

October on Ruddles Mill Road

by Sherry Chandler

after Walt Whitman

The way mornings are dark and the light arrives late
The way the Hunter's moon rises red in the east, rides high
 behind the clouds at dawn
The way coyotes keen at that moon in the hour before sunrise,
 answering the ululating siren on the bypass
Geese that make themselves heard before they can be seen,
 owls calling in the dusk
The way the cold rain moves in from the west and the mist
 rises in wisps from the hollows
The slow flight of a heron when the air is astringent
 on the cheeks and rain-fresh in the nose
The way the last high pears hang yellow against the gray sky,
 refusing to be shook down
The way persimmons wrinkle on the tree
The grainy sweet taste of pears, the smooth sweet taste
 of persimmons
Walnuts and acorns on the lane, red leaves mixed
 with gold on the backyard grass
The way the fallen leaves make a circle around the tree,
 following the root line, seeming more in their number
 on the ground than they were on the trees
The way the grass catches the windblown leaves
 like a seine catching minnows