

# 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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