

Pumpkin

I know your
transformations
by the shadows you cast.

The night air
is cool to the touch.
Standing under trees,

your eyes follow autumn—
red sumac,
yellow poplar.

Carving a pumpkin,
you delight in knives, guts,
a glowing candle.

Soon it will be December—
trees etched
black.

In two seasons
the trees
will be recast.

Your shadow
lengthens,
then leaves.