

Down autumn

by [Peter Cooley](#) in the [October 10, 2021](#) issue

Down autumn, through the black trees blacker
after the rains, the trees that long to speak
but only utterances we lift from them
enough if they are broken as we are—

down the long corridors of frost and stippling light,
manacles of stars hugging our sides,
down afternoon, down midnight, down hours until dawn,
we lie awake, anticipation's aftermath—

Mother of Frost, Mother of Mother Earth,
Mother of Inconsolables, what song is this
we cannot hear but break in two for wonder?

Mother-October, ripe beginning of winter-spring,
take me in, cocoon me, then unwind
in certain resurrection's certainties—

certain resurrection's incertainties—