

Late Fall

Let's celebrate what we can
Of the season: the cold.
The leaves brittle enough
to shatter on contact.
A few still hanging from the frostbitten boughs.
The colors: brown, brown,
and more brown – which is just black
minus the self-confidence –
where the trees have laid
their blanket of despair.
Let's admire the sky's efforts
to be white instead of gray.
Folding the season's IV
drip into tiny origami animals
drop by drop.
Let's raise a glass
to those we cannot see
and don't want to: the gods
who chose this lesson to teach us
that our personal aches & pains
are insignificant in comparison
and that each failure, each falling
contains the seeds of a new year.