

NOVEMBER NIGHT

Moon rippled clouds
Vanilla striations in a blackberry sky
My hands shoved deep into pockets
Shoulders hunched against the wind

The sound of Minnehaha Creek beckons
Running the color of ink
Giving more chill
To the already crisp air

Wood smoke pungent and inviting
Come, come and warm yourself

I remember the campfires in Yosemite
By the Tuolumne River
Listening while it sang
Like some grand chorus
Being led in song
By old trees, waving furiously
In their role of choral director

The sound deep enough
To soak my soul
As I sat long ago
In that magnificent
Granite walled theater