

GREYSTROKE

Jim Barton

When November winds come howling,
they paint the world in grey.
The sharp-edged hues of summer
too soon are whisked away.

The sun casts furtive glances
at the golden autumn blaze;
the battle's won, the colors run
from grey November days.

November winds come quickly
at night, when all is still;
inhaling the autumn palette,
exhaling a bitter chill.

They paint with broadstroke brushes
on easels of mud and rust,
and force their way into homes and hearts
as uninvited gusts.

Then, when the winds have finished,
when their masterpiece is done,
a monochromatic world awakes
to the memory of the sun.

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