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Singing Autumn in at Sunset

The robin in a juniper tree
outside my study window
sings so enthusiastically
of flying south for winter,
I'm sure he hopes
to talk me into going along.

I haven't told him yet,
he sings to the choir.
I am as ready
as snow clouds
stacking up
in the western sky.

Oh! I used to love the snow
and cold weather,
but these last years,
ice and snow is so slick
and colder
than my bones remember
from days when I was young
and ranged like cougars
like wild birds
flying up the mountains.

In a shadowed corner
in the closet of my memories,
my wings from childhood
have gathered dust

I flew so well, over trees,
over mountains.

Adults caught me
and trained me
to stay in this world,
or I might have flown
to other worlds
other kingdoms.
My wings are still sound.

If I lose ten pounds,
I will fly more capably.

Flying is like riding bicycles,
like swimming,
like thinking,
I never forget,

I know I will be slow.
Robin, will you wait for me
large and lumbering
in the sky
as the warm sun
draws us south
and south
and ever south?