

Axis

What got me about the trees today
was how a breadth of field refined
the hoopla of their fall
to fanfare: snow of high karat
swerved to a funnel, tinged rose by sundown's
globed fire.

I walked and looked, and looked until I found
I was in it, and could see
the singular careen of
a sycamore leaf, a stiffened velveteen
whose lobe tips curled
like the bows of gondolas.

Spinning, spinning without
resistance: gay and stately as a carousel
with the grace of things
of gravity aloft.
As it fell, the idea rose
through it

as when a choir descends
the whole tone scale, and floats
the overtone's gossamer tent.
Faint scuff on asphalt, absolute rest:
a beauty so bare my eyes closed
involuntarily round it.

- Karen Holmberg