

SOMETIME IN AUTUMN

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Pro Arte and in the Society of Sisters
-Cities Inowrocław,
(Poland)

We walked in the park, hidden under an umbrella
Thick fog imbued us with melancholy, and cold touched our hands.
Clouds supporting the weight of the rain, hung low over the trees.
Puddles mirrored the reflections of lanterns, tired by the night vigil.

Suddenly the sun glimmered, and autumn smiled.
Trees discarded grayness, in favor of color.
Droplets of dew sparkled, and rusty chestnuts danced across the paths.
Yellow leaves, fragrant with moisture, twirled in the breeze.

You spoke quietly of love. You spun words like threads of Indian Summer.
I committed to memory vibrations of voice and embrace of clasped fingers.
You held me, and then you wove an engagement ring out of the grass
-with a white daisy for the diamond.