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Equinox

Ellen Bryant Voigt

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Equinox · *Ellen Bryant Voigt*

The garden slackens under frost,
and the trees, scored by the season's extravagant
orange and red, begin discarding
what they will not need.
How many more signals do we want?
Brown, gray, the brown skittery refuse in the field
is what the natural world is moving toward.
In the middle distance,
the children run to the creek,
run to the dwarf-apple and across
the clipped green grass to where their father
is stacking wood, all of them wearing primary blue.
This yard is what we salvage from the scrub
that overtakes the orchard and the pasture.
Perennial. The earth mocks us,
and in the blue heavens,
nothing visible
but her pale oblivious twin.