

October, before anyone else is up

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [October 25, 2017](#) issue

With its many brooms  
    the cold breeze is sweeping  
red leaves from  
    the halls of sky.

I have watched summer  
    thrill the meadow with its brassy  
sunshine, yes, but nothing can  
    persuade the trees and fields  
to give up darkness now. Geese  
    remark: *it's late, goodbye.*

A shudder thrills the grass  
    and shadows swing their billyclubs  
    across our front lawn.  
    Last night ice crept in with darkness  
fierce enough to lock a person up  
    forever. But can you hear  
that distant rumble?

    God, maybe, driving his  
backhoe through our front  
    yard, reviewing his blueprint  
    for resurrection, the whole  
elaborate reenactment.