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# Three Poems

Trenten Johnson

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# Three Poems

Trenten Johnson

## 1. Buddhism

there is something  
exquisitely unspeakable  
about the first day of fall  
whose leaves billow a swarm of butterflies  
and land perfectly  
no matter when or where.

## 2. Rains Come

Before the week of rain  
stewed the delicate dusting of fallen leaves  
each one a crumbling husk  
into the shell of smashed pumpkins on the road a week after  
Halloween.

You should have seen it then  
when the wind danced with brown and yellow  
and all life spread out nude and clean  
under a rustling blanket in the weak sun.

A moment's reverence only  
until the inevitable crushing stiffness of my boot  
left the first mark of loss  
an instant crumbled and left to fade.  
If anything is left now of the world  
made by that first stumbling change  
it is dissolved in sodden grey skies.  
Somewhere where no rain comes

the leaves are always fresh fallen  
where I will not step again.

### 3. Intentionality

The leaves plastered wet to rust stained cement  
could not be more perfectly placed  
if God personally dictated  
each individual impression.