

Fall Is the Wrong Analogy

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this hesitant collapsing
of a canopy that will billow
in windy spring—

absurd. Death does not waft with each dithering
tumult of air and no
spirit resides

in these wavery harvesters of light. If at all,
in the heartwood that summer hurricanes
shake with no intent

less or more than stripping bare and
finally cracking to battered
stump.