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Fall Walk

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Fall Walk

by Dennis Ross

We amble along in the woods
with each golden leaf,
a fluttering sun,
and reds splashed about
as in a modern painting.
The little crick, not quite
a creek, bubbles its way
under the old wooden bridge,
boards rotten or missing,
a tricky crossing.

So many walks—my son and I
through the years,
each a sparkling jewel
lying amidst the drabber moss
of everyday life,
telepathic reconnection,
problems rotated about.

Dave, the quicker now,
I, creakier and in all ways
a bit slower, still trying to grow
toward a more illumined life,
more reds and yellows,
laying down my heaviness
one rock at a time.

My mother, a great walker,
accompanied us today,
though she would have been
one hundred and eight.