

Autumn

by claire Sunday, Aug 25 2013, 1:20pm

international / poetry / post

the forest prepares
for the white chill
of winter
with bursts of
warm colours -
burning leaves
discarded
like so many notions,
ideas and promising
dreams

my desires crunch under
the weight of false hope
and future-thwarted
dreams -
a better season next
year is not promised

the chill begins to slowly
cool my bones,
i grip the edges of the horizon
and wrap myself
in the warm slow-burning forest,
snug, ready to slumber for an
eternity

the sky, afraid i will
steal the earth forever,
begins to shake ice
and snow onto the ground -
a trick
to prevent me from
falling into a
permanent sleep