

# This Then, November

*Laura Hamblin*

When the arduous season comes, again,  
unexpectedly, air rushes through  
needled trees causing a sudden  
shift of time, a shift of light:  
this new hue, this new sound.  
And we listen to leaves, like words,  
scratch and crack through the frigid sky,  
and watch as nature begins

to die—gracefully—full of our own  
death. It is what we cannot pronounce,  
the commonness, the thinness of our  
transient present. It is with us  
still, flattened, like pressed leaves:  
imperishable things imagined.

---

*LAURA HAMBLIN lives in Aurora, Colorado, with her son and her dog. She is a Ph.D. candidate in English at the University of Denver, where she also teaches composition.*