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Change of Season; Epiphanies (For Beverley)

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Change of Season

One morning in October, frost confuses
Everything: windows, front yards, folded newspapers.
Late, I rush to work, watching the sun hunker
Down behind me, its rectangular glint
In the rear-view mirror like a pan
Of bread that's warming up but just can't
Rise. Above, the moon is full but failing.
It glows like snow about to fall. Headlights flurry
Toward me, the white letters of last resort
Returned—unopened—as if the past had closed,
Gone dark as the future. Or even the present,
Whose hungry air has yet to fill with light
Like a man, pen in hand, craving words, waiting
To write. Some trees' last leaves blaze
Red and gold. But others are too late.
Already bare, they twist inward, their branches
Sucked in like broken ribs.

Matthew Brennan

Epiphanies (For Beverley)

The December we met I buried my past.
I drove to a funeral on New Year's Eve
And watched fog peel back like molting skin:
My windshield cleared to a dark farm
Where white birds were nursing the upturned ground,
While above, black ones flew into the distance.

Much later that night, I saw you downtown,
Framed by French doors that opened as you stepped
Outside, arms letting go. As if gazed at
Through gauze, your dress shimmered red as pressed flesh.
It was then the light changed: I turned and passed
A darkened church, its north curb clear of cars—

Though round the block I saw its single square
Of light, whose flare carries even now chords
Of an organ impressed by lonely, passionate hands.