The Apparatus of Fall: Power Units Measured

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Making their way, as usual,
Along well-worn routes—
A network of branches, natural and constructed—
Grey squirrels seem more attentive today…

To the maples and oaks, who started
Flirting with Fall
On cool nights—
Blushing peach and rose
On the edges of their reach.
Some blowing winged kisses
For the wind to plant
On the cheek of the still warm earth
Black with a promise of intimacy
Under the covers
Of a white Winter.

The powerlines measure
The travel
Of their tiny squirrel feet
In a hurry to hoard.

The powerlines measure
The travel
Of seeds and acorns
Scattered and left unfound
To prepare for a frozen gestation.

The powerlines measure
The travel
Of light and warmth
To human houses
Dangling like unfallen leaves from electric branches
Laden too, with autumn colour—
As yellow window glow
In a built urban forest.