

AN AUTUMN WALK

If you call my attention to leaves like fat thumbs
and ask how come you don't enjoy this wood?

I'll point out a perfect rhododendron,
chew your ears and say even your expensive
slinky scent tastes bitter.

If you take me as I am
I'll question my feet first
(you won't like the answer)
and side-track and say: why don't we
leave the poetry to the squirrels.

If you remain aloof the joke is
I'll hold your arm and talk of Spring
point out fat mushrooms and leave unsaid
the coming wintry scene.

If you adapt and grow quick camouflage,
I'll point out the smoky haze
find a tree to climb
and stay there until dark.

Then when you reach home
black out your windows
and in your dreams
transform your bedroom into Arcadia,
and us my love

Into frogs.

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