

Liz Durrett

"November"

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No shadow, no stars
There's no moon and no cars
November

It only believes
In a pile of dead leaves
And a moon
That's the color of bone

No prayers for November
To linger longer
Stick your spoon in the wall
We'll slaughter them all

November
Has tied me to an old dead tree
Get word to April
To rescue me
November's cold chain

Made of wet boots and rain
And shiny black ravens
On chimney smoke lanes
November seems odd
You're my firing squad
November

Tied to the branches
Of a roebuck stag
Left to wave in the timber
Like a buck shot flag

Go away, you rain snout
Go away, blow your brains out
November

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