

the beauty of autumn left  
and left nothing of beauty behind.

it was that homeless year  
when the night dark crows  
were thin.

everything seemed the same  
as nothingness.

unknowable emptiness  
and streaks of bitterness  
in the bitter coldness  
of bitter winds.

the clouds holding  
furious storms in their mouths  
never said anything more about you.

the beauty of autumn.  
wf.h.  
2025