

Dear October

Autumn flirts her way in, blushes the leaves on the trees, sneakily,
the chills of evening drift through to my snuggled chest,
my hidden warmth thins, dissipates like a nervous ghost. So I surrender

Surrender to the cold, now that August is adrift
no longer calling my name.

October sheds tears onto glass. Patters pavement, soaks soil,
seeks attention.

This month is a time of revealing.
The sky silvers, bares its true age.
The trees, rouge-spotted, the blood rises to the face with one caress.
Fleeting pink. Emotion, bursted forth—
Kiss me now, burn me maple

red before branches emptied, impassive Winter, barren
dormancy, December-hollowed heart

Halt, until then: the fog, my quiet darling.
Her laboured breathing, she rests, ashen above the neighbourhood.
Hesitantly she lifts, heavily she sits,
silhouetting the rooftops, murkily

Murkily, we fall into sleep

Sleep, then a rub of the eyes, unblurred, awoken.
In dusted snow, the soft ice, a new season.
Two more to count before we meet again.