



1998

Autumn Mourning

Linda VanOrden

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/inscape>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

VanOrden, Linda (1998) "Autumn Mourning," *Inscape*: Vol. 18 : No. 1 , Article 9.
Available at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/inscape/vol18/iss1/9>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by BYU ScholarsArchive. It has been accepted for inclusion in *Inscape* by an authorized editor of BYU ScholarsArchive. For more information, please contact scholarsarchive@byu.edu, ellen_amatangelo@byu.edu.

Linda VanOrden

Autumn Mourning

Wet September trickled through our door with Mr. Abberly—
Early for a change.
Shaking his trench coat,
Sprinkling translucent beads from his
Red beard,
He collapsed to the floor—
By the umbrella stand
In our porch where the cobwebs hung.
My mother held his head,
Helped him to speak
About the birth of his new son,
Seth,
And the death of his wife
At three that morning.

I crouched behind the white banister
On the stairs
That Monday morning before school,
Picking a ketchup stain from my school tie.
No more orange squash or Garibaldi biscuits after class
In Mrs. Abberly's white stone kitchen.
I don't know why death didn't strike me as strange
When I was seven.