

Fall

By Glenn Currier

The morning sun kisses the pecan tree
and its quivering shimmering mantle of gold
outside it's cooling but not yet cold
the air is poised for a new season
hanging like a mystery just out of reach.

How precious this moment of being
an earthling
in this terrestrial gem
ever changing always creating a new home
for the creatures in its embrace.

Fall! what a name for this season
yet the full fruits of its lessons
defy the confines of language:

An aging woman takes a tragic **fall**
drapes the sidewalk in painful sprawl
breaking bones but not her resolve
to stand again with pride, head held high.

The rugged-faced man hears the bottle's call
the bottle: full of promise to ease the pain
but empty of joy in the **fall**.

We blame Adam and Eve for their pride
and the shame they shed
on their species one and all
the pain of separation from God
yet look at each of *our* daily **falls**.

So here we are in autumn
and its million transitions
leaves floating like golden snow.
What a dazzling colorful show
a diaphanous symphony of letting go
notes falling seemingly without reason -
is this the last performance of the final season
and do I hear the distant yearning call
of freedom
beyond this fall?

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