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Two poems

BY JOHN GREY

FEELING AUTUMNAL

Once brash colors
curl up, die,
drift one by one
to earth.

Light shrinks,
wind whips clear
the last of warmth.
The sky is as gray
as granite.

Lake surface wrinkles
like skin flinches.
Geese and ducks
rock in and out
of ripples.

A man can feel old
in Autumn.
The hues fade out of him
as much as they do the forest.
Good years flake away.
The clouds, his hair,
differ only in the way they drizzle.

I may only be middle-aged
but I head for home
before things really darken.

DISSATISFACTION

This winter has provided
all of its promised textures,
white and overspreading,
as lovely, in an ascetic way,
as pale cheeks in a mirror.

But its bitterness
plunges daggers,
its winds are as brutal
as they are predictable.
And this standstill is
another word for loneliness.

But there's the warmth of the fire,
a gathering with others
that begins as necessity
but matures into closeness.
I hate to see it leave.

But spring is
like a child in winter's womb
I'm so in thrall to its coming.
But what if it's a monster?

Each morning, the calendar turns over.
The temperature is up or down.
The feelings run the gamut.
I so love this weather
I can't wait until it changes.
Or there's a new mood to the air.
So what's wrong with the old one?
But mostly, I feel pity for those
who know exactly what they want.
The situation's always too ambiguous
Is this it? Is this not it?
They'll always have too much to go on.