

# A Passing

*I* say I relish the change of seasons.  
I say, as autumn progresses  
and leaves fall  
that bare oak branches refresh,  
clarify.

But this morning the brilliant  
orange maple beyond my deck  
is bereft.  
The windy night has rendered her  
stark.  
Only a few tangerine leaves flutter,  
cling to remain.

I was not done with her Morning  
Glory beauty—  
Dawn light illuminating, moment  
by moment her brilliance.

Now I am bereft. One more missing  
added to the other missings.

Tears fall. 🍃



April Carlson  
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