

OAK LEAVES AND ACORNS

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A wide-eyed scrawny squirrel
scurried in front of my car,
but I swerved in time—
he was distraught
over Indian Summer
melting away a killing frost
to coax out squirrel and humankind
long enough to cloak winter's
impending flash freeze.

Golden brown oak leaves
and acorns
carpet the yard—
I'm obligated to rake
by the neighborhood lawns
that have already been
vacuumed, steamed cleaned,
and sterilized,
now ten-second-rule qualified.

My yard a cemetery
of Home Depot refuse bags
doubling as head stones and coffins
for oak leaves and acorns
and I realize that
my jitter-jawed squirrel
was seeking the solace
of a Michelin tire—
his harvest raped from the land
only to be hauled away
by a garbage truck
to feed a hungry incinerator
because I don't want to be
singled out in suburbia.

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