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.

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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.

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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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