

untitled

by Kitty Boots

desperate men carry the light on their shoulders
mixing with sweat, it drips honey-gold
evaporating on still-green fields criss-crossing
narrow, dusty roads

corn gives up, soybeans turn brittle and yellow
morning glories, color enhanced by cooler weather
still twine, blooms of pink and blue linger, unrelenting
until the frost withers them to the ground

fallen leaves, broken limbs from wounded trees
the summer's burn pile is adorned with a circle of
golden rod, white asters with tiny gold centers
soon to be threatened with flames

pecans encased in leathery armor fall
squirrels dig and bury in hopeful pits
harvest home, but I long to fly with the geese
and touch the purple bruises of the fading day

