

AMORE NOVA

Soil's richness is procured from death
leaves falling
as temperatures drop, days
shortening, watched
by those gazing out
windows,
blue mixing with red
and orange, blurring into brown;
that's what you get when you mix
too many colors,
everything turns to brown
and our gardens are richer for it,
our lives dedicated to turning
experiences, emotions, dreams
under the surface;
let the worms work
them through, let bacteria and fungi
do their work,
compost your efforts to the mixture;
my son asks,
"what will happen when the sun explodes?"
looking out over the lawn,
dying, as October waxes into winter,
colors of rotting fruit,
suspended desire,
commitment's rewards,
hugging his shoulder I tell him,
"the sun will grow so big
it will surround everything
in a brilliant conflagration
then it will collapse into an ember
so dense that nothing
will escape its embrace.

by Bradley Earle Hoge