

POETRY

SEASONAL POLITICS

Dale Mosher

Blistered skin flakes from a faded, peeling tan.
Rusty, brittle leaves crack and crumble.
Sagging, moldy, orange gourds grin and leer.
Pointless, plastic poppies lie in the gutter.
Desiccated, limp wreaths hang off doors.
Musty, decayed resolutions fumble
shriveled hearts and meaning-lost flowers.

Re: fruitless detritus of government clutter
from clashes between experience and change,
accompanying proverbial wisdom queries
if old brushes know the corners
when swaths of new brooms excavate remains
from under carpeted corporate halls:
such is the perennial cycle of rise and fall.