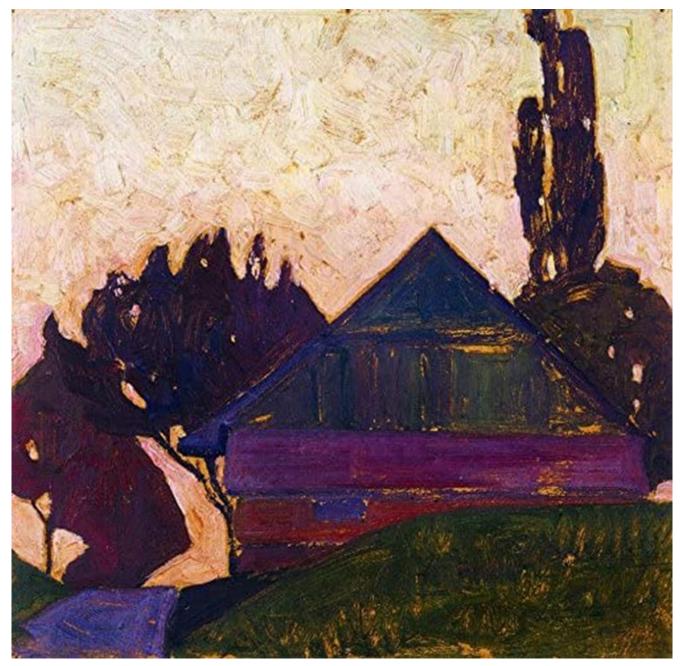
Autumn's Edge

by <u>Jonathan English</u> (October 2022)



House Between the Trees I, Egon Schiele, 1908

A tree lined street at summer's autumn edge whispers faintest words, the green canopy catching secret stirrings, golden tremors
of air

Beyond the trees stand the squares and rectangles of human plans, narrow brick houses apartment constructs blotting out light and horizon

Gracefully the trees interject, camouflaging human art with higher art leaves suspended in air green with life and growth not yet winter, or even fall

So the trees stand, still, like ancient sentinels amplifiers of air holding hidden knowledge from ages past, poised to speak pointing to some thing some plan half forgotten living things not wholly discarded august connection to creation unobserved as our myriad days fall like leaves from a tree of life their words evaporate escaping record leaving only a trace felt by the soul.

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Jonathan English works as a lawyer in Washington, DC. He also writes poetry, short stories, and other creative genres, besides writing on law. His writing has been published in the Washington Post, Encomia, Ozymandeus, Amethyst Review, and the SAIS Review of International Affairs, among other publications.

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