Signs

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Summer’s last listless drops of honey
are drowsily squeezed out,
the languid days shortening,
each day a slice cut from a bread loaf,
gradually dwindling
to crumbs
that we try to pick up.
leaving a trail of memories like Hansel and Gretel,
trying to retrace these steps
in hopes that mapping the past
might illuminate the shadowy silhouettes of the future,
making it clearer.

A sunspot dimples the endless expanse
of road curving ahead,
flecked like a dapple of shiny paint
on an empty canvas.
splayed like pancake batter
stretching across a skillet.
It is a ray breaking through the copse of trees,
whose golden manes reflect the tufts of cloud
coiffing the soft blue sky,
as the crimson underbellies of the birds in their midst
flash gold, refracting the light,
their folds, dimensions, angular wings
like creases of paper
giving life to origami cranes.

Life, in other words, has a way
of luminescing new perspectives
each new day, showing you the way forward.
a birth bookending every conclusion,
as another sun rises,
and the morning begins,
dawning again.