Suppose it’s fall and you’re out walking stiff-legged to rustle the leaves.

Color remains in the trees—ginkgos turned to pure yellow, liquid ambers maroon where the sun hits first, then descends through yellow to pale green on the lowest branches.

Field binoculars hang around your neck, which aches from watching waxwings harvest berries on a mountain ash.

Suppose you notice clouds building, darkening to a color more ominous than the green sky of imminent tornados on the prairies in your youth.

You’re certain the end of something is near, and turn again to the silky, gleaning birds, who, making their thin call, suddenly lift off.

~Vincent Wixon