

Summer Clean-up

Bare chairs stacked
under the trees,
angled metal frames
stripped of worn-out covers,
abandoned behind the outhouse
to wait for one more use,
wraiths of first apartments,
cellars, student rooms,
summer barbecues,
left here to rust,
empty of cloth or thought,
holding nothing now but air,
golden autumn air
reflected up
from cups
of crackling leaves
or shaken loose
in dusty beams
with every fall breeze,
old skeleton chairs
in black and bony poise
against the yellow birch,
lighthearted chairs,
useless and free.