FALL FOLLIES

I drove my middle-aged car

right over the whirled-up

pile of leaves in Baker court-

yard -- that morning I was

coming back from weight-

lifting, feeling in the mood

for exercising free will, there

being plenty of other leaf-free

parking places; I thought, well --

that would make a soft landing

for my Volvo’s corroded bottom.

I came back in the afternoon,

and found the leaves under

the car had wended their way

to a more hospitable place

for fallen leaves, and in-

stead, there were quite a few

inside my car. So, I looked

for a rusty hole, big enough

for a leaf to be swirled through;

I mean, I’ve seen field mice

get into a larder through tiny

cracks, but leaves, who would

imagine such rodent drives

in a mess of yellow heading

into brown? Then a leaf spoke,

said, it wasn’t a hole, man,

it usually isn’t a hole; it’s

you. Open the door, add

some Bernoulli lift, and

while you’re grappling

with your gym gear, well,

I admit it, with a little help

from the wind, we just

blow in. Looking around,

I said to myself: beware

 *(continued, stanza break)*

when leaves start talking

to you. But, just for insurance,

and speaking to no leaf

in particular -- I whispered:

watch it, kid, the leafblowers

are moving through campus.