

# 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.

