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A Flight of Quiet Necessities, Autumn Harvest, Boy Child Lies Upon Autumn Leaves

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A Flight of Quiet Necessities

There is certain simplicity
In a beam of light,
A rainbow,
A bird in flight.

Scientists explain a summer rain,
Snowflakes gone adrift.

I can only testify,
With my attentive eye:
Trees are green,
Nature offers a certain preen.

I do perceive
Beyond rain,
Beyond mass migration train,
A force in silence greater than
Efforts of my silent man.

Still, my spirit,
Still,
Observe the flight of fleeting leaves,
Of springs that dry and flow again,
Of children playing hopscotch in the rain.

Listen to breezes pushing back prairie waves,
Old tree branches unwilling to bend,
Great sea waters that never end,
Mother's hair, a drifting prayer.

Hear with eyes these sights we view,
Voices silenced when among the few
Crying tears of desperation.

A light,
A rainbow,
A flight of quiet necessities.

I seek quiet among stones
Placed in perfect symmetry.

Autumn Harvest

Fields lie bare, except for dusty stubble—
Straw stands tied in heaps of golden strands,
Igloo-stacked for hogs seeking warmth — two already bled
and smoked for winter—
Granary bulges plump of wheat, oats — corn's in crib,
Barn welcomes warmth from horse and cattle,
World resides in full retreat.
Unshaven, white whiskered man sits
on scarred white-spoked wooden chair,
Watching birds squat on brittle wire clothes lines
above brown, crisp grass,
Too uncomfortable for old man's white feet, bare,
Planted in bucket of well water.

Sun feels good on his wind-stretched leather face.
Tomorrow he will put on his flannel shirt, collar-buttoned,
Before winter devours morning dove, autumn sun, love among
Untamed voices from marsh reeds and oak trees.
Later, behind storm windows he will sit upon iron grate
Exhaling heat of well-stoked furnace.
He will remember Easter and resurrection
And planting time and June and labor.

He drops into forgetfulness
Of what he has finished,
Napping in dreams of another harvest.

Boy Child Lies Upon Autumn Leaves

Boy child lies upon autumn leaves
You say—
Leaves purple, blue, choke cherry red, and crackled gray.

Smiling, upward posed,
He laughs at sunshine sprinkling through
Dark branches,
Hanging empty,
Sublime, twisted, stark...

Boy child fears not dark.

Star-speckled night
Departs from city lights
Aglow
Suffocating halo.

Boy child wraps
In constellations
Of another god speaking in specks of silenced light.

Will Marwitz is an Instructor of First-Year Seminar.