

Still, in November

Blue sky pushing from the south.
The dandelion sun claps hands
and humorously zips the air with gossamer.
Larks, in parties, singly some,
trend into the bay of blue on spurts of song.
The lake is low;
firm hips of sand curve away; the reed-brake,
auburn, high and dry, shows its black gums.
A brisk of wind:
the sun does silken splits on the calm water.
The lake agrees to dance; the hopfrog flecks
begin their winking beat.
With leaves few and far between, a poplar
takes it up and pillars into yellow butterflies.
A fish turns a page.
The lake gulps another acorn, darkly.
From empty fields where summer walked,
the chucker chucker of the partridges.

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