

Walking Provo Canyon

At dawn the wind
delivered the oaks
of their last papery leaves,

and I saw that someone had scattered
the hornet's nest you nailed
to the maple tree.

At the spot where we saw the snake slip
its thin skin,
I stopped, listened

to the corn husks
we'd shucked east of the cabin.
They rattled the death of all green things.

—Loretta M. Sharp