

Autumn Equinox

i love your face and body
laughing crookedly through
the bent waves of air
above the bonfire
as thin shadows dance
madly all around us
mimicking the green
and yellow ribbons
between the stars

i smell burnt marshmallow
sugar pinewood smoke
and the coming snow
crisp on a night for
red wine and friends

someone plays their mouth
harp long dragged out
blues but i don't mind
another birthday me and
the year getting old

SHELLEY BOETTCHER