

Death comes in clusters--  
we living struggle to grasp  
the duality mustered  
within future and past.

Death comes in seasons:  
ingrained memories splinter  
holding firm what never lasts  
as autumn composts into winter.

There is a lightness  
in the in between  
brought by  
brokenness.

There is a levity  
in the spaces  
surrounding  
stillness.

There is a brightness  
time holds in  
contented  
beings.

**Writer's Alarm**

When sleep eludes  
And thoughts attack  
Inside a restful head  
Get up

Body tired  
Jaw yawns with a crack  
Laying in bed  
Get up

The morning brings coffee  
Silence like bread  
Sustains the insomniac  
Get up

Write with the dark  
Words keep you fed  
When the sky is black  
Get up

October dissolves distractions  
keeping us from ourselves.  
Calling intention with the wind--  
As dust departs from bookshelves.

Autumn has your attention  
warmly harvest the details.  
Lean into creature comforts;  
sate senses unveiled.

The time has come to sow  
self-love from seeds of care--  
habits created or perhaps neglected  
readjust with newly crisp air.

Ovens warm and blankets unfold;  
extra honey in every coffee.  
Live in the time of orange leaves;  
take care, everybody.

**Rare Fish**

Life is like fishing

Casting a net

Sometimes a line

Into the sea

That could self-define

Seeing what catches

Is it something you keep?

Or a part of you

To throw back to the deep

Ever changing currents

Defined by productivity

Keeping up was easier

The less I knew about me