

### **The Arrival**

So, August is over. Two thirds of the year vanished—

My birth month and its reminders settling in the instant  
all the wrapping paper hits the trash. It taps me on my  
neck and spine, reporting things I've done and yet to do.

The melancholic disapproval of my own follows suit.

My skin rises from those taps like the annoying, knocking  
neighbor in desperate need of sugar.

And then the first wind draws— the night sets sooner.

Reflection passes when the temperature drops, and I revel  
at the leather on my knees and wool on my arms. Autumn  
awaits—

The hazels soon replace the greens. Because what would  
autumn be, if not an austere yet soothing reminder that  
infinity isn't real.

Autumn to Winter Poetry Collection

**Bohemian Prose** – *an ode to Prague*

And I revisit Wencelas Square. There is a spot  
next to me—  
Filled where a shadow used to be.

May had just fallen when I'd arrived last. The sun  
was particularly harrowing that one year.

Aggressive whispered poured into my ears that  
May. Draft beer—Its foam falling flatter with  
each sigh I sent its way.

How could I ever compare it to this gloomy  
Bohemian September where the sun somehow  
shines brighter even though it rests  
behind the clouds?

The narrow streets feel wider, and the music is  
perfectly on key—Even the cold canned beer  
tastes better—On our 6<sup>th</sup> floor balcony.

**Phonecalls**

I made my bank account pin  
the last four digits of your old phone number. So  
every time I need cash for croissants or an ice cream cone—  
I have a reason to dial you again.

Cash or no cash, the screen resets to new.  
Just a little less dead than you.

**Enterprise of Madness**

Empty eyes behind stained fabric—  
Orange in hue from foundation not well matched  
Browbone twitches to raise an eye—that's how we smile now.

In the east, the wind is so vicious  
My hat nearly flies off and I gold onto my flimsy scarf  
Smelling stale coffee—uncirculated breaths in a vortex  
Of my orange, discolored mask.  
There's a glimmer of hope as I see the  
Sun tease its presence at roughly 9:18.  
One wet sock, one toe stub, one burnt tongue away  
From madness—  
But at least the sun rose today.

**Winter Approaching** – *a haiku*

The displaced grayscale,  
Futile yet everlasting.  
At least so it feels.

**Lipstick and Painkillers**

The heat melted my lipstick. The mineral water I spilled dissolved the painkiller, extra strength 500—  
The lid wasn't screwed on well enough. The sun with an agenda to set my necessities ablaze, I guess now I'll have to find a better shade of red and an even better way to alleviate the pounding in my head.