

Leaves

It happens
every year:
first they
change colors,
and a week
later they're crackling
underneath
the leather
soles of
my shoes.

"Yep,"
my neighbor
calls to me,
"they sure
are beautiful."
He seems
to be reassuring
himself of
something.

After all,
we're taunted
—year by year—
with what's
to be.