

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.

