

Falling Leaves

GARY HANNA

In the crispness
of the night
I reach out, knowing
that in the morning
you will be gone.
How then, do I
celebrate the morning
when the light
filters in
on sunsmoke rays
between the trees
in my back yard,
the small acreage
of my personal life
in this world.
Am I diminished by
the act of the trees,
striving to escape
from this place
to the sky, or
should I accept
their sacrifice of
leaves that protect me

from the burning sun,
causing cancers on the
surface of my mind.

There is old wood
in my yard also,
some neatly stacked,
others whose limbs
are strewn about,
memories of living
things that provided
brave protection
in earlier light.

Who next will reach
out to me in my bed
and offer me protection
only to fall again,
in the crispness
of the night.