

The End of Something

Spring was late coming
this year as it is
sometimes, but it is
surprising nevertheless
to hear the calendar barking July.
It seems just yesterday
everything was covered
by vibrant shimmering;
overnight the world become
enveloped in a fine particulate mass,
dust of disintegrating meteors
or of billions of toppled urns
escaping cargo holds of passing jets.
The sage has lost
its bright black articulation
in favor of drab.
Insects scream for time
enough. Only the river
broils froth as if it is
but mid-May. The mountains
have released their icy potential
into full kineticism of gray power.

Of course autumn has been
known to play this trick too,
to keep breathing its hot exhale
so that we are astonished by
how soon light fails
and the night sets in
like a door blown closed.
While there is no folksie
term for a late spring,
autumn carries the *nom de guerre*
Indian Summer,
although the real reason
why has become lost and unimportant.

– Jeffery Greb