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# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Tim Suermondt: Two Poems

Tim Suermondt · Wednesday, June 24th, 2026

### Autumn

Finally, falling like paratroopers,  
the leaves are blanketing the ground

and the piles are starting to take shape  
and I want to kick and jump into the biggest

heaps, like I did when I was a child,  
a rather mischievous one the more I recollect.

The world is a mess, but then it's always been,  
tragedies ongoing no matter how I write

against them. Yet soon I'm putting on my shoes,  
a light jacket and making the plunge once again,

maybe kicking and jumping less this time  
as I reconnoiter the area for the most beautiful

leaf for a most beautiful bookmark.

What have I been waiting for all these years?

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### The Agenda

Amidst the busyness of the city  
I buy a hot dog from a street vendor  
and eat it slowly on my way home.

My wife having arrived ahead of me  
will be simmering a healthier fare.

I pick up my steps when I see myself

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falling into her arms and the last  
bite of the hot dog feels exquisite.

If I were any happier they'd have  
to arrest me—they know where I live.

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*(Featured image from Pexels)*

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