

The Fall of Summer by DM Denton

I've felt relief and regret in the last few days, the air cooling along with my gardener's desire to keep summer flowering into autumn. I admit I've already cheated on it, with chrysanthemums and year-end contemplation, even begun cutting it down to the size of its decline. A date with pumpkins and cornstalks will be next, the harvest moon rising, the frost finishing off the confusion of my feelings for a long and short commitment to the leaves changing and falling in earnest.

But, alas! As I write this I'm not the only one hovering between staying and moving on. A hummingbird drinks the dwindling nectar of my plantings, lifting, considering, his wings resting on a dead oak branch that still lives for the purpose of his perching.