

Unexpected

It jumps into my field
of vision as I drive
around a bend
on the shaded two-lane
road just south of Oyster Bay:
the first tree I have seen
this season topped
with its autumn crown
of orange.

Why here? Why today?
I wonder, in a way,
that has become so
familiar: unexpected, like
a poem.

Steve Bloom
September 29, 2010