

October

By Don Thompson

5 I used to think the land
had something to say to us,
back when wildflowers
would come right up to your hand
as if they were tame.

10 Sooner or later, I thought,
the wind would begin to make sense
if I listened hard
and took notes religiously.
That was spring.

15 Now I'm not so sure:
the cloudless sky has a flat affect
and the fields plowed down after harvest
seem so expressionless,
keeping their own counsel.