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## Autumn Sextilla

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AMMON BARKER

## autumn sextilla

Say it slowly and it closes  
the lips together in a hum  
like millions of miniature buzzes  
from each mouldering leaf. Autumn:  
the last vanishing lawnmower  
lulling me into a slumber.

I lie still while the wispy-veiled  
sky passes back and forth across  
the moon's avenue. Clouds exhale  
as I inhale the burn of frost.  
I am bedridden, dozing in  
my apple-beer oblivion.

Today is when I realize my  
alarm is still beeping and trees  
outside are bleeding out their dyes  
into the leaves while confused bees  
bury their wings in the dirt.  
I press my face in the black earth

And breathe deeply. Today I light  
a candle for autumn and swim  
in a sea of sweaters. I stride  
through decorous cataclysm  
rejoicing in my newfound loss  
and call myself revivalist.