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Afternoon

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Afternoon

(A Warm Breeze in Late October)

Indian summer goldenrod-

 Fallen leaves etched yellow on the ground,
Reflect blue sky, unlike a mirror,
But a kindred spirit

While over cracks in the sidewalk

 Waltzes the wind, yet
Too soft to stir
Carelessly tossed yesterday's newspaper

People, playing, run past

 Singing girls,
Paintings neatly arrayed against
Sunset mountains-

But you, you are a limbo,

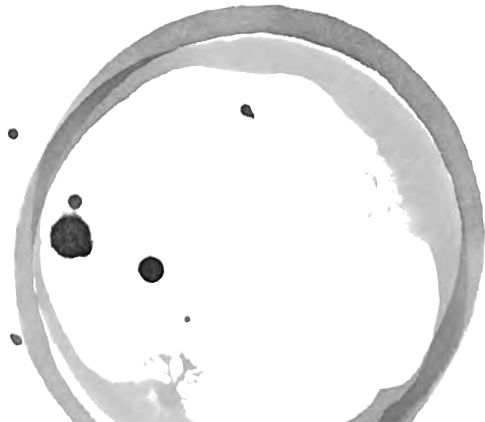
 Your prayer for the departed
Unable to save me

From you- more fall colors

Flow, and by the chime of the
 Tower, and drone of the high-distant airplane
you are out of reach

of

Indian
Golden
Summer
rod
days.



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