

October, before anyone else is up

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [October 25, 2017](#) issue

With its many brooms  
the cold breeze is sweeping  
red leaves from  
the halls of sky.

I have watched summer  
thrill the meadow with its brassy  
sunshine, yes, but nothing can  
persuade the trees and fields  
to give up darkness now. Geese  
remark: *it's late, goodbye.*

A shudder thrills the grass  
and shadows swing their billyclubs  
across our front lawn.  
Last night ice crept in with darkness  
fierce enough to lock a person up  
forever. But can you hear  
that distant rumble?

God, maybe, driving his  
backhoe through our front  
yard, reviewing his blueprint  
for resurrection, the whole  
elaborate reenactment.