

First Saturday of Autumn

Your cinnamon-scent whispers cold past
the tip of my nose and licks
me awake.

Oh! You stir hot cider
in my bones! You tease me
with promises
of ochre leaves
and the crunch of frost-stiffened grass.
You dissolve maple candy
on my tongue!
You coax me from morning blankets
into fleece-lined slippers;
you curl in my teacup!
I sip you between my lips.

Sing pumpkin-carved
candlelit nights
into my ear! Wrap
fog-arms around me and
rouge my face with your cold fingertips.
Crack fireplace hickory logs
into spark-showers;
fill my soul with candy apples!

-Leah Makuch