

Deborah Keenan

SUMMER WIND IN AUTUMN

Lifted the long hair of the weary mothers,
Turned the carpenter and his sawdust
Into a storm of work and beauty,
Knocked some babies from their strollers
But those babies were all right.

Summer wind had his set of memories,
Tarnished, rusted, gold and silver, too.
The martyrs framed in windows
Wept and bled for all of us,
But summer wind carried the tears,
The blood, the reasons, off to the kingdom
Of weather without meaning.