

### **The Raker of Leaves**

The jacket doesn't do much against the chill,  
At least until the day has been out for a while,  
Aged by a few grains of sand when I begin my task;  
With only time and a weekend to kill, I rake.

Chipmunks, lurking below leaf piles for nuts and seeds,  
Scurry with the start of my rustic scraping.  
The trees of nature go dormant all around me,  
And from them, I rake.

I am ankle-deep in a mound of browns and yellows,  
Chopped and strewn about in the backyard,  
And I collect and bag them for hours,  
Like I was hoarding gemstones.

I am outside for most of the day,  
Until the harvest moon summons the night  
At the most inconvenient time,  
When unfinished projects butt up against the devoted darkness.

I fall asleep to the sounds of creaks and groans  
Of the wind scratching at the branches of trees,  
Until it tears off every last leaf  
For me to rake tomorrow.