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Seeing Double

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Seeing Double

This morning I embrace her
knitting in a rest home,
strapped to a wheel chair,
cocooned in a magenta shawl,
pink ribbon in her cottony hair.
Skin once smooth as fall apples and
fragrant as grapes
folds dry and fragile
over blue veins.
A piece of orange jewelry
rings her neck like a circle of kumquats.
Today she holds us in her autumn room,
her present of words falling
like colored leaves on the backyards of our minds.
And when we go,
her watery eye crinkles slyly,
wise and large
behind heavy lenses.

This evening I fly seat belted
peering down through double glass
heading into rose and indigo sunset.
A river twists silver braids
along orchards that raise fingers
to piece dappled quilts of gold and maroon.
Wind-lashed ponds wink grandly
before gray November and
December's bones of ice.

I see from my porthole
this is the order of life:
autumn flames forth,
wears its festival shades
to undertake winter and
dying.

Helen Petter Westra