

The New Criterion

Poems November 2014

November

by James Cummins

The park is like an old-age home for trees—
some are a hundred years old, maybe more.

They're bony like the old; crepuscular
along the twilight verticals of sight.

Autumn has come a little late this year;
the old don't want to dry out quite so fast.

This maple's leaves have fallen all at once,
and same side up: a circle of pure red.

Last month, each squirrel had something in its mouth;
they ran like crazy to escape my car.

This month, they're nowhere to be found.

James Cummins's new book, *Still Some Cake*, will be out in January (Carnegie Mellon).

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