

for Baba

A late autumn breeze  
Over stubbled fields blown  
Stirs huddled geese  
Past foraging doe

Between shrub and conifer  
Over stairs to a landing  
Lifts leaves from their sleep  
Look! Now dancing

How once more they dance  
In the heavens, at rest  
A familiar pas de deux  
By Saint Vitus blessed

Still birds sing sincerely  
A beckoning tune  
Through a window part open  
Through a window that blew

A late autumn breeze  
Like a hand far-extended  
Come, come to the dance  
Now all cares are mended