

Autumnal sunlight with piercing Euclidean rays
 Radiates into sparkling bolts that water shatters.
 Thin-fingered maples engage in battles
 In Fall's fencing fray,
 And, shirking all impeding raiment,
 Cast their scarlet cloaks away.

George Jacox

Harvest

No bright colors to bewitch;
 No fragile hills of red and yellow
 Billow into powdered skies;
 No hazy figure sits careless in his granary;
 Not even any low, dark clouds,
 Thick rubber padding,
 To press and numb.

But midst the green smell
 Of a late August sun
 One ashen petal
 Floats down
 On a last warm breath
 Prematurely
 Crisp.

Len D. Buszkiewicz

