

Catherine McGuire

September

This is the smoke season:
spiraling from dry pyres
gray fingers poke up through chimneys
mist of leaving permeates the day.
Oak drops everything and raises
empty yearning hands toward geese
who call *Come, Come* as they veer
overhead. The almost-winter wind
stirs tornadoes of leaves
vermillion and gold - Autumn's genies.
Vines wither, recede, leaving squat
orange squash hunkered in browning gardens.
What can be salvaged is stacked in cellars
straw-nested tubers dreaming
of seeding springs.

Catherine McGuire is a writer and artist with a deep interest in philosophy, the “Why we are here?” question that lurks under so much of our lives. Using nature as a mirror, she explores the way humans perceive themselves and their world. She will have a chapbook released by Uttered Chaos in September. It is tentatively titled, *Reflections, Echoes and Palimpsests*. She is webmaster for the Oregon Poetry Society and claims her entire garden as her 'poetry office'