



Season of the Concord

by Larry W. Smith

It is the season of the Concord,
life-clinging love spiraled vines.
Human hands pick the clusters,
bursting with blue of warm fire, of sky,
blue nectar of fruition,
blue with only a tinge of sadness,
blue and green, mixed with the autumnal.

The touch of hands departs;
the unlikely reminder withers;
leaves from arbors fall,
"Death is not yet, death is not yet."

