

Phantom #9

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Americans need to think more about death.

—Somebody on the internet

1.

Chilly day, just enough sun
to melt the top inch of grass,

soften the trail enough
to make it tear away

at a sudden turn.

Passage of deer and rabbits

still inscribed in the moss
as if I suddenly awoke to them.

2.

So much I miss. What words
for a thousand shades of brown,

for the way each leaf has found
to its temporary rest?

3.

Seemed I was walking
for a long time. Then before me

small leaves on the path
were like chimes

in the low light
like spilt coins

like torn-up programs
from last year's game

like glittering promises
from the other side.