

Mark Vuaran

leaves might fall

What news borne on the wind?
What winged seed has taken root,
Those drawings I made years since

Of shapes pinnate and toothed,
Like a hand, lobed or broken,
When will they bear fruit?

Each spent page something taken
For something to be returned,
October's secret left unspoken

Only the names which I have learned.
Now I listen at the window
As the branches dance and turn,

The startling chartreuse yellow,
Translucent as childhood fever
Which once spelled time so slow.

I hear whispers in the weather
Tell of flames beneath shed skin,
The old so neatly severed

From the life which lies within.
Oak and hazel, beech and alder,
What news borne on the wind?

Just a list of wedding favours
And a line not drawn on paper.