

*The Nuisance of Weather*  
by O.R. Gami © 2009



You change and rearrange  
the coat the shoes the attitude.

Sunshine when you need shade,  
Rainfall to muddy every note,  
Cartons of slush in the mailbox.  
Long, dim days that track  
the floor with uncaring -  
Tell them to wipe their feet.

### The nuisance of weather

You have to live with weather.  
Let it lick your face  
elbow your plans  
tumble you into the jet stream.

## As Fall Sets In

*An Origami Poems*  
*Autumn Celebration Edition, V II*



*Poems by:*

Barbara Schweitzer  
Nancy E. Brown  
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Louise Giguere  
Noël Patoine  
&  
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*I want to say something about goldenrods*  
by Barbara Schweitzer © 2009

how prolific they are, waiting to be sickled  
along the town roads with the touch-me-nots;  
how little notice, how little difference  
they make in the world, invisible, void,  
being the fruit fly weed of New England,  
so heartily hardy they stand ignored  
like life itself – which just keeps up its end –  
creating replicating fornicating,  
all the while ignorant of and in its needs,  
the thrust necessarily pause-hating,  
so that those of us who parse and name, cede  
most roadways to ignorant lustful life  
that ingratiates itself like the actor rife  
with talent to imitate, then move on.

*I want to say something about goldenrods*

### Summer Solstice

A rat of mallards  
dozes on the dock  
as the full moon's light  
dims into dawn.  
This short night's  
hot hazy air shimmers  
above the lake until  
sunshine splinters  
onto the gentle ripples.  
A garnet-colored dragonfly  
drifts onto my sleeve.

*Summer Solstice*  
by Nancy E. Brown  
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### Ingnish Beach

An August day this summer, it was as if I were  
Standing on Ingnish Beach, thirty years ago the  
salty air, dampening, tangling sandy strands in my  
long hair, in all directions, like thisistedown, wild  
and windblown, lingering, from dunes, on the  
breach of my breath, catches a memory, a glimpse  
of a lighthouse in the distance, floating sounds, or  
warning calls of buoys on whale watch; a quick  
jaunt off Cabot Trail, a stone's throw from the  
opposing Bay of Fundy, is the cliff-cleave haven, a  
cloistered valley hide-away, raw, resolute elements  
Ingnish Beach – Nova Scotia's North Atlantic air

*Ingnish Beach* by Louise Giguere © 2009

### September

high tides have almost obliterated  
the path by bending beach grasses  
hiding the lavender now delicate ashen wreaths  
above these gray ghosts  
grow great waths of yellow goldenrod  
growing along the dunes  
staunch spartina stands tall at water's edge  
wearing russet tassels

*September* by Marjorie Gaunt © 2009



### Autumn Haiku

Dying thrives in fall,  
harvesting nature's bounty,  
caring hands restore.



### Autumn Adornments

Breaking my spirit  
soul's pleasure dies amidst fall,  
leaves the only stain  
brightening gray October  
with gnarly trees adorned.

*Autumn Haiku & Autumn Adornments*  
by Noël Patoine © 2009