

Autumn Moon

In Autumn I
begin to feel that
I am running
out of time
and have been left to
my own devices, and all because
no one appears to know
what this is all about: the repetition
of the seasons, the endless dwelling
on why it happened and who
is responsible and where
we are going from here.
So many questions posed
with a backdrop of
greenery that is
now bronzed and decaying, as if
the path behind me
had ceased to be, no more footsteps
or memories or past events.
As to the path in front
of me, I dread
to think where it will lead, the *unknown*
is an accurate enough word,
although it suggests nothing at all.
So where I am going, no one can say.
A fact is the cold, a greater fact is
the irrepressibility of the cold.
To deal with such facts and comparisons
I am camouflaged, but not to

my advantage.

No more fruits to offer (by Autumn, or
by me or by both?), there is
barely a presence of what I once
lived so intensely, barely
a shadow of who I
cared to be back then.

And now, at the heart of this picture-perfect
Autumn, I have become
undergrowth, brushwood,
scrub,

fruit no more, nor bud, nor stem, nor
stalk nor shaft nor shank,
nor root, nor bush nor shrub.

Just undergrowth, do you understand?
The fact that I can speak and
think

does not allow me to have more rights
than thickets or fungi, or ivy or ferns.

And so, I make do
with fallen leaves,
and I put up with
rotten trunks.

I am happy to look at
bare trees, fields
without flowers,
gardens that have ceased to be glorious
and lush,
around me
solely thunderstorms
and blizzards
and gales,
all immobilizing me with their
chilly outlook

instead
of sunrays
warming my flesh.
And I tune my mind
to accept the undeferrable
cold, aware as I am
that it is no more
than a ploy to appease us
in preparation
for the tragic events
of an impending Winter.
As to the Moon, it is less visible now, as if
losing interest in what we
have become, or
even planning
a total retreat.

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