

7-15-2011

Tree in a September Storm

October Williams

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Williams, October (2011) "Tree in a September Storm," *The Mythic Circle*: Vol. 2011: Iss. 33, Article 11.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/mcircle/vol2011/iss33/11>

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Tree in a September Storm

Tree in a September Storm,

Carretera Picacho Ajusco (Mexico)

by
October Williams

The sky's a Chinese pattern through the leaves --
The grey embossed in gold, above the blue
Woven against the green; and she who weaves
Is dark and drooping, gracefully askew –

Her head hung over, tracing the last light
While it lingers:
The aureate borders of her art her arms bedight,
Delineate on her fingers.

Till an obsidian cloud obscures the embers,
And, rising on a rising wind, her tapestry askance
Slips unremembered from her fingers that exquisitely unbend
To catch the first few drops — while she remembers.

She turns her head and waits, brushing her glance
Over the wind veiled grasses that attend
Her; at her feet the rain, a glass of splintered silver,
Catches her stance:
Her slender umber, and her falling train,
The angle of her elegance
Before the Storm of passionate surrenders —

Bowing before the Dance.