Autumn in a City

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Sky, the color of frost, hovers on the rooftops, hushing the bricks' tones to muted fire.

Supple fog curls through the air like silence, and I shiver at the touch of fallen clouds.

Silhouettes bound in scarves whisper past, as pensive as the scattered trees. No leaves murmur in the stillness.

Frozen limbs could not clasp the scraps of color tight enough, and they fell from their numb fingers. Now they lie, little shards of life, sprinkled across damp walkways.

Shadows drift over the hints of gold curling into brown. They are bright with the memory of summer, but the boughs know only winter.