

Autumn Is Not a Season

but a gaudy arena where Summer and Winter
collide, where a played-out princess
falls to a truculent new monarch:
She's thrown out of her palace overnight,
a moat of black chrysanthemums
surrounding it, ice bars at the windows,
gray shades drawn, smog stationed
on the perimeter to stop sun's spying
on the new regime. An always-ready fusillade
of sleet 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.

---Glenna Holloway