

Fall

Last fall I dreamt of that
first autumn, in Eden,
of fig leaves dropping off
into the Euphrates
and fruit wrinkling in the grass.
There, in the field,
a lone ox shuddered
beside the serpent's track
while crows rattled in the air.
And I heard your voice walking
in the cold of the day
like a dark woodwind
singing to itself
as if to say,
Let there be light, but just enough.
Let the dry land appear, then disappear.
Let the man and the woman talk
of seeds and stems,
of planting and ripening,
words that disallow forgetting.

—Michael Hicks