

Autumn

by [Lynn Domina](#) in the [October 2023](#) issue

Irritated by sweat and exhaustion,
I heard without seeing
an owl rush between my raised arm
and torso, felt the whoosh of flight,
and then saw its talons
grasp a field mouse before it disappeared
into bare branches. Autumn
arrives so suddenly—you think you have
weeks left, you think
time saunters across your horizon
interminably, you think you'll notice
the signs before a predator
grasps the skin between your shoulder blades,
curls its claws around your spine and takes you
you'll never know where, but somewhere away.