



1992

Autumn Hands

Laura Moulton

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Recommended Citation

Moulton, Laura (1992) "Autumn Hands," *Inscape*: Vol. 12 : No. 2 , Article 18.

Available at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/inscape/vol12/iss2/18>

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AUTUMN HANDS

LAURA MOULTON

I am Autumn for Halloween and in the
Light, we paste leaves until the trashbag
Is covered.

When the light is gone, we climb into
Your car and you ask me if I ever
Wonder what's inside you.

I think of what it is to gut a pumpkin,
Handfulls of wet orange strands, bland
Seeds, autumn innards.

You needn't ask, I say.
I know then that you are leaving.

People won't know what you are, you
Say. They don't know what I am now, I
Tell you.

You laugh then, and I bite my lip. I will
ache when you are gone. All in all, our
Time spent together pasting,

Talking of seasons, of
Leaves that burn rust into the ground,

It is not enough.