

OMENS

Like a shadow in the wind
every day
I walk the same barren field
chasing beetles into holes,
carrying dead petals towards dusty tombs.

This field
is the harp of forgetfulness.
The trees shake
like the fist of a garrulous prophet,
the wind
settles upon my shoulders
like a blanket of forgotten time.

A coolness lays waiting in the trees.
The leaves cling to the twisted branches
ready to fall,
in silence
I wait to receive the message.

—George A. Freek