

# An Auguring of Winter to Come

by [Oisín Breen](#) (August 2021)



**The leaves** fell  
Into a rustling pool  
Of shared synapses  
Disturbed and distributed  
By gusts of wind.

It was an apostolic gathering  
Of crinkled petioles, midribs,  
Veins and blades,

And, like lightning shanked off course

Pulsing instead through spent spines,  
Each collapse resounded in the common tongue,  
A refrain of spooled air, and late bursting fruits,  
Chokeberries, rosehips, red-twigged dogwood,  
Elderberries, Mulberries, and hawthorn berries:  
A future feast for birds.

And the leaves fell,  
I watched them pirouette,  
On a parabolic arch  
That distilled the rigours of time.

And, as their parents loosed a raiment  
Of ash and brilliant gold, Of well worn green,  
And maple hue, the air trilled  
An autumnal song: an anticipatory spasm of life,  
Through life already spent, to signify the future:  
An auguring of frost, and boots  
Crunching yesterday's hardened lungs,  
True divination in arboreal bones,  
And a pre-echo of darkness,  
And long nights by the fire.

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**Oisín Breen** is a poet, part time academic in narratological complexity, and a financial journalist. Dublin born and bred, Breen spent the last decade living in Edinburgh, after a rip-roaring period that took in, amongst other things, the Middle East; a stint in a bizarre one-donkey town with excellent wine; and a total inability to properly fit a door onto a

mountain. His debut [collection](#), *Flowers, all Sorts in Blossom, Figs, Berries, and Fruits, Forgotten* was released last year by Hybrid press in Edinburgh ([hybriddreich.co.uk](http://hybriddreich.co.uk)).

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