

AUTUMN IS NOT A SEASON

but a gaudy arena where Summer and Winter collide,
where royalty in torn colors falls to a pale new monarch.
Her warm Majesty is thrown out of her palace overnight.
A moat of black chrysanthemums surrounds it, ice bars
secure the windows, smog is stationed on the perimeter
to stop sun's spying on the new regime.

A wind-driven fusillade of rain, grit and leaf shrapnel
keeps subjects bowing as Summer and her courtiers retreat
to regroup between Capricorn and Cancer. And you who stay
must shed your ripe skin to blend with snow.