

Yellowwood, 1980

by [Craig Mindrum](#) in the [November 2023](#) issue

We've missed the colors

By a week or so.

The hills now are a latticework of trees.

Even the water is intricate

As the wind sweeps shards of light

Toward the shore.

The blue air shimmers

Where it meets the distance

Brandishing the skeletons of sleep.

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