



I LIKE THE STILL DAYS

I like the still days
in autumn
when the wind has died

and leaves drop
one by one
simply because they have to

their clinging power
of yesterday is gone
and in the sunlight
they go all the way

like late arrivals
singly
down to join
the concert-goers in the foyer

waiting for the buzzer
to call them
to take their seats
for the silent symphony
of winter
to begin

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