

Cold Front

Every autumn
a sudden rain.
Oak leaves, unfastened,
autumn's remnants
tossed in the wind's
black mouth howl,
their brittle bodies
scattering from
the floodlight's flare.

By morning,
the yard windswept,
breathless. The leaves
settling into decay,
giving back to the ground.
The front, an invisible emissary,
because even the trees
need to shed their pasts
with great gusts
of forgetting.

— Chris Abbate
Apex, N.C.



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