

Verse

An Old Man In Autumn

After the autumnal equinox this Indian Summer's magic
Is its love lent these last leaves of October
Coming once again full circle to that falling out

To that time of a crooked old man last seen
Walking the windswept alone with his ghosts
Amid the live swirl-jig of the watercolored leaves

A dirty old man, carrying his crutch-cane as a gun
— Recalling the leaves of a crimson Novembertide
And he is lost once again on the autumn front

Where he stalks, staggering with a bullet's limp,
Almost falling under this believably blue sky
Knowing fully that nip of something in the air

As only an old man in autumn can know and count
As he haunts this stiff and crisp leaf landscape
Looking for trenches and rusty wire . . .

—*Eric Ivan Berg*

NOTE: The poem "The Beauty of It" (p.333, Summer 1975 Issue) is by Theodore Colson of Fredericton.