**Bloodgood Maple**

John Muro

How their branches seem

to extend without burden

in the lengthening light,

their star-shaped leaves

of deepest burgundy,

weightless, more form

than texture, surrendering

to autumn air in such a way

that it’s difficult to discern

where leaf-tip ends and

shade begins; until, wind-

jostled, they flutter like

wisps of cordovan dust

out into a blue expanse

of emptiness—traversing

the chasm between having

been and soon becoming—

showing us a way forward,

letting go without regret

or anguish, and knowing

this world will be made

whole again from those

very things that have

been taken or freely given.