

Leadership

Break up the clocks pause to love this
fallow weather
this is all about yellow
leaves again because it's November &
everything is just so much more itself
after rain
after waking up restless
one more quite different morning
after me not bold enough to compel any aid
after there is no ground anymore from which to leap
since it's always autumn when I blow apart
how can I say any more words that aren't
wholly mine before I finally start to believe
am I this reckless dumb intruder left in charge
every single morning trying to be right with whatever