

Poetry Porch: Poetry

What's Here Is Already Gone

By Jennifer Barber

A chestnut, an acorn, a barberry bush,
a drop of blood
from a thorn.

A squirrel's dash
to outrun a car:
dead leaves fly up around the wheels.

You, October,
month like a missing limb,
let me hold on with both hands.

Let me light
a slow fire in your hair.