

[Earle B. Weiss]

Late November

Now a season
for desolate ambers to quilt worn pastures
as harsh north wind songs
scold lonely Sycamore boughs,

Whose
ghostly silhouettes beckon endless horizons
arching gaunt fingers
to one lonely but swaying colding sky,

Heavy
grey-misted clouds
threaten a promise of yet to be,

I
see withered grasses
embrace worn tangled corn skeletons
to toss to dance
silent whispers
upon an earth, carpeted
so void,
so barren,

All
awaiting shrouds of hoarfrost
soon
sprinkled to their bosom,

This dismal stage
defied by stark whiting birches
astep soft firs, there
and there,

But beyond
nothing, but nothing stirs
save some eternal vow of golden days
that will yet
-NO !
must... to be,

But now
of my dearest of mine children
repose
'tis your time only,
Only,
that thee must slumber.

I am an elderly retired physician. Finally with some free time for new explorations – the natural world serves as a vast panorama and inspiration for my modest lyrical quest.

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