

Flying Away in the Fall

The lawn chairs are spread far apart but you know they don't want to be alone.
Everyone's looking down at their silver window-squares these days to feel connected.

The tall trees around the lawn grasp for light but never quite get there -
Above, a flockless dove fights her way across the icy sky.

In the street below, the green light turns to red but everybody starts walking first -
Later, the leaves turn from green to orange to red and I swear no one even looks up to notice.

In the distance, one sailboat tips over but the rest keep sailing anyway...
Can we make the green pieces fit together today or does it only happen at night?

At night the buildings keep their lights on even though no one's inside -
City-constellations forming a beautiful mass of something stupid.

The cranesong made me feel a way I haven't felt in years.
Sand was dredged up to the surface of the river and all my friends turned into birds.