Something Beautiful is Going to Happen

Poetry — Eric Neumann

Fallen leaves brush up
Against the aging wood
—notice the crack at the end
And the harsh split in the grain

Rain beats against
The dusty window
Stained with mildew
And ringed by spiders

Furniture, battered and
Decaying is revealed by
The flashes of light
Striking the ground miles away

Yet there has never been more
Life in this old place

Hear how the mice
Move underneath the creaky
And warped boards
—hear how they cling to breath

See how the grass
Grows up the remaining
Few white wooden steps
—see its transcendent green hue

As the last wooden plank
Has rotted away and
Returned to earth
Appreciate the forest that had grown beneath