## Late Autumn

## by John Riley

A tough problem this is, I said, and my friends laughed and one asked why do you talk like that all the time you say things backward and one said it's Star Wars and you said, no, it's Keats, and they, my friends I love who never read poetry shook their heads as one and I looked at the bookcase we couldn't push up the twisting staircase and thought of you needing kisses and all the love I could find poured into your dark eyes and how you were suddenly full and wanted no more, turned my thoughts back to the job at hand, there with my friends who were kind to help me try to push my new bookcase up the crooked stairs.