Men

I saw a frail man
whimsy along in
the grocery store.
He was with, I assumed,
his daughter.
She was explaining
the subtleties of shopping.
He wore a WW11 Veteran hat,
a member of the
greatest generation.
They didn’t shop,
in their world
that was a woman’s job.
Their’s was to erect steel girders
from Bethlehem, Pa.
Have hot motor oil spill
down their arms in language
only God could forgive.
Fight a world war
to victory.
Spit into the face of uncertainty.
A Peccadillo

The leaves,  
a hardscrabble  
of acne across the yard  
as if in pubescence  
the naked trees  
have found each other  
for an autumnal tryst  
of red behinds  
and golden thrusts.
Summer Stock

The curtains are no sooner
closed on summer
that October
with burnished lips
announces an encore
to the delight
of nearly naked trees
wracked by a jabberwocky
of tenants whose boring,
pecking and hibernating
are temporarily postponed.
October

The woods fill up
with confetti,
the parade has passed.
Again, rivaling the pageantry
of the Macy’s Thanksgiving Day parade
but safe from
those corporate sponsors
who believe undressing a tree
couldn’t make a dime.