

October Awakening

by Dolores Coutts

From over the range comes a gathering wind
That grows, sweeping through stubble-grassed plains.
Dusting over bare trees and the black river reeds,
Up the foothills that bear foreign names.

And the blood orange-red
Of the sun's bright bed
Signals shadows to begin the night.

While the owl's waking cry
Is piercing the sky,
Setting small feet to scurry in fright.

As green toads hum their creed
The river bank seems to breathe,
And the wind's tossing a leaf like a kite.

The force, now unchained, is becoming unkind
The wind brings his companion, the rain.
Cracking open dried pods and scattering seeds,
The wind guides them in staking new claims.