

leaves

by Kitty Boots

leaves fall on a brown lawn canvas
spatters of crimson, gold, tan
veins of black

some lie quietly
some are gathered in a whirling burst
seeking safety in a corner or by the fence

I pick up handfuls and crush them
dry and crackly they're still fragrant
figs velvety, crepe myrtle red, pliable

my bamboo rake does a great job gathering them together
even though it's missing most of it's teeth
try to find a bamboo rake these days

my neighbor has been blowing them all day
the noise is sad
and then he burns them

no fun piles for kids and dogs to tunnel through
kick
roll in

raking the sweet remnants of summer into the gardens
I know the blanket will work
decompose, protect, nourish

