**November**

Dagne Forrest

On clear fall nights when the pond

appears embroidered with a net of stars,

I want to delve under the velvet surface

to find the silken nubs of thread

that anchor these celestial bodies.

My fingers numbed by the chill water,

alluvial mud feels soft to the touch.

The limbs of tiny invertebrates recoil

at my probing, unaware of my intent,

or their role on a canvas any larger than

the brackish waters in which they dwell.

On the bank, constellations of raindrops

on starkly fingered trees tremble, not

because November's air has teeth,

which it does, but merely in response

to my footsteps and the pull of gravity.

Overhead the stars flicker, unimpeded

and untouched by any living creature,

unconcerned by the coming of winter,

when that's all I can think of, counting

the days, weighing my options, wishing

I could see things plainly, without the need

to divine meaning or find the small knots

that keep everything from flying apart.