

When Fall Arrives

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Fall in four days and another year
winds down to a grinding stop.
The apples ripen in the sun
while the serrano peppers implode.
The fuchsia sends out its last blooms
for the frantic bees.
One blink and the trees will be on fire,
blowing apart like IED's,
cutting the truth across our hearts.
Another blink and the world will be buried
in white, frozen and invisible for months.

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The glory days come and go like memories,
lost at the end of my fingertips.
I reach out and grab air.
Last night, I misplaced the harvest moon
in a clear sky of stars.
It was there, I swear to you,
and when I went to show my wife,
it was gone.

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I take nothing for granted anymore:
waking up, drinking sake, staring into the sweet face
of our first grandchild, one week old.
As he sleeps in my arms,
he smiles, or at least it looks like that.
I remember my Uncle Darrel's words
from another life: "Look, he's talking to the angels."

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Four days when fall arrives,
there will be no way to keep it here.
I find myself talking to the angels:
be with my family, watch over us,
keep this baby safe and strong and healthy,
give us this day
 what we want
 but don't always deserve.