

A Song for Autumn
By Gregory JM Kasunich

The season is full

Of small death

And the coffers have spilled

Brined beets and
turned leaves

You're in the big room

Reclined and
rightly hounded

Some despondent follicles aching

You're liver is struggling

I hear you say

And I've taken up residence

amongst the

propagations

A retired pugilist hocking cheap rugs

With mouthful of

copper and soil

Despite the salty gristle

You carve me open and

sleep inside

Our small death

seasoned

With a hot-sour spice and

cold dishwater