

Bellevue

In this time of winter's chill beginning,
present tensivity of a cold descent,

bridge, buildings, train platform, highway bypass,
hard iron, silhouette a sunset such as

one I've never seen before, exploding
odd continent on fire faraway.

And this morning across the sidewalk bricks,
flattened like wet brown leaves or dead newsprint,

a lifeless black bird. Feathers, wing remnant,
maybe what was once claw or beak or bone,

in asymmetrical decoration,
electric against the red walk way stone.

This evening feeding squirrels in the park,
November's grasp fast at our necks and back,

we spoke of things that pass, which turn, and last,
while nuthatch shrilled between barren branches.

Lakeside, willow sheltered, time of dying.
We smiled, paused silent, then kept moving.