

Wilderness House Literary Review 7/1

Peter Crowley

Onset of Fall

As the breeze pours and purrs
By moving 1890's vehicle
And rises through hair and body
As though *being* were invisible
And appearance a transient moment

The dry cool air
Brings together scattered pockets of early
Wizened fallen leaves – a presage
Of plant life's seasonal decay....
The onset of Fall invades the air

But the ocean
With its water, that crashes you into the
Sand, causing bathing suit pockets to
Fill with handfuls of it,
In which mole crabs crawl...
This ocean, with its wind in a mild
Fury, hurricane-aftershock....

This ocean,
Still felt like summer