

A Sense of Fall

Two short pieces
by Kyla Morgan.

One Moment

A red sky holds me, entranced in its brilliance

A web of thoughts distract me;

I'm held in that split moment when all lights are red,
when nobody moves forward.

In that moment when time is frozen,
when we all look to the sunset; engaged.

I'm held in a moment wehn life is not all about the future
when the green light does not hold the right answers or the right direction

One moment when my life, my busy life collides into an idea.

An idea that this is my time, that there is no future but an ever changing present

I am caught in a breath where my soul and body connect.

The mundane is lost and I am truly living.

I am not expecting to be perfect, not waiting for life to begin
but to breathe, just to breathe

A moment to breathe.

A Fall Day

My eyes register movement as the lungs of my dog move in and out in a steady rhythm. My head mirrors his as we both turn suddenly to acknowledge the clink, clink, clink of a silver spoon stirring a warm cup of tea through the white washed door. I pull a cozy woolen sweater over my head to stop the slight chill that runs down my bare arms. The brisk air is just one of many signs of the coming winter. Another is the fog that lays stagnant in the early morning, giving shelter to the frost that blankets the yellowing grass and dying wildflowers. When my feet leave the doorstep and step onto the road I can register the frozen pavement, cold seeping through my shoes and into my toes. I have embraced the season and feel comfort from my snug blue hat and hand-knitted scarf.

The sunshine breaking through the fog marks the progressing of the day and all signs of winter have been burned away by the brilliant rays. Warmth similar to late spring has been reborn in this fall day; blessed by the absence of insects and the addition of pumpkins and scarecrows. An afternoon walk is required to truly embrace the leaves drifting from the tree tops with determined laziness.

As the bright sun fades behind the treeline the chill of the day sets in once more. A brilliant red sunset concludes the day and introduces the night, beautiful, clear, and brisk. One by one the street lamps flicker to existence shining pools of light to the cracked pavement. Past the lights shining through living room windows, the distant rumble of car engines and the occasional dog bark there is a silence. The silence speaks louder than words ever could and tells us tales of another world, a world that each of us holds inside our hearts as we gaze upon the stars; those same stars and that same hope that carries our dreams, comforts our worries and listens to our rage. It is at night when we can truly acknowledge our humanity, our loneliness and our togetherness. The stars are always waiting to hear our stories and to feel our pain; reassuring us that although we may feel alone, we are all connected under one sky.