

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Cole Huling: Autumn Poems

Cole Huling · Thursday, November 10th, 2022

autumn haze hangs over wheat fields
mourning the harvest and the end of summer

the grey longing of winter arrives

the mist invites
our demons

decapitated stalks
surrender to the fog
the ghosts of autumn rise
from every smoky corner

everything is muted to the dead.

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the whitewashed carcass of the old barn
heaves
in the wind under a September sunset
its ribs exposed
bowels long vacant
it has no more purpose
than to house some lucky rodents
for the winter
to interrupt the landscape
mark time passing by.

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this fall comes with a vengeance
whipping dust, garbage and untethered signs across the highway
it seems to rise up from the anger of the people
exhausted with the dry heat of summer
fearing the unbearable
expense of winter looming

it clangs wind chimes
wrenches the branches from the trees
leaves still attached and green
it seems to whisper in each person's ear
a desperate call for change

dogs whimper with no reason
babies wail through the night
men bring knives to fistfights
even skunks run away

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