

## OBSERVATIONS

Step, step, step,  
My footsteps tap the rhythm of my thoughts.  
They are the only outer clue to the inner workings  
of my mind.  
To the observer, I am going home - a short walk in the  
rain.  
But as I observe, I absorb much and everything I see  
makes a mark on me.

The brilliant gold and copper leaves  
are tossed down with the raindrops  
I pull one from my hat and fling it away -  
at the same time wishing to capture  
the brilliance of the ones  
showering the walk ahead of me.  
The street glistens with the water  
running off into the gutters  
Rain beats harder now and I pull my raincoat  
close about me.  
Gray sky imparts rays of white light  
to the horizon, streaked with dirty clouds  
like smudges of coal on white wrapping paper.  
Somewhere I know there is sun  
behind those clouds that is giving that white light  
but my eyes don't see it that way --  
the clouds themselves seem to glow.

I turn from the walk and  
the rhythm of my boots is continued  
in the grass --  
down the field and up the hill.  
The ground is littered with fallen leaves;  
The wind lifts their heads and they wave frantically  
as I trudge past.

I search for something to remember  
Something beautiful to grasp  
It is such an intense moment,  
I want to give it some significance.

The rain beats on  
I look up and it falls into my eyes,  
making me blink rapidly and look down again.  
The sight that hurts the eyes -

was it so wonderful to behold?  
I cannot say, for I only felt the hurt.

The rain - it pelts me like tears  
The sky is crying over this proud land.  
Pride goeth before a fall -  
It is fall,  
And the land is in winter stripp'd,  
of beauty, bare. And pride must wait.

So I am making observations --  
Of what? Of a mood?  
A life?  
Or a reflection?

My soul need not ask in order to reply;  
The wind rustles on and on.