

Leaves

January, and the last leaves have not fallen.
The gardener, grey and sickle-shaped,
moves through the square, day after day,
fills containers with leaves which fell,
fall, will be falling, weaves with weakening gait.
Sodden brown masses dot the garden:
he cannot keep up, can never finally get it straight.

The weather gathers uncertainly over London:
it may drizzle, it may or may not fog,
and the gardner seems to move as aimlessly
as the undecided clouds.

Love, let us count what wind-blown moments we
 have had
between the dark. A leaf tossed by a draught
flies up and settles on my window-sill;
when we fall into natural embrace
we forget the if not no, then why not yes
of our lives.

Rosalind Eve Conway