



1987

The White-Haired Man

Gayanne Ramsden

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



Part of the [Arts and Humanities Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Ramsden, Gayanne (1987) "The White-Haired Man," *Inscape*: Vol. 7: No. 1, Article 12.

Available at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/inscape/vol7/iss1/12>

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

A WHITE-HAIRED MAN

The air smells like onion,
And autumn grapes,
And leaves rolled up and crushed in your mind.
Pumpkins and marigolds flame
Color-bright upon eyes
That see flowers bloom in the season's slow-brilliant death
Under a warm grey Hallow's Eve sky.
Leftover summer roses and summer children's voices
Linger into fall.
A white-haired man pauses at his door,
I, part of his memory, he becoming a piece of mine,
We glance hello, then drop our gaze
Downward to leaves golden and brown
Becoming winter's under-snow harvest,
That will feed the spring.
Still autumn day, stop and
Place yourself in my recollections
Where sometime in eternity
A breath-held autumn's dusk
of roses and grape leaves
will come again to me.

Gayanne Ramsden