

Fall

Bounty rich in light
Green and warm
Summer's tangled fingers of lavender and emerald
Scent nourishing air warm with evening's tender damp
Held now in morning frost.

The time is ripe for spending.

Wind tumbling up into fingers spun of rippled air
Pluck the heart of warmth and quench the wind,
Now thin and pure
All worlds
Are bright.

Choked sweet of torn seconds
Her yellow heart of pain
And the rose hue beneath
Spill up
...the surface stained bright
With ending.

Shimmering is the morning
Cracked ice air slipping round the last outstretched palm
Of emerald's sudden shift
To rose and golden yellow shouts
Air spun round and whipping
Tumbling up
Plucked and crooked are the branches, to have given to light
...as loft
Their sweetness, shattered away, untethered and burst
Color stirred into thick shifting air
Rustling is the heart of bounty, spent in wind.

The cracked dew
A frozen jewel of prism
Finds tender ray and hue
Winking
Over the carpet of her bounty
Now swept from their succor
Upon Summer's breast
Spent
As a carpet of rose and gold
Upon the season's jeweled floor.

So...does she love us.