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Autumn

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Autumn

Trevor Zuidema

Franticly, she shakes, rakes
maples and oaks. Multicolored
casualties twirl by her
finger, bodies spin in
desperate danse macabre—
a restoration sacrifice
for her brusque lover,
dying summer.

The Meter Maid

for Judson Jerome

Trevor Zuidema

To those who mind the meter not
Their sputt'ring cars, hued rust and duct
    tape gray,
Will be removed from this, my sacred lot.

But oh, they claim too poor to pay
Attention. Poetry has gone to slobs,
The fat and greasy spudlings sit all day

On stuffed sofas watching mobs
Who fight it out on Jerry Springer's show.
Are these the poets? Lazy, bloated blobs?

Now back to art's hallowed lot—in tow
Is Sylvia's jalopy—how bizarre!
Denise's parking wastes my space and so