

Dawning

It dawns slowly (the way you realize that the woman walking towards you
on the sidewalk would, once, have been considered a man) as it dawns slowly,

fog still mingling with branches whose leaves, spent, begin drifting to the ground like
snowflakes

a few weeks before the autumn, spent, leaves, and snowflakes begin drifting to the
ground:

that whatever dawns, slowly returns—like the leaves to the soil, or snows to the river—
even as the trees remain standing

until springtime.

Steve Bloom
November 2002