CAMPING IN OCTOBER

Shhhhhhh.
Listen.

No sound but the night
minstrels murmuring
in the panther-black beyond
the firelight.

I shiver
as the night exhales,
swirling the singing,
drying leaves above in a
lazy lullaby to the woods.

The musty-sweet scent
of midnight forest floor
rotting leaves,
pine needles,
moldering wood
drifts up-current
and wraps itself around me
with early autumn fingers
not yet strong enough
to kill.

Sharon Hill