

Autumn's Edge

by [Jonathan English](#) (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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