

An October Ode

Lauren Seal

October gilds city streets
in copper leaf, kisses noses
with chapped and eager lips –
a greeting, the season saying
*How lovely it is to
be here once more.*

Just like Anne Shirley,
“I’m so glad to live in a world
where there are Octobers.”
A world of cable-knit sweaters
and scarves coiled round necks
like snakes. A world of cold, coat
covered mornings and heat-tempered,
t-shirt adorned afternoons.

I’m so glad to live in a world
of saffron sunshine, dog walks
down boulevards half-buried
with leaves. My dog, diving
headfirst into mounds of
brown-yellow-orange crunch,
his soft black curls disappearing
into a kaleidoscope of decay.

I’m so glad I live in a world
where plastic tombstones spread
like gap-toothed smiles across lawns,
where pumpkins stand sentry on stoops
and anatomically impossible skeletons
hide in gardens and eaves.

I am so glad I live in this October
and not past Octobers, where
bad luck and illness hung murky
and low as early morning fog,
refusing to clear, blurring
the edges of vision
like a sunspot.

Most of all, I am glad,
or maybe grateful,
for the steadfast trees,
whose shedding shows me
change
can be transformative
loss
can be endured.

