

## THREE POEMS BY DAVID JAFFIN

## Appearance of Things

He was too dressed  
in himself  
To imagine the wind  
It blew  
And birds sang  
The whole sea  
Could burst alive from  
a shell  
He cautioned  
The appearance of  
things  
Preferred to take each  
Word as a payment in  
kind  
Whittled down  
To where its sap ran  
Dry, with a knife,  
whistling.

## Late November

It's late into November  
Birds insist on their

Shadows crossing over  
Sound the winds won't

Still the leaves hang,  
Tight as they can

Snap when they break  
As a sudden light

Put out to tell  
Me the print of words

You press to your lips  
Tense at the edge

Time's past,  
It breaks in your

hands.

## Late Harvest

The last fruit is almost in,  
The fields will be stubble  
and stone  
And what we've forgotten to take,  
dried,

The trees will loose their leaves  
As you did for me once,  
your hair,  
And that sun will turn cold,  
to touch.

Let us walk now,  
Let us take hands, for we are  
less than this.