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.