

November Rain

Mercury lays tracks upon the windows,
a dusky morning awaiting nightfall;
between, should this sky brighten
from lead to silver, in the manner of humans
we will be hopeful. All day waiting
for this glimmer. A little of the soul
goes down each year to tangle drains
with clotted leaves in the deadfall time;
the lees of Defuncts Day remain,
twine with emblems of remembrance
and every year it seems to me
the Silver Cross mothers are getting younger.
Now dark again and an old man nods
in an antique way, the poppy on his coat
resplendent, only the two of us crossing here
and the company of the shadow of my umbrella
a black dog walking beside me

--Carmelita McGrath