Autumn Image

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Abstract

The frost, in shadows remaining white and gray, like catbird feathers cupped in leaves, clings
to the rustling grass where light has strewn in shade its textural reprieves...
And there's always tracks — everywhere you go — tracks. Try to learn, try to live a life over, try to walk across a snowy field without leaving tracks. You can't. There's no other way.

"You sure you're O.K., Mike?"
"Yeh. O.K. Hey, hey, let's bug out. I've got to get up tomorrow."

"Christ, what about the floor?"
"Barkeep'll handle it. Let's go, Schuler."

The two figures walked quickly across the narrow room and out into the dark street, leaving the "Christ it's hot" and "Good for the farmers" between Kelly and the barkeeper, and leaving the shattered glass lying in the beer and the dirt.

"Give you a lift, Mike?"
"Thanks, Schuler. Guess I'll walk tonight."
"O.K., but mighty lonely — walking in the dark."

Mike twisted one side of his mouth into a grin. "Lonely? Don't sweat it. I know the place very well. I've been there before."

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