

Study / Leaves

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I once understood it.
It was something you scraped off.
It fell to the ground in beautiful
shades of green, winter
seen through pond, iced-over.
The sound of wind
is simple. Television cooling off.
Hum the room fills with.
Beware anyone who speaks of the heart.
Unless he means to fix it, is
schooled in it, or as, perhaps, a trope.
The leaves fail the maple.
Dusk paring the lit, late afternoon in curls.
The lake sheds birds.
Between winter & autumn
my heart is broken.