Under the Birches

Meet me under the birches
in their golden hour
when the geese fly South
overhead, when dense fog
settles on the river, obscuring
the mountains beyond.
Such a common thing,
a miracle nevertheless.
How?As you are, fallen
leaves and all. Meet me under
the birches in their golden
hour, where you've come
to find a long lost friend,
the one you always were
but had forgotten about,
all mixed up in the chaotic
mess of living this human life.
Meet me under the birches
in their golden hour,
their leaves a bright light
against a stormy sky
and we are just goldenrod
and purple aster blowing
in a breeze. One by one,
we fell over. Under
the birches, we rise
together.