The Feast of the Red Falling Leaves

by Ed Steele

I sit on early-morning park benches sharp dawn winds crystallize the dew at my feet I listen for your warm voice in the cold of the yellow-white tunnels of sunlight and the day opens like a memory

I rise with the sun-fired white of the lake and you are there sleeping in the blue of the sky and I lie next to you in our beds Time has come to steal us searches our bodies then screaming climbs the upward spinning winds but the park bench empty now is but a table for the feast of red falling leaves.