

November in SoCal

by Marie C Lecrivain

This year, autumn feels too familiar;
the late afternoon breeze blows
one degree cooler as more leaves

turn gold on the pomegranate trees;
shadows lengthen with impunity
as the sun travels further away

from mind and memory. I'd like
to ponder what all this means,
but my soul is filled

with more darkness than light.
I've become the autumn,
stretched, sore, engorged

with the need to lay down
and regard the horizon
through half-closed eyes.