

October Leaves

The Good Life

I stumbled in at three a.m., but you didn't want to, I tried again at half past ten,
you still want to, Your hips have this way of saying no way; an impenetrable barricade.

Something I said? Something I did? What's made you so defensive?

Something you heard? Something you learned? The season's changing, it's for the worse.

You used to call me on your break, but you've been so busy. You used to bring me tomato soup, but you keep forgetting. As the groundskeeper rakes up the October leaves,
It occurs to me, trees can't hide anything.

Something I said? Something I did? You've been acting so distant, something you heard?

Something you learned? The trees are barren, the leaves have turned. The days when we made it the world was green; now Autumn has fallen, everything's changed.

October leaves.

I woke up this morning, you were off to work. No kisses, no coffee. No morning paper.