

Carol of Autumn

Mornings go
Quickened by the year's vanishing pace
Trees
Suddenly stripped bare
By Autumn's economical winds: in the leaves
A thousand colours; in their dying
Many lives, the same stories.

The harsh thin sun
Washes out the pale of the days, drenching
Through the reaching arms, drawing out the sky
Ready for Winter's onslaught. Leaves like slush
Line the roadways, dampened by a soft
Continual rain, mounding like the graves
Of sleepers laid to rest.

In the windswept cities workers are blown along
To lock themselves away for one more passage
Towards the waning year's end. Office lights
Blur brightly in the fast-fading twilight,
Remote as love remembered. And after the day,
Soft velvet against the darker blue of night,
Buildings and broken lights roaring away.