

Tired Dance

Eyes see so little: only
postcards from the painted hillside.
Late-October graffiti calling not-so-loud-now
as last week's unbelievable slogans.

I'm writing the Muse
with a salamander's pencil crayon
connecting the dots, trying to stay
between the lines.

I'm writing the Muse:

*Wish you were here
send words when you can ...*

Meanwhile, blue jays brag about anything
and everything. A sharp-shinned hawk above it all.
Leaves provide fierce impressions
of fire.

And the lake:

a dark mirror determined
in its refusal
to show me
myself.

This might have happened
to you, walking slow in autumnal time,
the tired dance of death measured
out in quiet celebration up the hill to the sound

of a grey wind that stirs black water.
Turn to look over your shoulder
expecting nothing but
the loss of a season you
weren't watching.