FALL GARDEN AND THE WEATHER
COMING IN

Vines cramp around each other
and blanch fever-pale.
Late tomatoes refuse to open
their green fists
and the squash leaves lie conquered
by their own multiplication. The soil stiffens.

Even the insects have taken leave
of their abbreviated lives.

Two crows flap in the butternut tree.
Leaves spin a yellow shower through the gray.

What golem raises up in the garden’s
dust-devil, clambers over the hedges?

I’ve no voice for it.
What is it I cannot say?

If but those crows, their minimal alarms,
were the only ruckus in this world.