
Autumn

ARUNA GURUMURTHY

Auburn leaves of the sycamore tree
mellow down my window.
On the deck, my four-year-old stomps on
a cluster of crispy, fallen leaves,
scattering scarlet and yellow.
The wind twists her hair into spiraling strands,
she hums *la-la-la*, scoops up a few leaves in her palms,
splashes them in the air, then titters
as I watch her untangle the contortions in my mind.
She sees a white-bellied black racer snake
tryst into the woods, spots a deer
standing near the pale, pebbled puddle.
A clay turquoise urn holds
all the metaphors, allegories, and ashes of tomorrow,
which she swooshes like magic,
tumbles down the whimsies of autumn.