

Kindling

By Barb Arenburg

Through window sweat I see the goldenrod has gone grey
Pokes up from the firepit we didn't light this season
Stiff, it still sways, only not so billowy
like at summer's end, flirting with its yellow fingers.

Now, like sticks the colour of cement,
they have dropped their seeds below ash for another season.
It's obvious they will snap at the slightest stroke, though
easy enough to clean up, having left it this long—

A smooth light tug and the matter up.
We will keep the old stalks nonetheless,
feed the fire, fan it into flames.