

Father Rakes Leaves

It is early afternoon and
Father rakes leaves beneath a heavy cloud.

He is unafraid of storms and brushes the foliage
beneath streaked branches.

The cloud, it is angry,
a billowing general angry and loud.

Father, he is alone,
but not lonely,
in the red-green-brown expanse.

The cloud, it is angry,
it beckons its brethren,
the looming battalions angry and proud.

Father, he muses in the company of a thoughtful understanding
and brushes the tree-lost foliage across the leaf-splayed
landing.

The clouds, they are an angry crowd,
descending their breeze-blown chariots,
and Father rakes leaves.