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October Trail

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October Trail

Author Bio

Vanessa is a senior who studied abroad in Panama. An Environmental Studies major, she has been writing poetry since she was little.

October Trail

Vanessa Curran

The crushed pine needles produce
a scent
That mingles with the perfume
of the girl in front of me.
It is fresh fresh like color

The air is crisp—
snap of a fresh apple.
My fingers share this story,
White-tipped and numb and

I think of you
Wish for the warmth of your hands.

The wet leaves and unsteady stones
make my steps careful,
my heart alert.
You are not here to catch me
in case I slip when I slip

The season is changing—
“Goodbye, summer!” cry
the birds, the insects.

Autumn, autumn
Muttered; like a song.

She slips on the path,
Slick are the decaying leaves.
The trees stand sentinel and
They watch her They watch me

What do they see?

A love-sick child;
(I am a child;
immense is their wisdom)
A young one who
misses the warmth of another.

The trees are unconcerned,
accustomed to the cycle
of beginnings and endings.

Pieces of leaves—
Earth
Stick to the back of her shoes
Travelling back to school.