

## The Walk

Hints of evening draw down behind the forest's feathered edge, and a painted sun fills the marrow of autumn, splashes of pooled gold mirror the stream beneath, and my eye holds the rippled colors running with crimson and yellow, as hollow steps upon wood and timber sound out, the bridge crossed, and a taste of new color pours into the air, the leaves of fall fill the drifting air with rich tones of fragrant red and rouge, rust... and a chill wind, cleanses the thought. The forest opens and we may see above the whispering wind, into the sudden blue arch, now subdued and glowing, golden sun poured through the rustling tangle from beneath, licking color into sight from within, light shocked red, gold and crackling yellow, wind sighing and slipping the heart of paint and plume from the arbor's fingers, waving and shifting before the first drops of evening's memory can hold the day before us, turning, and bashful, light trickling up from within the heart of the forest, delicate and tender within green folds of leaf, now perched on the edge of change, still spilling summer's promise, but tender, glowing in banded air, as clear glass waves of chill and scent, spilled sweet and pure, folded into wind. The road is filled with color pouring as water swells, gathered under tender wind, slipping through itself and dancing above us, wind and the subtle hand now brash and wanton, the trees groan beneath capricious wind... now vanished, and in still, the sound of water sweetly trickling, silver and pooled is the rippling sound of silver mirror, holding sight and sky, filled with rouged blood and amber, now aglow and running as a wreath of golden tears spilled bright... around the heart of evening.

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