

TOM WAYMAN

RAKING LEAVES WHILE MORE FALL

September after September, this line of birch
Releases over weeks leaves I will use to mulch

Flower and vegetable beds,
Keeping them weed-free until I plant in May.

As my rake mounds yellow leaves
Pull after pull, to be bagged for storage,

I sense an immense brown sail
Steadily tugging the decades forward

While another giant expanse of cloth
Tows me through those months, those seasons.

Or perhaps what impels is a tidal current
Bearing the years, a flow on which

I also am drawn,
Accompanied by disappearing specks of foam,

Unaware how many days remain
For me to scratch at the leaves.