

Late Autumn

by John Riley

A tough problem this is, I said, and my friends
laughed and one asked why do you talk like that
all the time you say things backward and one said
it's Star Wars and you said, no, it's Keats, and they,
my friends I love who never read poetry
shook their heads as one and I looked
at the bookcase we couldn't push up
the twisting staircase and thought of you
needing kisses and all the love I could find
poured into your dark eyes and how
you were suddenly full and wanted no more,
turned my thoughts back to the job at hand,
there with my friends who were kind to help me
try to push my new bookcase up the crooked stairs.

