

His Dying

This autumn is mine,
I need to see it again,
to refill my memory holders.
Death came too early this year.

If time will just rewind
to the first day of fall,
I will watch more patiently
the change of blending
sun, moon, green and yellow.

The fading daylight makes
my sleeping clover plant
close sooner each evening,
and it lets me see
that I don't want to miss
the steps in between the colors.

As the morning chill rushes
me into the claw-foot bath,
and plants move into our home,
a part of me, the memory part
wonders if I will soon hear
the clicking of our water heater
moving through this old brick wall.

The other part of me knows
winter's new cloak is hanging
in a colored forest
not too far from here.
I have seen it too early this year,
on his face in late July.
Yes, the dying froze a part of me.
Now I want him back,
I want back all remembrances of autumns past,

I want the snow to wait.
I need time to thaw the pain,
to see a day that he once saw.
Just hold on you sleepy sun,
I need you to stop for me,
don't you know this is my time
to watch as silence steps
upon death's face.

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