Autumnal Window

Clayton Adams
College of DuPage

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Affetuoso
By Clayton Adams

The silent words we spoke soul deep
were spoken like music speaks. Upon the air
they flew to be heard, only to delight our ears
until their resonance reached our hearts and cried
dry tears; let it all go. Our energy released
and absorbed into spinning, steady moving swirls
that spun us both where time is gone
and music's euphony is strong as breathing
breath like songs too long unsung, by singers'
lips and tongues that sang of honey slick
and sweet that flowed like streams trickling on silken
velvet surfaces until we swam and sank, into deep, warm seas.
Silent songs we sang without refrain
from silent words that came to silent pain.

Autumnal Window
By Clayton Adams

A fire-cloud montage assembled in secret,
The canopy canvas holds its masterpiece,
a million vermilion sienna paper tints,
a thousand thousand orange and ochre paints
that rain like parched confetti, living once
like venous parasites whose napping host
left them dry, whose sun slowed their blood,
finger tips fluttering from skyward verdance
like tumbling children rolling down a hill,
melt into their source and sleep a season.
Returning to the master's palate, brushes clean
await the strokes that swirl a different scene.