

Love Song

STEVEN PROULX

New shirt
cotton stiff
cuffs crisp, buttoned
flush against the hands

the air soaked
with florals
of wildflower
and rotting grape
fallen from weathered stems.

Stand with me
beside this tumbling wall
I'll utter thoughts
with unremarkable cadence—
 a canvas of words.

In the dread of late autumn
O winter, melancholy
What has not been spoken?