



...september 18, 2012...

**pennies dropped between loose curbs –  
flowers fading stem and earth –  
while pavement feet walk back and forth  
yo-yoing the infinite –**

**a molting crow brushed black and white  
sits a hanging maple branch  
like an omniscient manager  
cawing to the populace –**

**breezes weave the leaves into  
a red and yellow tapestry  
where every breath of in and out  
shifts the pulsing energy –**

**somewhere a hand is reaching down –  
the penny lost is a penny found –  
and now a dandelion head  
is captured by a child's hand –**

**soon and soon the crescent moon  
pulls in an envelope of night  
with penny gone and crow to nest –  
and dandelions all eclipsed.**