

October, before anyone else is up

by [Jeanne Murray Walker](#) in the [October 25, 2017](#) issue

With its many brooms
 the cold breeze is sweeping
red leaves from
 the halls of sky.

I have watched summer
 thrill the meadow with its brassy
sunshine, yes, but nothing can
 persuade the trees and fields
to give up darkness now. Geese
 remark: *it's late, goodbye.*

A shudder thrills the grass
 and shadows swing their billyclubs
 across our front lawn.
 Last night ice crept in with darkness
fierce enough to lock a person up
 forever. But can you hear
that distant rumble?

 God, maybe, driving his
backhoe through our front
 yard, reviewing his blueprint
 for resurrection, the whole
elaborate reenactment.