

Alice Allen

October

For William Carlos Williams

Half awake at dawn
I thought that golden poplar
was the sun itself
streaming in my window
so bright against
the shadowed mountains
and all day that
flame-shaped tree
has flickered in my mind
demanding celebration.

I want that poplar
and that particular light
to linger in my poem
the way a red wheel barrow
stays in yours:
forever fixed and colorfast.

October's such a fragile month—
next week it will be gone.