

Autumn

Why the 'n'?  
Is it Chaucer's fault  
Or William Shakespeare's?  
Did the Romans add it  
To mock the Ottomans?  
No.  
They were fully reclined in their decline.  
I wonder.  
Why the 'n'?

Autumn

The tandem dance  
Of Earth and Sun  
In sync in their swirl,  
When day and night hold hands  
To give each their fair shake,  
And the Earth shyly tilts away  
Above,  
So Below can sizzle in her sway.  
The moon and her gravitational planetary pack  
Link their nimble tendrils in the ongoing hora  
Around and around we go.  
Where we stop, nobody knows.

Autumn

A "bounty" is "something given generously".  
It's all around us.  
Can we accept it with gratitude?  
One can hope.

From Susan Ceely Philips

## HallowTide

A crashing into altering directions  
As the tide shifts again and again.  
A holy rise.  
A sacred fall.  
A season of distortion,  
    misdirection,  
        redirection.

One celestial body  
Pulled by another  
To the thin places,  
A glimpse of our beloved  
From one world into the other.

Commemoration of the known  
And those not.  
A pause to sense  
The here  
The now  
The here after.

Heavenly joy  
Flanked by the somber  
Expressions of immediate needs,  
Wrestling for dominance.  
Hope vs Fear  
Solace vs Despair  
Abiding Love vs Abiding Loss

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A sacred fall.  
A season of distortion,  
    misdirection,  
        redirection.

One celestial body  
Pulled by another.

HallowTide

From Susan B Ceely Philips

Untitled 6

Shed  
Release  
Let go.  
Autumn.

But, perhaps,  
It's a shifting tide  
To repent  
To alter  
To embrace  
And accede  
Toward another direction.

Withering,  
As if melting into the earth,  
Broken leaves  
Crumbling stalks  
Folding into themselves  
To join in an underworld,  
An unseen world,  
Where miracles of life,  
Yet to be born,  
Retreat  
To replenish  
Strength, stamina, undaunted audacity  
And rest  
To return  
In the full flower of Spring.

by Susan B Ceely Philips