

autumn's awakening

and then
we have a red
maple growing
beside a white
oak, he said,
bowing his head
as lovers
often do
when going to bed,
autumn's scent
really meant
for growing boys
in corduroys
and birds and bees
and dirty knees.

i could say
i wildflowered.
though the image
may be feminine,
it catches the power
when i devoured
the thoughts
he fed me
in a single hour—
the length
and strength
of the day
carried away
summer's being
and everything.