

November 12

Just before Wednesday's sunrise
Pulsing waves of cold air
flooded our side yard.
One could hardly have expected otherwise
it being late October.
Frost sheathed each narrow
blade of grass, then highlighted
the curled edges of leaves
dried to dullest brown; finally
it left our Chevy's windows
blinded by white translucence.

Fading garden plants took
it all in stride
The few remaining green tomatoes
assumed an icy, glistening sheen.
A large clump of previously
hardy nasturtium lovely ~~on~~ more.
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Tender life gone,
blackened by cold
surrendered now to
the inevitable winter.

Leaving us only the work
of digging, pulling up
and the final composting.