

# cross-quarter days

*by* Kitty Boots

did you manage to live within your harvest,  
share your bounty by offering one perfect pear  
wrapped in tissue to a friend,  
or tart, winey apples cut in wedges,  
break bread at a scarred wooden table?

embrace the autumnal rain of leaves  
from trees naked, but not embarrassed  
for they appear now as their true selves,  
as do the pumpkins, caved-in, tired  
sentinels in a frost-blackened field

make clean your hearth  
sweep with a new broom  
you'll need the heat and light

as you hang your resolutions  
with cedar and pine, resinous, sticky  
parasitic mistletoe shot out of gnarled trees

time to slumber, weave dreams  
and worship each ray of a tired, pale sun

