

When Autumn Comes

A subtle sorrow comes in autumn
That steepens to anguish in my heart,
 When slant of light
 And lengthened night
Vex phantoms' whispers that impart
To me a dread that has no bottom.

September's bleak breath chills my room,
Save sanctuary in my bed,
 Where insulation
 And numbed sedation
Tempt ghosts and bring the dead
To me, with blankets our shared tomb.

Of summer's light my soul bereft,
The keys to darkness in my hands,
 Pray use them not
 In madness fraught;
With sleeping spirits I myself remand,
To endure winter, stave off death.

~ Joy Galloway Shen