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Gun Metal Grey

I stepped out into the gun-metal grey.
This morning's far-away, thin sun had departed
taking the earlier November-blue sky
with her in her haste.

The wet chill wrapped its icy fingers
around my mittenless hands.
I rubbed my hands together
and those icy fingers moved up
to my exposed throat.
I zipped my jacket all the way up
and those icy fingers slipped underneath my clothes
and began massaging my body all-over, at once.

The naked trees
Point their bare arms and bony fingers
in every direction,
Accusing the entire landscape of stealing
their once-green, then red, yellow, orange and gold leaves.
A pair of weeping willows
across the asphalt from me
still carry a few pale green leaves.
The wind blows through their uncombed tresses,
and tangles them further.
Only the black-green pine trees
Are solid and well-fed in
the distance ahead of me.

I feel a thousand pinpoints of water
Suspended in the air,
Not yet rain or fog.
Up close, they hang on my face
and hair.
In the distance, they blur shape and form together.

By: Phyllis Sinclair

