

Spring 1999

The Edge of Fall

Judy Nacca

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Nacca, Judy (1999) "The Edge of Fall," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 51 , Article 4.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss51/4>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.

THE EDGE OF FALL

The squirrels looked up from their foraging
for a hearty laugh at the farmer's widow
as she bandaged the heads of sunflowers with rags.
Yesterday they tossed half-eaten acorns
at the pieta of her and the scarecrow.
I don't ask her why she does this
or why all the sheep in the meadow wear bells
or whether those are human teeth
strung like pearls around her neck,
because I know there may be answers.
I just watch it all from my small window of leaded glass
refusing the requests of bees begging to die
in the warmth of my palm. Go back to the mausoleum
of the rotten apple, these hands must remain
free of debris in the event a small child emerges
from the corn, lost and afraid of the discord
of crickets sawing the leaves of trees
and asks in a language I barely speak
won't I cover her ears, please.
No amount of agony is too big for the world
said the scythe to the meadow erupting with butterflies.