



Leaf Peepers by Kim M. Baker © 2009

Winter has sent ahead its scouts.  
Those leafy aviators so vibrant  
that you wince with their wicked beauty.  
They cackle their raucous colors  
down highways, along bogs,  
in the sun one last time this season.  
You forget the brisk wind behind them,  
forget this time last year when they jumped,  
kamikazes in kaleidoscopic glory.  
The next thing you know, they are gone,  
riding the sky just ahead of Captain Snow.

Leaf Peepers

## Falling Toward; The Questions; That Remain

If this is where I am now...  
how will I survive the winter?

God, how I would like a friend  
to just drop in... unexpectedly,

the darkness and cold will continue,  
the nights will get longer...

Note to myself:  
Develop a God damn hobby.

Falling Towards the Questions That Remain  
by Lynnne Gobeille © 2009



♥ ♥ ♥  
Origami Poetry Project

## Fall Realities;

An Origami Poems  
Autumn Celebration Edition, V. I



Poems by:

Doug Norris  
Tom Chandler  
Mary Mueller  
James Penha  
Marguerite Keil Flanders  
Kim M. Baker  
&  
Lynnne Gobeille

Fall Decides by Marguerite Keil Flanders  
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Oaks are the last to cast  
their burdens. Air is full  
of the athleticism of change.  
Chickadees greet the end  
of the road of night  
with their tally: seeds and chill.  
The science of what must turn leaves  
us bereft. We wait for all to be  
revealed, as if choosing will shift  
the relentless trajectory of stars,  
restore what has been felled.  
Hawk, oak, brook, co-trustees  
of winter's approach, know better.

Fall Decides



A Little Latitude by James Penha © 2009

The equator circumvents  
autumn with forests as green  
in October as ever April  
is green although leaves here ever  
umber to leave their branches  
in a fall to feed the jungle's  
perpetual spring to life. Around  
this earth it is every day  
every season.

A Little Latitude



## Autumn Morning

Fog in the harbor,  
Steam on the mirror,  
Frost on the window.

Outside, discovering  
The neighbor's oak  
Growing in my garden

And one crazy squirrel  
Risking everything  
To save a single nut.

Autumn Morning  
by Doug Norris © 2009

Autumn Jazz by Mary Mueller © 2009

This mountain night  
full moon creeps  
at turtle pace  
through shadowed  
branches tree tops  
then aglow below  
the violin plays  
African, accordion  
his bass companion  
kora, drums  
command that  
wine infused  
with rosemary  
be sipped  
like honeydew

Autumn Jazz

## Elvis;

A hundred of you  
parachute into a football stadium,  
a hundred gilt and spangled jumpsuits  
with proud bellies tumble in a tangle  
of ripcords and billowed silk,  
then square away with weird precision  
and give it all you've got; who cares  
if you're alive or not?

Elvis by Tom Chandler © 2009

