Again, October

Dixie Partridge

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Again, October

Tomorrow we turn back to Standard Time—that trick, that misnomer. Along fences, the Rubaiyat roses bronze in the dusk beyond a curvature of hollyhocks like Grandmother grew. Silver palms of grape leaves survive again, hardy as bushel mums rusting deeper after frost.

From this ground over years: corn in crooked rows and sunflowers of too-heavy heads grew up like the children who planted— swift and tall and gone. A long division of iris spread in ranks to scent the berry patch where asparagus comes up wild and nightshade hides from our weeding, collecting strength among genealogies of plants.

Back indoors, we leave off lights. Birch leaves hint buff gold through windows in minimal light. In its slow delicacy, the power of the eye adjusts to this world: shadow movements and ravelings on into dark, the sinews we sense where we stand, milk of the risen moon holding another daylight.

—Dixie Partridge