Pick It Up Again

The end of an insistent autumn. Each tree the obvious culprit of its yellow litterings. The girl cutting two blonde braids off her bound head: careful, careful to let each hank drop directly into her dresser drawer. Then the mother out of nowhere, and the girl with less hair, confused by the trouble given all the care she took to keep the floor clean.

How can winter mean anything but desolation? Branches bony as the girl’s hand right where the father dropped it. The fact of that hand and the father feet ahead, composing a love poem for his next wife while the girl waits, rooted in her red boots. What was conversation is silent: the leaves fall as if all at once, in bruise-colored clots and rings.