cold
of the yellow-white
tunnels of sunlight
and the day
opens
like a memory

I rise
with the sun-fired
white
of the lake
and you
are there
sleeping
in the blue
of the sky
and I lie
next to you
in our beds
Time
has come
to steal us
searches our bodies
then screaming
climbs the upward
spinning winds
but the park bench
empty now
is but a table
for the feast
of red falling leaves.



Photo by Ivy Fleischer