

Why do I think of you in autumn?

It's not your beginning nor your end.

January's snow-softened silence suits you far better,

March's gentle rains and stormy days

mirror your ashes, rinse off your grave.

Why then is it the colors dancing through the air

That make me wonder if you're there?

I am — as any — flawed, unholy,

But would I that the autumn wind might hold me.