

JILLIAN HARVEY

OCTOBER

In my mind it is not the end of autumn yet, not yet
short cold grey messy winter days held back by sun
yellow leaves against blue sky a sudden crack
leaf breaks free of life and spirals through sunlight

short cold grey messy winter days held back by sun
so many small things have slipped away
leaf breaks free of life and spirals through sunlight
my neighbour's ex shouts "you lie to me about everything"

so many small things have slipped away
in the basement my children watch a violent movie
my neighbour's ex shouts "you lie to me about everything"
I sit in the sun and listen to the leaves fall and fall

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THE DAY SHE FELL IN LOVE

let her watch him
work, pause of the axe
at the top of the swing, log
falls apart like sliced bread

let her hear him
say, you have to read
the grain, find
the weak spot,
know where the axe can enter
and split without resistance

let her feel his touch
as he strokes the wood,
places it lovingly on the block

the symmetry of the perfect blow