Again, October

Tomorrow we turn back
to Standard Time—that trick,
that misnomer.
Along fences, the Rubaiyat roses
bronze in the dusk
                beyond a curvature
of hollyhocks like Grandmother grew.
Silver palms of grape leaves
survive again, hardy as bushel mums
rusting deeper after frost.

From this ground over years:
corn in crooked rows and sunflowers
of too-heavy heads
grew up like the children
who planted—
                swift and tall and gone.
A long division of iris spread in ranks
to scent the berry patch
where asparagus comes up wild
and nightshade hides from our weeding,
collecting strength
among genealogies of plants.

Back indoors, we leave off lights.
Birch leaves hint buff gold
through windows in minimal light.
In its slow delicacy, the power of the eye
adjusts to this world:
                shadow movements
and ravelings on into dark,
the sinews we sense where we stand,
milk of the risen moon
holding another daylight.

—Dixie Partridge