

*AUTUMN GRASSES, 2003*

**"Autumn Ivy"**

Each leaf: a bright jewel, a hot coal

If orchards, they are ripe  
If celebrations, brief

Two weathered ones are mottled  
brown and green

They are broad wings gliding down  
the hanging scroll

Hawks on a thermal

Soon we will sit by the window and watch  
blue shadows

lengthen along the snowy fields

When he knew he was dying, he gestured  
into the sky, his oice

a hoarse brushwork, wistful

I have always worked hard—why?