

A Not-So-Still-Life

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It had been sunny for a long time,
Until boredom o'ertook the planet.

The sun had departed southward for its wintering,
Leaving a chill in its absence; and darkening.

A breeze sprang to greet the developing front;
The yellow, red, orange brown of the trees
Fluttered to the green sward below.
The bell suspended from the eave chimed,
As the cardboard label fastened to its clapper seized the wind.

The dried ears of corn swiveled on their hanging twine,
The stiff, dried husk-leaves quivering.

Everything accustomed to bending, did so,
Some revealing their paler backsides,
Others stiffly bracing,
Springing a swishing return as breezes waned.

The mums tossed their colorful array;
Then! A sudden Gust!
The trees snowed a blizzard of leafings.

They will all have been whisked away, soon.
And, it will blow yet more fiercely,
Though there may be naught aloft 'pon barren limb.

The incising cold will serve as reminder,
We are to hibernate into a huddle.
'Tis too late to harvest,
'Tis too late to find dry wood.

Darkness will o'ertake the light,
The cold o'ercome the heat,
Winter rest heavily upon the living.