

The Manner of Fall

Darkness is sweet
in Autumn's pace.
Around the corner
it creates our race.

We touch here
and everywhere
for each other
returning always,
always to our Mother.

Times can run
in many ways.
Colors carefully created
by the blissful sun.

Come for joy
not for me
just let sounds roar.
Rattle the snake
and let it bleed.

That's the end
of Harlem's creed.