Guy Fawkes

Free of sun,
sleeping in sight of Eliot's
explosions sounded above the rooftops of London.
Fireworks as flares lack their messengers
hurdled faceless from darkened windows,
here I can only see their end.
On the streets below, fallen leaves quietly bathe in curry,
bonfires are in the parks,
but the warmth remains indoors.
Beyond these thick masses dragging bodies,
streaks of gas burn off heat in the piles,
hands clutch iron posts, feet pack together tighter, eyes look on
in celebration of our own attempted demise.

Autumn in the city.

Common Space

With lust the wind saps trees of their color,
less gentle than thunder rolling at a distance,
pushing summer into autumn, when life's decay is on display.
A radiant gloom fallen, forced beneath our feet and into the dirt.

It is here, I remember, the times when our meetings were infrequent.
how strange to think, your breath unfamiliar as ancient perfume
lingering on my clothes in the half light, whispering promises
of our next by chance reunion.

Outside the wind slows to a murmur, its promise of return certain.
Our next encounter will rise with morning's moisture,
for now I turn inwards, towards your warmth,
the familiar comfort of our common space.

To New York

Each step speaks street sounds,
pushing a violent breath out from under the rumble
of each rib, lifting in limp rhythm, one, two, one two.

This Siren's song seizes on my sight,
blankets me in baby down,
drowns me freely in the city's surf.

Slower sails seek silence
and softer landing spots,
but these bones know
there is no serenity in stillness.

Thanksgiving 2021

November is when cold hits us fullest,
when our skin is still soft from the summer's sun
and is as unprepared for change as the now naked trees,
their fallen companions leaving them bare,
now underfoot, smashed into mud and frozen on the surface.

We walk along previously green paths,
their true colors hidden by dull yellows and browns
banked by rivers and canals whose waters run low,
greyed surfaces giving way to stones, silently mingling
with the few geese foolish enough to start their journeys so late.

My mind is drawn to the many months before this month,
of the years before this year, of days gone by
when each evening brought with it the endless hope of dawn,
of the warmth trapped between blankets and bodies,
of steam rising from mugs, just as the dew transforms to vapor.

Of evenings where the ember's warmth brought sweat to our brows
and we drank wine as dark as Homer's sea,
singing of distant pasts and futures on the horizon.
Then our escape into the cool night brought relief, not the frozen
foreshadow of a changed season and forgotten covenant.

Are these changes felt in the branches of our silent companions
the same way they are felt in our bones? Do they yearn for their
time as saplings, ache for the colors of their leaves?
Will they recall with fondness the times before when
their limbs were full and reached for the Sun?