

sway on the wind

plastic ghosts

branches

cradled in elm

the moon

bang in the washer

afternoon's treasures

in his pocket

shaped just like the moon

a gray stone

your dark eyes shine

after thunderstorms

come, pilgrims

swirl above treetops

blackbird clouds

these long nights

shift with each breath

the old dog's ribs

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**Origami Poetry Project™**

Six October Stones  
James Brush © 2015



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## Six October Stones



long autumn

shadows

full trees still

cling

to summer

a sulphur butterfly

rides prairie wind

tired sunflowers

lean heavy

on barbwire fences

**James Brush**