

JC REILLY

Fall, Star City

The blush has crept into the leaves,
as sunshine, sanguine with the months
of growing, cools its fire. The light
that we get now is maizy, saturates

everything with extract of gold, even
the dogged verdigris of the Sower
filling his bag, even the blacks
of shadow and pavement.

Mornings crisp, like new apples,
glow with that rich, amber sheen,
warm only in its hue. Along 13th,
the maples and Bradford pears leaning

over the walks, buckled with roots,
gleam too, their discarded leaves
like frenzied handprints. You could say
that autumn in Lincoln is tumult

gilded by late September sun, the leaves
stabs of color in over-yellowed air,
so much yellow concentrated here
that spectrums everywhere else are bereft.