

FALL REVERIE

By Bhikshuni Weisbrot

If I seem to run in
circles, forgive me,
I am used to chasing
my own tail until the giddiness
of spinning cools me down.
Then breathless,
I may take a moment or two
to settle and see the multicolored
glory of fall,
gold-fanned leaves
pressed flat and sodden
after a day of rain,
a season at its peak of beauty
full but fragile
so you know from experience,
bound to disappear.

Bio:

Bhikshuni Weisbrot has worked for the UN since 1989, currently for the HIV/AIDS Practice of the United Nations Development Programme. As a poet, her work has appeared in literary magazines in the U.S. and in translation for international publication. Her most recent collection, *A Sense of Place*, won the 2007 Bright Hill Press Chapbook contest. Weisbrot resides in New York City.