

Forwarding Address

No telling. How long have they been there, the deer in the hosta bed like it is their private salad bar. This doesn't feel like the suburbs with the creek so near. Two doors down is a sheriff's car, a good sign. Come sit with me and watch the trees. They are doing an interpretive dance of trees in the wind. Maybe tai chi. The neighbor girl showed me the oyster mushrooms on the willows like ears cantilevered over the creek. The gossiping water cannot help itself. Touch my back where my hair ends – I think it is longer. I am looking straight. Autumn is death by committee. Fading daylight, warmth running to hide in woodpiles, the rout of rot. The ayes have it.

originally published in *Six Little Things*, Fall 2007