

Randy Minnich

There Is an Urgency in Autumn

The geese are racketing around the marsh in v's
as the sun flattens on the edge of day,
pinks the clouds, and disappears. Soon
a southbound wind will sweep the v's away.

Chipmunks rattle in the oak leaves,
pop up bulgy-cheeked and peer about,
scurry to their pantry tunnels. One frosty night
they'll curl up in their tails and sleep

the winter away. And here I am,
old man shivering in my jacket,
red-fingered and creaky knuckled,
as daylight dies and night wind wakes.

A bag of crocus bulbs, a square of ground,
a trowel, and not much time.
But this is important: holes to dig,
seeds to nestle in. The blade chunks and clinks.

I'm planting spring, of course. Again.
If I don't get to see it, someone will.

Randy Minnich was a chemistry professor at a small college and a corporate research chemist. Now retired, his major focuses are writing, environmental issues, and grandchildren. Alas, and medical appointments. He is a member of the Squirrel Hill Poetry Workshop in Pittsburgh, PA, has published two books, and has had poetry published in numerous journals.