

Samhain Blues

A.M. early morning--
a car now and then
glides by--no summer glistening,
colder sound, more direct...

Trees don't notice the chill--
nor does the grass, waving so often...

Soon enough the onset of fall--panicked humans--
even "Michael" in the Obama-stickered Volvo

lays on the horn, veins bulging
beneath his beard--

Move it, you idiot!

Another season...another now

We're never ready for Time, that
inexplicable change in our mental climates;
our moments loaded up with new/old anxieties...
Yet all awaits, in gracious calm, still, as if expectant...