Autumn

by claire *Sunday, Aug 25 2013, 1:20pm* international / poetry / post

> the forest prepares for the white chill of winter with bursts of warm colours burning leaves discarded like so many notions, ideas and promising dreams my desires crunch under the weight of false hope and future-thwarted dreams a better season next year is not promised the chill begins to slowly cool my bones, i grip the edges of the horizon and wrap myself in the warm slow-burning forest, snug, ready to slumber for an eternity the sky, afraid i will steal the earth forever, begins to shake ice and snow onto the ground a trick to prevent me from

http://jungledrum.hopto.org/news/story-772.html

Underground Oz Poetry. http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-421.html

falling into a permanent sleep