

# Novembering

*by Gary Hardaway*

Metal halide lamps  
ignite and smolder early  
now as we fall back.

White below the gray,  
Canadian geese fly  
north again, confused.

Tied and jacketed  
composure yields to sudden,  
sharp, November wind.

Cinnamon and smoke  
infuse the days that shorten,  
chill, accelerate.

Brittle, gold and blown,  
the offspring of the elm tree  
swirl along the street.

Fragrant herbs and bird  
incite the appetite of  
grateful kith and kin.

Multicolored light  
illuminates the plumb and  
pitch of eave and ridge.

