

The Fall

linden caught
in the last moment
of yielding
her yellow leaves
and her observer
who grows
 older
 less
delicately

linden bares a knee
steps out
of her leaves
points branches
to the clouds
 dances
under the frown
November

linden naked
still
wills darkness
to cover her
 a lover
who comes
 too late
and stays

— *Ron Miles*