

Last Fall in New York

What I'll see is September
Springing forward
In a yellow sundress
Worn with soft, open shoes
Near the park and the train
Close to statues
Famous from film.

What I'll leave is October
Crunching hard leaves
Once tied to trees now bare
Lost lush without color
Naked next to branches
Now backed by
Plastic bags.

What I'll tell is November
Dropping warmth to
Darkness, holding dry heat
Stagnant in a basement
Where neighbors wash clothes
Together and
Tumble dry low.

What I'll dream is December
Forecasting snow
That rarely falls, still life
Framed by cold tea waking
Pre-war scaffolding and
Hobos, blessed by
God for spare change.