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.