

November

Reed Richards

for Klyd Watkins

A nighttime hour came when I drove out and found a haven in the
late year weather.

The rest of the world boozed and fought and laughed
but mostly slept, and the year kept its schedule dreaming, and I
stopped on a quiet hill

and watched the still town under the low and moving sky,
and watched the leaves flurry from one place to another and rest and
go again, and it was you, November, turning in your sleep, and it
was your threat of fury and your promise of calm.

The clouds came lower, making a thing comfortable and stirring,
a vast room without walls, dressing midnight in its tender gibbous,
and extending from the summit of this rise
a vision of a still and dark and sufficient world.

I saw the trees shivering in the wind;

I saw the dark, locked houses.

On this night dreams were reaching into the air—wants and
satisfactions humming in the wires, ghosting out from vents and
chimneys.

I restarted the car and drifted down, a silent stranger, through gales of
yellow leaves.

Tomorrow the noisy streets will be filled with strangers who mostly
live somewhere between the word and the act, and rarely venture
awake, as I rarely do,

to places where time lingers briefly in its corridor. A moment I meant
to remember will pass,

but it's all right.

Every moment is a desire for a sufficient world, a prayer for the
sufficiency of every world
every silent stranger leaves in his wake.

REED RICHARDS {evanrichards62@gmail.com} lives in Nashville, Tennessee. He attends the Harpeth Ward and plays the organ for the Providence Ward. He has published poetry, fiction, and nonfiction in *The Time Garden*, *Nashville Scene*, *Dialogue*, *Radio Beds*, and *feathers* (Time Barn Produce I).