

Untamed

A fire-kissed road,
drunk with last night's rain, the leaves
unwilling to stop

their noisy caress
of our broken car—the best
excuse to walk.

'Where to?', 'For how long?'—
questions much better ignored
on such days; hotels

can wait, the wonder
of an '*ad libitum*'
signature cannot.

One foot crispily
before the other, the wind
a magic carpet,

supporting our
care-laden weights, lifted
at the touch of a thought:

October has seeped right into our hearts,
October untamed,
October unwrought.