

Praying for Release

Autumn,
urge me to drop every leaf I don't need -
every task of habit I repeat past its season,
every sorrow I rehearse,
each unfulfilled hope I recall,
every person or possession to which I cling -
until my branches are bare,
until I hold fast to nothing.
Blow me about in your wild iron sky,
crush all that's puffed up,
fluff all that in me needs to go to seed,
send my shadows to sleep.
Tutor me through straining night winds
in the passion of moan and pant,
the gift of letting go
at the moment of most abundance -
in the way of falling apples, figs, maple leaves, pecans.
Open my eyes to your languid light,
let me stare in your face
until I see no difference between soar and fall,
until I recognize eternity in single breaths,
faint whispers of cool air through lungs.
Show me the way of dying
in glorious boldness -
Yellow, gold orange, rust, red burgundy, brown.
From
Exultation, a Poem Cycle in Celebration of the Seasons
by Monza Naff