

From Cold Unblinking Eyes

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winter is priming

in the wings

beneath her booted feet
a troop of dillydallying leaves
caught in the wind scutter
like deserters down city streets.

some lie packed in ugly
pyramidal mounds that border
neighbourhood sidewalks,
dying soldiers waiting
for trucks to cart them away.

winter is blowing
into her hands.

from cold unblinking eyes
she handcombs wisps of
silver hair and
all around her we brace ourselves
in the tremble of season change.

we bury ourselves in defensive dress
for the tactless wave of her wand,
the colours with which

like a fickle lover

she dismisses fall.

Salvatore Buttaci

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