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Fall Consciousness

Tim Winterstein
Concordia University - Portland

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Fall Consciousness

1  Giving thanks and Christmastime
   Holding hands and letting time pass us by
   Let’s take a walk just you and I
   And watch the oranges and browns and yellows
      conquering the green
As the leaves settle beneath our feet
Forget the world; lose sight of worries
We can just walk and talk and sit awhile
And not do anything but watch
That kind of freedom is hard to catch

But we don’t even have to talk
Sit and be; disremember the clock
A wooden bench in a quiet park
The leaves fallen but one or two
It’s a good chill, snow is coming
Ruby’d cheeks and mittened hands
Lovers walk by lost with each other
Strange if we were the only two
Left in the world

All I want from you
Is to hold my hand
And: be lost with me
Inside my fall consciousness
Fall with me

2  Have you seen the clouds rolling in?
   Thick and dark and menacing?
The wind blows down
It’s cold but I don’t care
I’m warmed by you
There’s something about the way the rain comes
On us like a blanket of liquid sunshine
Straight from the Hand of God
His promises span the sky
You lean against me and you sigh
I am silent but you know I listen
The raindrops like tiny shards of glass glisten
And gleam, dancing on my eyes

Autumnal sounds give way to icicility
Icicility delays
Time passes us by
The fall consciousness decays
Sings you an autumnal lullaby

That look in your eyes
The warmth of your glance
Kisses my heart undulates and oscillates
This fall consciousness soonly dies
Once again upon the bench
Once again upon the bench
Frozen with approaching Winter
Cold as fists clenched
Around an absence
Myself alone now
You have gone
And left me under a single cloud

A single snowflake falls and dies
Upon the harsh wet ground
Another solitary descends on me
I hold it in my hand without a sound
And then the stone-gray sheet above me is opened
Tens of millions of tiny crystals kissing my face and hands
I watch them fall through the neon of the closest streetlight
I look up and I'm flying through space
I remember you in my fall consciousness now gone
I'll be waiting for your kiss upon my face

I keep your whisper next to my keys
It's as soft as the summer breeze
Coming to melt the snow and bring you back
Springing my fall consciousness upon me again

Tim Winterstein