

Coronation

'Don't slip!', 'Don't fall!'—about all you can do
as last night's rain sits stubbornly upon
the barren ground, enthralled, mesmerized;
simple, shapeless, and raw; hallowed, as if
ordained by the fall of the last, surviving leaves.
November abdicating, advanced in age;
and shaping the horizons, the dawn of a new hymn.
A lifetime ago the harvest, much too late
for barefoot-dancing and aster crowns; the only
fire now lit, is the one that warms our hands,
while the fading grass kneels to confess her sins.

Not even a lilting lullaby that seeks
asylum in the slumbering stillness.
Hushed the embrace of the statuesque sky,
holding the frost-kissed twigs of a swallow's nest.
The trace amount sound of the wind on tiptoe
all by itself a brazen sacrilege;
the silence, a world promising to be.
Our eyes woven into the warp and weft
of all they see: art transcending mere methods.
Who said that beauty cannot shape a sky,
a canvas, a poem, or a tapestry?