

Fall Leaves

Fall leaves cast off forlorn
wander in tiling my floors
in mosaic earthen tones
Lake Erie's scudding clouds
of gloom cast down
their stinging sleet
their large snowflakes
like tufts of cotton
come quietly during night
falling without sound
breaking limbs and trees
having them bow low
do obeisance kiss the ground

The outside world is chilling cold
as I stoke up my old Mac
to read the latest Google dread
Many people this day exalt death
too cowardly to live life instead
Children not fully grown
killing teachers young and old
A man thinks himself a loser
(and is)
kills four kids and a woman
not his own
A greedy Wall Street banking firm
is fined millions millions
for the theft of billions
A Christian bishop a defender
of lowly downtrodden souls
(so is said)
a man without guile
spends forty three million dollars
refurbishing his domicile

Inside my own walls is embracing
warmth of home where linger
odors of the cooking pot
bubbling beans and rice
where four-grain bread cools
on wire-racks waiting
to be coupled with slabs of swiss

An electric heater's buzz
clicking on and off
as if keeping time
with the rhythmic dripping
on the casement sill
causes one to ponder
that the world outside
is no longer human scale
it has grown beyond the pale
and is filled with man's travail
Perhaps the good folks
who still abide
the ones we greet each day
simply choose to stay inside
winter is at times passe

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