

Too many leaves

by Ed Higgins

This late November day there are too many leaves filling the yard. Both front and back. Lying everywhere in canary to buff yellows, tenné to taupe browns, brilliant reds, and dull grays. So dry-polished sun glints off them making my eyes hurt on this bright mid-morning. Millions. Probably more. Awaiting my stunned rake. The maples and birches we have planted over the years, in what now seems too much abundance, look down unapologetically at all this shedding fecundity. Not even wondering why I am standing here, rake in hand, dumbfounded by the beauty. And by the day's long task ahead.

