

As I Expected

Ida Ferdman

The tree beneath my window
shed its leaves in fall.
And children up and down the block
put on galoshes and rainslicks
and splashed with their heels
at the curbside out front
and sailed boats of bamboo leaves
in the alley's puddle-lakes.
The squirrels and the birds
in my yard and the rest
disappeared with the leaves
as the rain settled in
for the winter.

And the feeling I had in the summer
vanished as Fall dropped its cloak.
The yard in my mind
became barren and damp
with old visions that dripped
from the walls of my brain
like bits of brown algae
that drip from the walls of a cave.
Pink and green thoughts turned
to black ones and red ones
that left permanent scars
for the spring.
The bright colored thoughts
disappeared with the leaves
as the rain settled in
for the winter.