

## **Rusty Barnes**

### **Fall Foliage**

burns the tops of the trees,  
a chilly wind blows  
but I am no nature boy.

Falling leaves mean  
clogged rain gutters;  
there's poor drainage on

my hilly street. I scrape  
the leaves off the grate

with a snow shovel  
while the man across  
the street blows

his leaves into the path  
of oncoming traffic. He is  
a bane on my existence,

a man with no conscience  
who drinks a beer while  
he walks around in the

crackling leaves polishing  
his wrought-iron fence  
without cracking a grin.

I envy him.

**Rusty Barnes** has published many poems in venues as varied as *Red Rock Review*, *Post Road* and *San Pedro River Review*. Among his books are two chapbooks and two books of poetry. Barnes latest is *On Broad Sound*, a book of poems about his adopted home, Revere MA. Another book, *Jesus in the Ghost Room*, will be out in late September from Nixes Mate Books.