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October's Showers

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the vessel would purchase the favor they craved.

Eager to learn if their work had served its turn, most of those assembled hastened home. Only a few loitered long enough to confirm that the earth's pearlescent mercy was accepted by the sea, the vessel and its

treasure guided by the tides toward some harbor beyond the horizon.

Amaya gaily waved until the distance dimmed the vision of her kin, her silver tresses shivering in the lambent sunshine loosed by sister sky.

October's Showers

by

Joel Zartman

In fairyland bright showers fall
while the sun shines
and colors all
in fluttering light descend.
And no one in those rains
is ever wet
or goes to any pains
of cover, shelter, or delay.
I went in an October wood.
Bright showers fell
where the trees stood,
and color filled the air.
The showers that fell
were dry and bright
and glad, to tell
the simple truth of it.
But unlike fairyland's fair trees
my trees did not
retain their leaves,
but sent them spinning all away.
How bright mortality
is beckoning,
and drawing me
in showers to another world!