Autumn Equinox (first published in chapbook "Migrations")

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Autumn Equinox

On the gate hinge at dawn: water cold as ice. By noontime, bees awaken.

Locust

trees
shake down a few dry leaves. Cottonwoods are turning yellow, maples scarlet in the woods against the moss-dark hemlock, oak, and beech.

Green hay fields shine beside brown oats; in the garden bean pods bloat with seed; corn leaves shuffle crisp and yellow; tomatoes swell, blood-red.

Freed from mating, hatching, fledging, starlings dance above cleared fields then swoop and gather in the spruces or along the wires, shrilling, chattering.

Clouds move in between the spells of brightness. The hemisphere leans farther from the sun. This shorter light shines calmer than the springtime’s frenzy, subtler than summer’s blaze.

Taste its ripe abundance, thrill at the chill wind

before the first hard frost.