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Libretto: For the Fall of the Year

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**LIBRETTO: FOR
THE FALL OF THE YEAR**

Except for the red-oak's splash,
an occasional jay,
or the breeze
 sliced
by the sumac leaves,
the trees have been empty for days.

Our vision's cleared.
 Now we see
all the way to the lake.
 Light rips
the water at the wave-tips,
cuts bright doors in the town's west edge.

That's where we want to go, Sally,
out to the lake
to cruise on the jingling sparks,
canoe like the fools
we are for the lightning
 rippling
slowly like fat water snakes on the swells.

*

Dip oar
and the water whorls at its blade
like a shoulder flexing.
 We
and the lake pull by.
 Reflections
quiver, slip with our strokes. The roads
and the trees, we ourselves
fan out in

