

TRANSITIONS

There is an apple tree in the valley
Which holds its bloom in full brightness and
Lets them fall into the grass in the fall
To fatten woodchucks and sweeten deer.
Geese stab the sky and ducks erupt.
The woodland brilliance washes down
The valley like an incoming tide and is
Fixed by frost dusting empty branches.
At night a fox yelps, walks
On a stone wall, and then barks
Through hooting echoes a challenge to the stars.
Autumn deepens over muted frogs
Sleepy crickets and katydids.
Starlight sinks into winter dark
Broken only by the whispers of snow
Passing over the mountains.