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THE FAR SIDE OF FALL

The day you went away had no gilding sun,  
no promise of warmth. Dark forest trunks  
shook, poured gold coinage at your feet  
perhaps to tempt you, or to light  
the unknown path, or hide your footprints.  
Layers of autumn damped every sound.  
If you called a last good-bye  
the trees shared nothing. Your steps  
reduced you to a speck no eyes could follow.  
I still see the one-way texture,  
the fabric of the scene. That shade,  
that hour, will not allow a coming back.  
Each barbed leaf, each atom of the whole  
is fletched in one direction. What passed  
through that October pale cannot return.

--Glenna Holloway