

falling

by Kitty Boots

it is the witchy season
when trees reluctantly give up their leaves
the moon becomes more important
as it stimulates dreams, calls for caution
mine are always in color, vibrant, alive

I arrange my stones in circles
bury a spirit cache under the hearth
leave no trace of hair in my brush or
fingernail clippings

wear muddy-colored clothes
the neon of summer is too tempting in it's brilliance
and I no longer have the protection of the sun,
except for my tattoo

the call of the Great Horned Owl is unsettling
but, I can't control the change
as I watch others glean from the harvest

