



Autumn

by Sarah Hill

**Four o'clock and October.
In the east the sky glows indigo,
through trees splashed in crayon-colors
of yellow-gold and red.
Leaning on the trunks,
shining black from yesterday's late rain,
sheep doze, summer-sleek and seemingly unaware
of hayless, winter barns
and slaughterhouses, grinning
for cheap meat.**