



11-15-2006

## Autumn Song

Scott K. Odom

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview>

 Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Odom, Scott K. (2006) "Autumn Song," *Westview*: Vol. 25 : Iss. 2 , Article 13.  
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol25/iss2/13>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact [phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu](mailto:phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu).

# Autumn Song

by Scott K. Odom

Sometimes I try to get my wife to dance  
this little dance with me. Do you love  
me. Do you love me. Do you love me.

She grows weary. She keeps  
her own counsel, sighs and looks  
out the window.

Where the sea is dark and choppy.  
Where a coppery light fails.

Near shore dark rocks  
jut from the swirling waters.  
You can't stand there long enough  
to see it happen, but they are being  
worn down to nothing.

Sometimes I have long, convoluted  
conversations with her on the drive to town.  
I glide through my steps, surefooted,  
avoiding the pitfalls.

She is moved by my grace and  
our hands touch softly.  
But this is imagined and I  
am often silent.

She tells me nothing  
is on her mind.

I busy myself  
building little houses of paper  
so I can burn them  
down.

She's looking at me now.  
I look beyond her to the sea.

