

## Virgo

Autumn, and you already tired of the Lion's profligate taste,  
the piecemeal opulence of the Crab in his chambers under the wave.

Autumn, and once again into yourself, reluctantly as the sun  
still hangs in a smoke-rimmed sky, gathering in the muted shades.

Late-rising flowers stems still white from the seed's inner darkness,  
ignorant of the cold night air, push from the earth with hopeless promise.

Butterflies mindless as time itself dry their elaborate wings  
on morning leaves, a disparate pretense among the castaways  
of trees undressing, falling asleep in the ripening afternoon.

Autumn, the birds of paradise spread their burnt sienna wings,  
shake their brazen tails at this death-wishing dead-end world.

Autumn, the current inside the river runs back out of the sea,  
a serpent of fire whose cupric lust thirsts for the spawning pool,  
the melting place of water sharp on the tongue, the wintering bed.