

## Tom Lyons

### Raking Leaves in the Fall

The leaves need raking, like any autumn.  
Though some days don't avail themselves to raking leaves  
but raked they must be.  
Once in my youth an old man said  
"The leaves don't rake themselves"  
Old myself now, I reflect on that folksy phrase.  
A perfect day came for the chore  
left undone for other errands.  
So, today, I don my hat and gloves,  
drag out the bags silently waiting to be filled  
with fresh dregs of summer creating crunchy pillows.  
Long gone are the days of large piles to jump in.  
There is no one about to enjoy the fall into fall.  
I start my chore with no expectation of it being anything but.  
The wind is up and leaves taunt me with every pull of the rake.  
They dance around me and defy my attempt to tame them  
Now I chase first one then another raked pile shooting up  
in a whirlwind, forcing me to start again.  
Mother Nature gave me a perfect day, but only one  
I didn't take it for raking.  
The bags do get filled. Persistence does win out.  
I carry the bags to the edge of my leaf-free kingdom  
Arching my aching back I turn to survey the work.  
The leaves now doubled cover any evidence of raking.  
If someone comes by to ask me what I did today,  
would they see truth if I said I raked leaves?

**Tom Lyons** wrote a lot of poetry in the 70's and 80's and had some success at being published in a couple of poetry magazines. His job as an Auditor, A COO and a Management Consultant kept him on the road for nearly 30 years. During the last few years Tom turned to writing novels, first a western and now working on a mystery. Three years ago he bought the New England Mobile Book Fair, the largest independent brick and mortar book store in New England. Recently among author events he has started holding well attended poetry readings. This led to having a poetry group meet at the store twice a month. Once again inspired to create, this is some of his new work.