

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Cole Huling: Autumn Poems

Cole Huling · Thursday, November 10th, 2022

autumn haze hangs over wheat fields  
mourning the harvest and the end of summer

the grey longing of winter arrives

the mist invites  
our demons

decapitated stalks  
surrender to the fog  
the ghosts of autumn rise  
from every smoky corner

everything is muted to the dead.

\*

the whitewashed carcass of the old barn  
heaves  
in the wind under a September sunset  
its ribs exposed  
bowels long vacant  
it has no more purpose  
than to house some lucky rodents  
for the winter  
to interrupt the landscape  
mark time passing by.

\*

this fall comes with a vengeance  
whipping dust, garbage and untethered signs across the highway  
it seems to rise up from the anger of the people  
exhausted with the dry heat of summer  
fearing the unbearable  
expense of winter looming

it clangs wind chimes  
wrenches the branches from the trees  
leaves still attached and green  
it seems to whisper in each person's ear  
a desperate call for change

dogs whimper with no reason  
babies wail through the night  
men bring knives to fistfights  
even skunks run away

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