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Nature's Hues

Autumn Garland

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Nature's Hues

You are everywhere I go and in everything I do.
Everyone knows you. You've been here forever.
You vividly announce your presence.
Whether it's in the yellow canary that soars
Past me like a delicate leaf upon the wind,
Or the soft stubby brush cut that emerges from below.
You are in my grandmother's hair as she dances gracefully
With my grandfather.
I see you as one of autumn's great
Wonders that rustles pleasantly under my footfall
like a paper bag.
I see you in the woman who passes me,
A bluebird all bright and flighty.
I see your darker half in the empty ghost of a building,
Awaiting his spiritedly hued renaissance.
But with a flip of a switch you invade his privacy,
Obliterating his calm.
You are in the young girl that passes me
Her head full of strawberries.
As night approaches, more of your wonders abound
Up above me in a midnight ocean sprinkled
With lighthouses.
You're in the foreboding imaginary monsters,
Created in the mind of a ten year old,
Shapeless reflections of the night.
Before I go to sleep, you are the last thing
I see, a big round stomach full enough to burst,
Lighting my dreams.

Autumn Garland