

# 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

