

*In the smallest breeze, leaf by leaf
the maple lets go, makes
its corner of the yard an image*

Turning

*of itself: that same gold on the lawn,
in the laps of the spruce; that counting,
counting. As if they had agreed*

the Corner

*together, the leaves have staggered
themselves, so we've gone from green
and gold, to gold and scarlet; now*

*gold and scarlet and blue, as the body
of the tree has thinned, as the sky
shines through.*

Polly Brown