

And just like that, it's done.  
The tasteless canine heat,  
naked and panting raw,

has been sucked into a mustard  
vortex or transformed with a large  
unguided flick. Between concrete,

petals have turned to iron,  
they weight, hanged on their stems, toward  
hard, starving tar. Sunrise is fraud.

The creep of the wintered bee  
tastes cold like moistened soil:  
a green chance for grass, freckles'

glissade down the insatiable  
brown stalks. Sallow fog slips between  
the tight mouths of trees and clouds and palms

me close. In these aged days,  
paling, I am kept, safe,  
and quietly unknown.

# Autumnal



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Brett-Candace is a recent graduate of California State University and is the Senior Editor of the Spring 2010 issue of its literary magazine, *Northridge Review*. With Rafael F.J. Alvarado she co-hosts the M.O.E. Green Poetry Discussion, found on the World Wide Word Radio Network. She also co-hosts the Black and Tan reading series with Bryan Sanders at Stories Books. Though not a native of Los Angeles (or any place in particular, really) she currently resides there with her cat, Samantha, until further notice.

Cobalt Poets Series # 231 ~ May 25, 2010 ~ PoetrySuperHighway.com/cobalt ~ Mount Rainier tree photo by Allison Choppick