

# Walking the Edesess Trail at Eagle Creek State Park in Late October

*by* Jeremy Flick

The oaks and maples bear all, molting  
appendages, phalanges blowing in the breeze.

The leaves shout out to me, It's in our nature,  
they say, to fall, to wilt, to die. The footpath  
tightens as I round the lake. It's bleak and murky.  
The leaves try to persuade me with whiskey

and gold. Don't you want to fly? They're aware  
I've considered jumping before. Plath calls

to me from a beehive, behind a curtain of wax.  
She is a sweet God, in control. I am a placebo,

a seed with no soil, a bee without pollen.  
She forgives me. The ground feels loose.

I was stronger fifteen years ago, before my mother  
drank her empathy away. The leaves wouldn't understand.

The leaves will soon grow tired. The leaves  
have no choice, the leaves have no choice,

their skeletons scatter along the trail ahead  
and today I won't sleep with them on the dirt.