

THE MUSEUM IS CLOSED

On rainy Sundays we need to go there or even
On milder drier days excepting those rare
Bright and sunny days when you and I both
Dislike to leave the brightness and warmth
Of any season's sunshine and like to spend
These sorts of days following the narrow path
In the direction our memory takes us
Through the south-face gate of Botanical
Gardens to the gate that leads to the river
And notice the changes that the changing
Seasons will bring and you

 Drawn to the expectation
Of your longing for spring
Notice among the dormant others a miniature
Bud waking upon a lesser branch of Ailanthus
Altissima – The Tree of Heaven - and also
The changing light while I for some reason
Am drawn to autumn shades of fallen leaves
The maple reds among the brilliant yellow
Orange of sycamore and ash and sense
The sadness of the bareness of the trees
That brings a passing of the uncertainty of summer
A feeling of time pausing being settled