Autumn apocalypse

by Ed Higgins

Beneath maples, oaks, and birches an autumn apocalypse empties unruly brightness onto lawns, sidewalks, the shoulders of watchers and passers by. Whole drifts of madder yellow, reds, and earth browns loosed to mould and the gardener's insufficient rake. By twos, twenties, more, November jolted branches loose their color. It is summer's final uncoiling, fall's harsh rhetoric of leaf upon leaf let down, turning apex, flat margin, base, serrated edges, settling, scattered to ground into mellifluent lost syntax. Branch, trunk, and root hoard only green memory now.